TALES FROM THE GERMAN

OF

HEINRICH ZSCHÖKKE.

BY

PARKE GODWIN.

PART I.

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TO

DR. JOHN F. GRAY,

IN TESTIMONY OF MY RESPECT

FOR

HIS SKILL AS A PHYSICIAN AND HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED BY

THE EDITOR.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR.

It was the intention of the editor to have written a full account of the life and character of his author, but as he learns that a translation of Zschökke's "Autobiography" is likely to be incorporated with the present series of publications, he refrains. It may not be amiss, however, to give an outline of the man, for the sake of such as may not care to see a larger sketch.

Heinrich Zschökke is by birth a German, his eyes having opened to the light in Magdeburg, in Prussia, somewhere about the year 1774—the same year that a comet famous among the astronomers appeared. His father had acquired a considerable fortune by selling cloth to the Prussian army during the Seven Years' War; and his mother died while he was yet a child. The loss of the latter parent seems to have produced a profound impression on his mind, and early inclined him to religious meditation and inquiry.

He had little relish for the so-called instruction given at school, and indeed such was his apparent stupidity that the master sent him away before his term had expired, to save the reputation of his academy. Yet the lad, with all his stupidity, was a most diligent reader, and it was afterwards discovered, *not* by his teacher, that he had carried with him from the school a larger amount, perhaps, of deep and varied learning than any of his companions. It is true he

began with such works as Robinson Crusoe, he continued through all the Voyages and Travels he could lay his hand upon, but he ended—strange as it is—a most correct and accomplished classical scholar. At the time that his school books were dreadful annoyances, he was drinking from the richest springs of literature in his own and foreign tongues.

There was another reason why Zschökke did not advance as rapidly as others with his regular studies, which was, that he had already begun to think, and his mind and heart and soul were absorbed in pondering the great questions of this mysterious existence of ours. At first he thought that he had solved the whole difficulty by supposing that the vast universe was a great eight-day clock, in which nothing was alive except God and himself—little Heinrich Zschökke—all the rest being wound up and set a-going on the most skilful mechanical principles. But he soon found that this kind of a universe would not do ; indeed, it did not satisfy his own childish mind. Day and night his imagination was filled with the most extraordinary fancies in regard to these matters, and he shut himself in the deepest solitude to consider them ; and they were banished only by the calls which the necessities of life made upon him for active exertion.

His first step in life was to go, during the year 1788, to Mecklenburg Schwerin, where he knew of an old friend that was an actor, and whom he proposed to join. Learning, however, that his services would not be needed at the theatre, even in the capacity of candle-snuffer, he found himself in the world, poor, forlorn and miserable enough—in fact, too miserable, he says, to think of anything more agreeable than the shooting of himself through the head.

But it happened that a person, who had heard him talking with his actor friend, was much struck with his observations, and sought him out to ask him to become a private tutor in his family. This request he accepted, and for a while he enjoyed unbounded freedom and kindly social intercourse.

Still his hankering after the theatre continued, and he subsequently obtained a place as correspondent and poet of the theatre at Prenzlau. He accompanied the actors in their various country excursions, and seems to have entered into their wild and boisterous pranks among the country people with great heartiness. He amended tragedies, patched up farces, and re-wrote bloody melo-dramas, to the great delight of his merry friends, and his own emolument. Yet what was more important, he contrived to prepare himself for entering one of the higher universities, which he succeeded in doing, and afterwards obtained the highest rank as a student. He there also wrote a drama called *Abellind*, which speedily became a popular favorite in all the play-houses of Germany, and acquired no little reputation.

During the whole of his collegiate course, Zschökke was deeply troubled with religious doubts and difficulties, but he became a disciple of the philosophy of Kant, and thereby strengthened his convictions of Christianity sufficiently to enable him to take his degrees as a clergyman, and to preach very acceptably to his old friends at Magdeburg.

In 1795 Zschökke visited Switzerland, a country which he had long sighed after—and becoming interested, immediately on his arrival, in the absorbing political disputes of the people, he selected it as a place of residence. He was chosen head-master of the Seminary of Reichnau, which at once placed him in a position to follow his cherished stu-

dies and do good to mankind. His political sympathies were entirely on the side of popular freedom, and in his autobiography he relate, with great modesty the almost incredible labors he performed in improving the condition of the lower people, in animating the hearts of the patriots, in writing for the moral and religious instruction of all classes, while he was at the same time patiently instructing a numerous famliy of youth. His public services were of the most disinterested and useful kind, impelled by a vehement enthusiasm for the advancement of his fellow men, yet controlled by remarkable sagacity and calmness of judgment. Among the poorer sort of people he was almost worshipped as a benefactor—all the while that the more learned and idle classes were instructed by grave histories, or moved alternately to laughter or tears by the most winning and graceful fictions.

Zschökke's literary labors comprised the "Schwitzer Bote," a periodical undertaken to diffuse useful knowledge among the agricultural population in regard to their particular branch of industry; a "History of the Princes and People of Bavaria," undertaken at the instance of the celebrated historian Joannes Von Muller; a "History of Switzerland;" the "Miscellany," a periodical work on physical science, addressed to the Swiss people; some eight or ten novels and about fifty tales, and a book of religious devotion, called "Hours of Meditation," which was published at intervals, in twelve volumes, and has already gone through twenty-seven editions. Some of his tales have reached the fortieth regular edition.

Zschökke, it has been remarked, was greatly troubled with religious misgivings. He tried to read and reason them down; he found a temporary support in the philoso-

phy of Kant; but it was all in vain. Only after he had engaged earnestly in patriotic exertion; only after he gave himself to deeds of active benevolence—did these distressing feelings leave him, and the gospel of Christ reveal itself to his mind as in truth Divine. He passed from the dark and tempestuous abyss on which he had floated, up into the serene heaven of a living Faith, not through the narrow gateway of a wretched Logic, but along the broad and beautiful road of actual Work. When he ceased to wrestle with the grim spectres of the imagination, and addressed himself with true manly earnestness to the great business of life, he found peace. Traces of his feelings in his various spiritual moods will be found throughout his fictions.

In 1805 our author was married, and still lives at a simple and beautiful country place near Aarau, surrounded by a large family, and universally esteemed wherever he is known. In the seventy-fourth year of his age, after an intensely exciting but useful life, he awaits with calmness the summons to the eternal world.

Zschökke's literary works have been generally undertaken with no view to either wealth or fame, having been mostly suggested from time to time by the incidents of his daily experience. His romances, particularly, are the results of moments of recreation when he would relieve his mind from severer tasks. Yet I scarcely know a writer who has been more successful in this walk of art. Of the forty or fifty tales of his which I have read, no two are alike—so great is his variety—yet all are marked by an easy grace of manner, purity of language, and rapid and interesting incidents. The merely humorous among them, irresistibly droll as many of them are, can hardly offend any taste, while they often illustrate important truths. But

the more serious will be found to be pervaded by a profound religious philosophy—combining the broadest liberality with the finest sympathies and the noblest aspirations.

It remains only to say, in regard to the present work, that the person whose name is on the title-page is rather the editor than the translator. Several of the tales to be embraced in the series have been kindly furnished him by friends, whose names or initials will be attached to their respective translations; and in the case of one or two others, which he has found in magazines or newspapers already very well rendered, he has satisfied himself with merely comparing them faithfully with the originals, and correcting or re-writing such parts as seemed to require it. Should the public demand warrant the expense, several parts of the size of this will be published, so as to comprise a complete collection of the best tales of the author; otherwise, the series will only be extended to two parts. And as the tales embrace Historical, Satirical, Mystic, Humorous and Moral subjects, the editor will give as great a variety as possible in each number. P. G.

THE FOOL OF THE XIX. CENTURY.

FOOL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PRELIMINARY.

On my last journey through the north of Germany, I did not regret going a little out of the way, to see once more one who had been a favorite in the golden time of my life. It must be understood, however, that in the following story, the names of countries, places, and persons, are concealed or disguised. Yet the history, as improbable as it may appear to some, is none the less true on that account.

This favorite was the Baron Olivier, of Flyeln, with whom I had pursued the sciences at the High School of Gottingen. He was then an excellent youth, and at the same time one of the most intellectual. A love of Greek and Roman literature had brought and bound us together; I called him my Achilles, and he called me his Patroclus. In fact, he was a model that might have served any artist for an Achilles. In form and bearing like a young demigod, pride and goodness shone in the dark fire of his glance; supple and active as any one; the boldest swimmer, the swiftest-footed runner, the wildest rider, the most graceful dancer, he had withal, the most generous and fearless heart His very nobleness involved him in many an unpleasant affair, as he always took the part of the oppressed. He had therefore many occasions to fight with others; did not avoid even the best swordsman; went into the contest as to a pastime; was never himself wounded, as if he bore a charmed life, yet seldom suffered any one to escape him unmarked.

Since our separation, we had several times written to each other, but as it often happens, when one begins to be tossed by the

waves of life, though we did not wholly forget each other, we at last dropped the correspondence. I knew nothing of him, finally, except that he had become a Captain in a regiment of infantry. He must have been already about five and-thirty years old, and in the first rank. In the course of my journey, I had learned, quite accidentally, the station of his regiment, and this reconciled me to the roundabout way.

The post-boy drove me into the streets of an old, straggling, rich commercial city, and stopped before one of the most respectable hotels. As soon as I had learned which was my chamber from the waiter, I asked him, whether the Baron of Flyeln was with the regiment now in garrison of the place?

"Do you mean the major?" asked the waiter.

"Major he may be! Is his residence far from this? Can he be spoken with at this time? It is late, I know—but I wish some one to conduct me to him."

"Pardon me, but the Baron is not with his regiment—he has not been for a long time. He took leave—or rather he was obliged to take it."

"Obliged? Wherefore?"

"He has played all sorts of pranks and wonderful capers—I know scarcely what! He is at least not right in the head: he is cracked—cracked—crazed. They say, he has studied himself out of his wits."

This news frightened me so at first, that I completely lost possession of myself.

"And what then?" stammered I, finally, in order to learn something more definite about him.

"Pardon me," said the obsequious waiter, "but what I know, is only from hearsay, for he was sent away before I came to this house: still they tell many things about him. By way of a joke, he got up many duels with the officers, and called each one *thou*, even the General—each one, let him be who he might! When he came into possession of a rich inheritance from his uncle, he imagined himself as poor as a beggar, could not pay his debts, and sold everything he had on and about him. He even vented blasphemous speeches in his phrenzy. But the funniest part of it is, that he married himself to an ordinary woman, a gypsy, in

spite of his family. His very dress became, in the end, so queer and fantastic, that the boys in the streets ran after him. In the city, they grieved very much, on account of his vagaries, for he was generally liked before that, and must have been, while he had his right mind, an excellent man."

"And where is he now?"

"I cannot say. He has quitted the town—we hear and see nothing of him. His family have probably got him a place somewhere that he may be cured."

The waiter could give no further information. I had already heard too much. I threw myself shuddering into a seat. I recalled to mind the heroic form of the intellectual youth, of whose future I had indulged such fond anticipations; who, by means of his rank as well as through his large family connexions, might have so easily attained the first place in the army or the state; who, by his knowledge and rare endowments, seemed to have been called to all that is great—and who was now one of those unfortunates, before whom men shrink back in dread! Oh! that the Angel of Life had rather withdrawn him from the world, than left him a miserable caricature and mournful spectacle to his friends.

As anxious as I had been to see the good Olivier, it was no longer pleasant to me to inquire about him in the city. Alas, he was no more Olivier—no more the manly Achilles, but a pitiable unknown Torso. I would not have wished to see him, even if it had been easy for me to find him. I must then have exchanged the memory of my Gottingen Achilles for the image of a madman, which would have robbed me of one of my loveliest and most pleasing recollections. I did not wish to see him, for the same reason that I avoid looking at a friend in his coffin, that I may retain in my thoughts the image of the living only; or, as I forbear to enter rooms which I formerly occupied, but which are now in the possession of another, and arranged in a different style. The Past and the Present then become blended in my imagination in a very painful confusion.

I was yet lost in various speculations on the nature of human existence, and how the same spirit, which spans the spaces of the Universe and aspires to the Highest, becomes through the de-

pression and injury of the nervous system, like a jarring and discordant instrument,—to itself and to the rest of the world an unintelligible enigma—when the waiter entered and called me to supper.

The table of the brilliant dining-room was crowded with guests. It happened that a place was assigned me in the neighborhood of some officers of the occupying army. I naturally, as soon as the ice was broken between us, turned the conversation to my friend Olivier. I gave the minutest description of him, that there might be no mistake as to his person; for it was probable, as I believed then, that the mad Baron of Flyeln might be some other than my Achilles of Gottingen. But all that I asked, and all that I heard, convinced me too surely that there was no room for mistake.

"It is, indeed, a sad affair, that of the Baron," sighed one of the officers. "Everybody liked him; he was one of the bravest of the regiment,—in fact, a dare-devil. We saw that, during the last campaign in France. What none of us dared to do, he did as if in sport. He excelled in everything. Just think of the affair at the battery of Belle-Alliance! We had lost it;—the General tore the very hair from his head. Flyeln cried out, 'We must take it again, or all is gone!' We had then made three sallies in vain. Flyeln went out with his company once more, cut his way through a whole battalion of guards, and, at last pressing on with the most horrible butchery, stormed the battery."

"But it cost half the company," interrupted an old captain near me; "I was an eye-witness. He came out, however, as usual, without a scratch. The most monstrous luck always attended the man. The common soldiers cannot even now be persuaded that the Baron is not sword, spear, and bullet-proof."

I heard with real transport the eulogies passed upon the good Olivier. I knew him again with all his virtues. They particularly praised his beneficence. He was the founder and improver of a school for soldiers' children, and had gone to great expense on account of it. He had done much good in secret; always led a simple and retired life; never gave way to the extravagance or dissoluteness to which youth, beauty, vigor and

health invited him. Yes, the officers assured me, he had had a signal influence in ennobling the tone of the corps,—in improving their manners as well as in enlarging their knowledge. He had even read lectures upon various subjects, useful to the warriors, until he was silenced."

"And why silenced?" asked I with some astonishment.

"Why, even in these lectures," answered one of my neighbors, "he discovered some symptoms of his mental disorder. No Jacobin in the French National Convention ever raved so vehemently against our monarchical arrangements, and against the various European Courts and their politics, as he did at times. He said, openly that the people would sooner or later help themselves—themselves and the king—against ministerial domination, priestcraft, and pecuniary exactions. He thought that the revolution would spread inevitably from nation to nation, and that in less than half a century, the whole political aspect of Europe would be changed. But enough: the lectures were forbidden, and very properly and justly. Even so madly did he declaim at times, that he assailed the nobility and their prerogatives. If any one reminded him, that he himself was a baron, he would answer, 'You are silly to say so; I am a plain man of sense, and have been from the cradle no better than our sutler there!'"

"But that was only a preliminary symptom of his derangement," interposed a young lieutenant. "The most decided act of craziness was, when, falling in with Lieut. Col. Baron Von Berkin, he saluted him with a box on the ears, and then threw him down stairs; afterwards, however, he did not dare to fight with him, by which means he offended the whole officer-crops."

"Yet he was always a good fighter; one who had little fear for the naked sword," said I.

"Until then, we had supposed him such; but as I said before, his whole nature changed. When he went out to the place where they ought to have fought, he appeared without a sword, and with only a whip in his hand, and said to the Lieutenant-Colonel, in the presence of all of us, 'You silly fool, you, if I should really tear you open with my sword, what good would it

do you?' And as the Colonel, no longer able to contain his wrath, drew his sword, the Major calmly bared his breast, held it up to him, and said, 'Are you anxious to become an assassin?—strike then!' We here interrupted the conversation, and desired him to fight the Lieutenant-Colonel as duty and honor commanded. Then he called us all fools together, whose maxims of honor, he said, belonged appropriately to the Mad-house or to the House of Correction. This confirmed our opinion that he was not altogether right in his upper story. One of us insulted him, but he took no notice of it, and only laughed. We repaired to the General, and frankly related to him the whole proceeding. The General was grieved, and the more so, because that very day he had received an Order for the Major from the Court. He enjoined us to say nothing—he would settle all—the Major must give satisfaction. The next morning at parade, the General, according to command, handed over the Order with a suitable speech to the Major. He did not take it, but answered in respectful words, that "he had fought against Napoleon for the sake of his country, and not for a little bit of ribbon. If he deserved any praise he did not wish to wear it on his breast, as a show to the eyes of everybody." The General was almost startled out of his senses. But no prayers nor menaces could move the Major to take the royal distinction. Next, the officers stepped forth and declared that they could no longer serve with him unless he rendered some satisfaction. The affair came to trial; the Major was imprisoned; and was only released by the Court. Then his malady broke out in its fulness. He suffered his beard to grow long like a Jew's—wore ludicrous dresses—married, to spite his relations, a quite ordinary, yet pretty girl—a foundling, for whom he had already had an affair with the Lieutenant-Colonel—thought himself, for a long while, miserably poor—and finally, did so many foolish things, that he was exiled by royal command, under strict guardianship, to his own estate."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"Still at his own estate, in Flyeln, in the castle of his deceased uncle—distant, it may be, ten hours from this. For a long year no one went to him without permission—even the management

of his business was taken away from him. It is now restored to him, though he must still render a yearly account. He does not venture to stir a step beyond his domains. He has solemnly excommunicated the whole world, and does not permit relatives, acquaintances, or friends, to come near him. They have now, for a year and more, heard nothing of him."

THE VISIT.

From all the tales of the officers it was clear, that the unfortunate Olivier, after the loss of his understanding, would always remain a good-natured fool; and that probably the wild spirit of freedom, which for some years had been the fashion in Germany, had seized him more vehemently than it ought, or had at least given a color to his phantasies.

All this caused me great apprehension. I could not get to sleep for a long while in the night. When I awoke in the morning, it was already late; but I felt myself refreshed and strengthened. The world appeared to me in a serener light than on the previous evening, and I resolved to seek my much-to-be-pitied friend in his place of exile.

After I had casually surveyed the lions of the place, I flung myself into a waggon, and drove all night and the following day, towards Flyeln, to a seaport in the neighborhood. The village of Flyeln lay yet ten miles distant from this town. The postmaster, when he heard where I wanted to go, laughed and reminded me that I was going on a useless journey. The Baron, he said, did not permit himself to be seen by strangers. I also learned that he had not improved in the condition of his mind, but that the good man had become firmly persuaded that the whole world during the last century had turned crazy, and that the remedy was to go forth from Flyeln. In this belief—all the world holding him, and he holding all the world, to be senseless —he separated himself altogether from other men. His peasants find themselves none the less well off on account of it, for he did much for them. But in return they must obey his whims in the

smallest particulars, wear trousers with long jackets and round hats, suffer their beards to grow long, and *thou* all people, especially upon the grounds of Flyeln—even the most important personages. Aside from these crack-brained notions, he was one of the most sensible men in the world.

Notwithstanding the warning of the post-master, I continued the attempt, and went on towards Flyeln. Why should it trouble me to go ten miles for nothing, when, for the sake of Olivier, I had already ventured so far out of my way? Nor had I reason to fear that I should be turned back, since he had not suffered in his memory. The road was a miserable untravelled route, sometimes through deep sand, sometimes through newly dug brooks and miry ground, sometimes through rough defiles; and more than once my waggon was like to have upset. But, about one hour's ride from Flyeln, the land began to rise. The fields stood in excellent order upon a wide plain; on the right, an oak forest stretched in the distance, with its dark green leaves, like an immense bower; while on the left, an endless sea, a broad heaving mirror, with its shining clouds, completed the panorama. The village of Flyeln peered out of the fruit trees, willows, and poplars before me; in front, rose a large old structure, the castle, encompassed by a wood of wild chestnuts; and behind, nearer the water, lay the village of Lower Flyeln, also attached to the domain of Olivier, picturesquely relieved by rugged ranges of rocks, which with woody cliffs projected like little peninsulas far into the sea. Fishermen's boats with sails swarmed upon the shores, a ship was riding upon the ridge of the sea, while clouds of white sea gulls fluttered upon the air.

The nearer I came to the village and castle, the more picturesque and cheerful grew the scenery. It possessed the peculiar charms of a country bordering the sea—those which spring from the mingling of the beauties of landscape with the majesty of the ocean, retired and peaceful cottages contrasting with the stormy elements. At any rate, the place of exile selected by my friend had attractions enough to have induced any one to prefer it to the liberty of living in bustling cities.

In the fields, as well as in the gardens, I soon discovered the famous Flyeln beards. Even the hotel-keeper before whose inn

I reined up and alighted was profusely covered with hair about his chin and mouth. He returned my greeting in a friendly manner, but seemed to be rather astonished at my arrival. "Dost thou seek the proprietor?" he asked me courteously. I permitted the somewhat unusual *thou* to pass with a smile, answering simply yes. "Then, I must inquire concerning thy name, rank, and dwelling-place. These must be announced to Mr. Olivier. He does not willingly receive travellers."

"But he will certainly receive me! Let him be told that one of his eldest and best friends, in passing by, wishes to speak with him for a little while. Let nothing further be said to him."

"As thou will'st," replied the host; "but I can anticipate the answer."

While the hotel-keeper was looking for a messenger, I went slowly through the village, direct towards the castle, to which a foot-path that ran between the houses and a fruit garden seemed to invite me. But it led me astray to a building which I took for a wash-house. On one side beyond a meadow flowed a pretty broad brook over which the high and dark wild chestnuts of the ancient homestead of the Baron flung their shadows. I determined upon the hazard of introducing myself to Olivier unannounced. I had purposely concealed my name from the hotel-keeper, in order to see whether Olivier would recognize me when he should meet me. I crossed over the meadow—and found after long seeking a bridge over the brook, and a path that led through the underbrush towards the wild chestnuts. These overshadowed a spacious round plot near the castle, ornamented with green turf. On both sides rustic chairs were placed under the broad branches of the trees, and upon one of the benches sat—I was not overcome—Olivier. He was reading a book. At his feet a child about three years old played in the grass. Near him sat a beautiful young woman with an infant at her breast. The group was not a common one. I stood still, half hidden by the shrubs. None of them looked towards me. My eyes hung only on the good Olivier. Even the black beard which twined about his chin, and by means of the whiskers, connected with the dark locks of his head, became him—and as to his dress, though it was peculiar, it was not odd. On his head, he carried

a neat cap, with the shade turned against the sun; his breast was bare or covered only with wide overlapping shirt collars; a green jacket buttoned tight in front, with lappets reaching down to his kness, loose sailor trousers, and half-boots completed his attire. He was dressed much in the same way as the peasants, only more tastefully and with finer stuffs. His mien was quiet and thoughtful, and he looked like a man just entering his fortieth year. His beard gave him an heroic aspect and bearing. He stood before me as I would imagine one of the noble forms of the middle ages.

In the meantime, the messenger of the tavern-keeper came from the castle to the circle of trees. The young fellow took off his beaver and said, "Sir, there is a stranger on his journey here, who wishes to speak with thee. He says that he is one of thy oldest and best friends."

Olivier looked up and inquired, "Journey? Is he on foot?"

"No, he came with the post!"

"What is his name? Who is he?"

"That he won't tell."

"He must let me alone. I will not see him," cried Olivier, and made a sign with his hand to the youth that he should depart.

"But you must see me Olivier," cried I, stepping forth, but first bowing courteously to the young woman. He, without moving, even without returning my salutation, stretched his neck towards me, surveyed me for some time with a sharp glance, looked grave, threw his book down, then approached me, saying, "With whom am I speaking?"

"What, Achilles no longer knows his Patroclus!" replied I.

"'Ω ποποι!" he exclaimed, greatly amazed, while he spread out his arms, "welcome, noble Patroclus, though in a French frock and with powdered hair." Then he fell upon my bosom. In spite of his sarcastic speech both he and I were moved, and gave way to tears. An interval of twenty years melted away in the embrace. We breathed again as we had upon the shores of the Leine or at Bovenden, or amid the ruins of the old castle of Gleichen.

Thereupon, with eyes sparkling with joy, he led me to the

charming young mother who modestly reddened as he said to her, "See, this is Norbert,—thou knowest him already from many of my stories!" and to me, "That is my dearest wife."

She smiled with the veritable smile of an angel, and said with an air and voice more kind even than her words, "Thou noble friend of Olivier, thrice welcome! I have long since desired the pleasure of thy personal acquaintance."

I would have said something complimentary in return for this fine speech, but I confess that the familiar *Thou* which greeted me, unaccustomed to hear it spoken from such lovely lips, and in so unrestrained a manner, quite deprived me of self-possession.*

"My gracious lady," I stammered finally, "I have—by a roundabout way of more than forty miles—purchased cheaply—the happiness—you and your husband—my oldest friend——"

"Hallo, Norbert," interrupted Olivier laughing, "only one word in the beginning, a request,—call my wife as thou callest thy God, simply Thou. Do not disturb the plain customs of Flyeln with the fooleries of a German master of ceremonies and dealer in compliments: it makes a disagreeable discord in our ears. Imagine to thyself, that thou art two hundred years, or two hundred miles, away from Germany and Europe, and living again in a natural world,—somewhere, if you please, in the good old times of the Odyssey."

"Well, Olivier, you have managed to be *Thou* and *Thou* with so worthy a woman that no one need be requested twice on that score; and as to thee, Baroness, then ——"

"Once more hold!" cried Olivier, laughing loudly between each word, "thy Baroness agrees with *Thou*, about as well as thy French frock and shorn beard agrees with the name of Patroclus. My peasants are no more bond-servants but freemen; I and my wife are no more nor less barons than they are. Call my Amelia, as everybody names her here, Mother—the noblest title of a wife—or at most Madam."

"It appears," I interposed, "you good people have here in the midst of a kingdom, founded a new republic and abolished all nobility."

* The Germans only use *thou* to persons with whom they are on intimate terms.

"Right—all but the nobility of sentiment," answered Olivier "and in that respect thou findest us in this land more extensive ly aristocratic than in thine own Germany. For with you nobility of mind is of little worth, and nobility of birth is falling into the mire where it properly belongs."

"Pardon me, but thou art somewhat Jacobinically inclined," responded I; "who told thee that nobility of birth was sinking in public opinion among us?"

"'Ω *ποποι*!" he exclaimed, "must I teach thee, then? I knew, some years ago, a poor ragged Jew, that you pious Christians would rather have had not born than born. He chaffered so much money together, however, that he soon took his letters from the post-office under the address of a nobleman. After some years he was a rich man, and the courtly Germans readily conceived that the fellow must have sprung from some high birth. All addressed him from that time forth as a nobly-descended Banker. But the secret of it was, that the Banker with his ducats, helped the finance minister and the prosperity bringing war minister in their straits for money. Forthwith then, the useful Banker was addressed and designated as the most nobly born Baron. This illumination of the Germans—this mockery of nobility, has spread in a few years much further than thou believest. But I hope as nobility of birth comes to be regarded among you as worthless, nobility of mind will be much more legitimate and sufficient."

The Baroness, in order to put her infant to rest, and to prepare a chamber for me, left us with the children. Olivier led me through his garden, whose beds were filled with the choicest flowers. About a fountain, there stood on high pedestals of black stone white marble busts with inscriptions. I read there: Socrates, Cincinnatus, Columbus, Luther, Bartholomew, Las Casas, Rousseau, Franklin, and Peter the Great.

"I see thou still livest in good company," said I. "Is there among the living any more worthy than thy excellent wife, with those two curly Amorettas, or among the dead, any more honorable than these here?"

"Didst thou, then, doubt my good taste?"

"No, indeed, Olivier; but I heard that thou hadst completely retired from the world."

"Only because I love good company, which is nowhere more scarce than in your assemblages of people of ton!"

"Still, thou wilt grant it possible that good company may be found out of Flyeln!"

"Certainly, Norbert, but I will not waste time and money in going to find it. Let us, however, break off from this topic. Ye Europeans have so frightfully departed from the holy simplicity of nature, both in great things and small—for more than a thousand years have so much resembled sophisticated brutes, that the unnatural has become your nature, and ye no longer comprehend a plain man. Ye are such corrupters of the human race that a healthy being must dread to be among you. No thou noble Norbert, let us quit this subject! Thou wouldst not readily understand me if I spoke. I value thee—I love thee—yet I pity thee."

"Pity? Why?"

"Since thou livest among fools, and must remain among them, though against thy conscience."

From these words of Olivier's, I inferred that he had gone over to his fixed idea. It was uncomfortable to me to be with him. I wished to draw him to some other subject, looked anxiously around, and began, as I happened to remark his beard, to praise it, and especially since it was so becoming.

"How long since thou hast suffered it to grow?" asked I

"Since I returned to my senses, and had courage enough to be reasonable. Does it really please thee, Norbert? Why not wear thine own so, too?"

I drew my breath, and said, "If it were the common custom, I would with pleasure."

"That's it! While Folly is the Fashion, every vestige of Nature, even upon the chin, must be rooted out with brush and razor—thou hast not the courage to be reasonable, even in a small matter. This ornament of man, mother Nature has not given in vain, any more than she has the hair on the head. But man, in his foolishness, imagines himself wiser than his Creator, and first smears his chin with soap, and then slicks it

with a knife. So long as the nations have not altogether departed from Nature, they stick to the beard. Notwithstanding Christ and the Apostles wore it, Pope Gregory VII. put it under ban. And still the clergy held to it for a long while, as do the Capucins at this day; but when some old fops began to be ashamed of their grey hair, they began to destroy that on their chins, and to confine that on their heads in a peruke. When people became accustomed to belie themselves in all things else, they sought to belie their age. Old men frisked about with blond hair and smooth chins, like young girls, and that, also, made them effeminate in disposition; and other men followed the example, not having the courage to abide by the truth. Compare the heroic form of an Achilles, Alexander, or Julius Cæsar, with one of our modern Field-Marshals or Lieutenants, in their untasteful uniforms; one of our exquisites, with his neck-cloth and walking stick, to an Antinous; thyself, O Councilman Norbert, with a Senator of old Greece or Rome! Must we not laugh, to split our sides, over the caricatures that we are?"

"Thou art right, Olivier!" said I, interposing, "who will deny that the old Roman or Greek dress is more graceful than ours? But to us in the North—we Europeans—a close dress is proper and needful; we should feel somewhat uncomfortable in the beautiful flowing robes of an Oriental or a Southron."

"Look at me, Norbert," said Olivier, laughing, as he placed himself before me, drew his cap on one side of his head, stuck his left arm jauntily on his hip, and continued, "I, a Northlander, in my close, convenient, and simple dress, do I compare disadvantageously with an old Roman citizen? Why does the Spanish, Italian, and German costume, of the Middle Ages, still please us? Because it was beautiful. An Austrian knight, in his helmet, nay, a hussar, would even now catch the eye of a Julius Cæsar. Why, oh ye stiff gentlemen, do ye not follow better models, as our women have already begun to do, since they have cast aside trains and powdered toupees? Should ye come to be once ashamed of being caricatures externally, perhaps ye would get nearer to Nature internally. There is some truth in the proverb that 'dress makes the man.' And I tell thee, Norbert, my Amelia has found me handsomer, since I have

only cropped my beard with the shears, and not destroyed it; yes, I believe since that time, her affections have grown more ardent, for her cheeks lean no more on a soft woman face, but upon a man's. Women ever like a manly man."

As Olivier spoke, he became quite excited. In fact, he stood before me as a hero of the earlier times, as if an old portrait had stepped out from its frame alive, as a being of that elder world, which we admire, but cannot restore.

"Really, thou almost convertest me to an honest beard," said I to him, "and I should profit by it, if thou didst, since three times every week I should escape the torture of the barber."

"Friend," exclaimed Olivier, laughing, "it would not stop with that. The beard draws many things after it. Only fancy thy figure, with its crisp beard, and the three-cornered peaked hat on thy head, like a Jew—thy powdered pate, with a rat's-tail in the neck—and thy French frock, with skirts that stick out behind, like a swallow's tail! Away with the nonsense! Clothe thyself modestly, becomingly, warmly, comfortably, in good taste, so as to please the eye, but not to distort the sublime form of man. Banish all superfluity. For what is superfluous is unreasonable, and what is unreasonable is against nature."

As we continued our dispute on this point, the Baroness sent a servant to call us to dinner. I followed Olivier silently, with my head full of thoughts which I did not dare to utter. In the whole course of my life, it had never happened to me to hear so philosophical a fool. I was hardly prepared to make a reply to his remarks on European habiliments; for what he said seemed to be right. The old saying is not without meaning, that "Fools and children often speak truth."

THE FEAST.

In consequence of Olivier's liking for the old Romans and the Homeric Greeks I was troubled, on my return to the castle, as to his dinner. For to infer from his cap, beard, and appearance, in other respects, I could hardly do otherwise than expect a deportment at table which would be highly uncomfortable to me—

that I should at least be obliged to take my soup either stretched out in the Roman fashion upon couches, or tailor-wise, and in good Oriental fashion, with my legs crossed under each other.

The amiable Baroness met us and conducted us into the dining-room. My anxiety was removed as soon as I caught sight of European tables and chairs. The guests soon arrived; they were the maid, the servant, and the secretary of the Baron. An active young chambermaid remained without a seat, and waited as a Hebe, at the feasts of the Patriarchs. The Baron, before we sat down, briefly said grace. Then began the work of mastication. The food was excellently prepared, but in a simple style. I remarked that, except the wine, all the dainties were products of their own soil or of the neighboring sea; and all the foreign spices were wanting, even pepper, in the place of which there were salt, cummin and fennel.

The conversation was quiet, but sociable, and related chiefly to rural affairs, and the events of the immediate neighborhood. The people behaved themselves, in the presence of their master, neither bashfully nor immodestly, but with great circumspection. I felt myself among these good-looking and bearded men, with their brotherly and respectful *thou*, I must say it, somewhat odd and ludicrous, and I sat there, with my powdered head, stiff pig-tail, French frock and smooth chin—there, in the midst of Europe—as if in a strange world. It pleased me, that as different as I was from them, and as often as between the *thous*, especially when speaking with the Baroness, I slipped in a *You*, no one burst into a laugh.

After a half hour the servants left us, and we then protracted the feast, and under the influence of the old golden Rhine wine, grew unreserved in conversation.

"I perceive," said the Baroness gaily, while she placed before me a choice bit of pastry, "that in Flyeln, thou missest the Hamburg or Berlin cooking."

"And I perceive, my amiable friend, that an eulogium—so much deserved—of Flyeln cooking, is due from me, which I can give, to the disadvantage of Berlin and Hamburg kitchens, without being obliged to indulge any flattery. No, I have earned for the first time in my life, how luxurious a feast can

be dished up from our own domestic products, and how easily we may dispense with the Moluccas."

"Add to that, friend Norbert," said Olivier, "and with the Moluccas, the torture of the brain, and those foreign vices which spring from irritated or exhausted nerves in a sickly body."

"Without healthy flesh and blood,
Neither mind nor heart are good."

"The most of Europeans are at this day self-murderers—murderers of soul and of body—by means of cookery. What your Rousseaus and Pestalozzis correct, ye destroy again with coffee, tea, pepper, nutmegs, and cinnamon. Live simply, live naturally, and two-thirds of your preachments, books of morals, houses of correction, and apothecaries, might be spared."

"I grant it," said I, "but that was long since settled; yet—"

"Well then," cried he, "even in that consists the irredeemable foolishness of the Europeans. They know the better way and avoid it; they abominate the worse and pursue it. They poison their meats and drinks with expensive poisons, and keep doctors and apothecaries to restore them to health, in order to renew the poisoning. They foster a premature ripeness in their young men and maidens, and afterwards mourn inconsolably over their ungovernable impulses. They incite, by means of laws and rewards, to the corruption of manners, and then punish it with the gibbet and sword. Are they not altogether like idiots?"

"But, dear Olivier, that has been so from the earliest times!"

"Yes, Norbert, from the earliest times—that is, as soon and as often as men passed a single step from Nature towards barbarism. But we should be warned by the sufferings of our ancestors, to be not only as wise, but more wise than they. Otherwise, of what use is knowledge? Him I regard as the wisest man, who, to the innocence and purity of a child of Nature, joins the manifold knowledge and endowments of the age. Dost thou concede this?"

"Why should I not?"

"Well, thou dost grant this; yet thou makest not even a beginning of improvement in thy house and inward state."

"That is still possible under certain circumstances. Meanwhile, let me tell thee, Olivier, that we, artificial men, as well as the more simple men of Nature, are bound by the hard-to-be broken bands of custom. Our fictitious being becomes itself a kind of Nature, which cannot suddenly be laid aside with impunity."

"Formerly I thought the same, Norbert. I have been persuaded to the contrary by experience. It costs only a single grievous moment—a strong heart; the first struggle against the frenzy of mankind will break through all to happiness and quiet. I hesitated long: I contended long in vain. A mere accident decided me; yes, it decided my own fortune and the fortune of my chosen friends."

"And that accident, tell it me quickly," said I, for I was curious to learn what had worked so powerfully upon the determination and understanding of my friend, as to draw him over to such odd caprices, and such a fanciful life and conduct.

He arose and left us.

"Not so, friend Norbert," said the Baroness, while she looked at me silently for some time; and there lay in the soft smile of her eyes a question that went to my heart, "Thou feelest pity for my husband?"

"Only for the unfortunate, and not for the happy do we feel pity," answered I with an evasion.

"Doubtless thou knowest that he is abandoned by his relatives, scorned by his acquaintances, and regarded by all the world as a crazy man."

"My sweet friend, subtracting from his code somewhat that appears a little extravagant to me, which with more prudent circumspection might be avoided, in order not to give offence—subtracting this, I find nothing in Olivier which is worth condemnation or disdain. Indeed I know much too little of him."

"Dear friend," she continued, "and dost thou not regard public opinion?"

"Not at least so far as it concerns Olivier," replied I, "for I know how public opinion of Jerusalem once condemned the Innocent One to the cross: that public opinion calls the destroyers of the people Great; that it holds wisdom as foolishness; and adorns

the high priests of folly and wickedness with the surnames of Most Holy."

"I rejoice," said the Baroness with animation, "that thou hast won the love of Olivier; thou art a noble man, worthy of his friendship. Believe me, Olivier is an angel, and yet they thrust him out of human society, as a criminal or a bedlamite."

While we were thus conversing, Olivier returned to us. He carried in his hand a little book. Having resumed his chair, he said, "See here the accident, or rather the heaven-provided means of my restoration from weakness, and of my awaking from delirium. It is an unnoted book; the composer unknown and unnamed; it says many common and every-day things, but now and then you meet with an unexpected flash of light. Even the title page, 'Dreams of a Philanthropist,' is not the most promising in the world. I found it one day in the garrison, on the table of an acquaintance, and took it with me, that I might at all events have something to read when I walked on the greensward beyond the town-gate. As I lay once in the broad shadow of a maple, thoughtful of the many perversities of life, the book opened, and there fell out of it an extract with this superscription:—'*Fragment from the Voyage of Young Pythias to Thule.*'"

"Let us hear," said I, "what the old Greek of Massilia can relate of us at the North. It should be, I think, coeval with Aristotle." He read:

"*Fragment from the Voyage of Young Pythias to Thule.* (*From the Greek.*)

"——But I tell you the truth, my friend, as incredible as it may appear. Consider, that in the rough country of the North, Nature itself repels men by its ungenial rigor, and forces them to resort to many contrivances to render life endurable. These we do not need in our country, where Nature is bountiful to mortals, so that we live both winter and summer in the open air, procuring without trouble what is useful to the prolonging and pleasure of existence. But those, who for half the year groan under the severity of winter, must consider how they may create within their heated houses an artificial summer. And since Nature repulses, and turns them upon themselves, they are more

driven than we, to occupy their minds with vain dreams, beautiful schemes which they never prosecute, and the investigation of whatever is remarkable. By this means, they are full of knowledge, and learned in all things which serve for instruction or happiness; and they write great books about matters that we do not care for, and the names of which are hardly known to us. Indeed, for that purpose they institute schools and colleges.

"But the weather, in the northerly parts of the world, is so ordered that heat and cold, day and night, pass from one extreme to the other, without any middle state that is tolerable to the soul or body. For in summer they suffer under as great a heat as they do in winter under deadly cold; one half of the year the day is eighteen hours long, and the other half only six. No less unsettled and dissolute are the minds of men—as changeable as the weather. They lack all steadfastness of thought or purpose. From year to year they have new fashions in dress, new schools of poetry, and new sects of philosophers. Those who yesterday overthrew tyranny—having praised the blessedness of freedom with their lips, and abused its sweets in their lives—on the morrow voluntarily return to servitude.

"So among these barbarians, there is the greatest inequality in all things. A portion of the people, consisting of a few families, possess every comfort and unlimited wealth, and riot in excess; but the majority are poor, and mostly dependent upon the favor of the great. Thus, too, certain individuals are in possession of the treasures of knowledge, but the greater part of the inhabitants live in the darkness of ignorance. The nobility and priests not only tolerate such ignorance before their eyes, but because it conduces to their own advantage they keep the multitude in the debasement to which they are already doomed by their poverty and indolence. Hence it is, that the rabble of every nation love the traditions of their forefathers in all usages and arrangements relating to the mind, while only in affairs of corporeal gratification are they inclined to variety. Still, they approve any novelty, be it right or wrong, if it brings them money or household distinction. For gold

and ardent spirits among barbarians, prevail over custom, honor and the fear of God.

" Among the inhabitants of Thule, freedom is unknown, and so much of it as they may have had in former times, has been taken away from them by the force or fraud of the great. They are governed by kings, who give themselves out as the sons of God, and the kings and their satraps are governed as much by mistresses and sweethearts as by their counsellors. The people are divided into castes, as in India or Egypt. To the first class belong the king and his children alone. To the second belong the so called Nobles, whose children, without regard to their own worthiness, choose the best offices in the army and state, as well as around the altars of God. What is incredible to us, is an old custom among these barbarians, for that rank or birth is more thought of than all other kinds of merit. In the third class is ranged inferior officers, mechanics, merchants, common soldiers, artists, learned men, and ordinary priests. In the fourth class are servants or slaves, who can be sold or given away like other cattle. With some people, who have partly thrown off their primitive rudeness, the fourth and last class is wanting ; there are some, also, where good princes, who have become sensible of the power of their nobility, make no laws but with the concurrence of a senate, selected from the several classes of inhabitants.

The kings, in the country of Thule, live in perpetual enmity with each other. The weak are only safe through the mutual envy of the strong. But when the strong throw aside their jealousies, they make war upon the weaker states on the most trivial pretences, and divide them among themselves. Hence they cause the title of the Righteous to be added to them,—the Fathers of the country or heroes,—since such vain surnames are everywhere, and especially among barbarians, much esteemed. But as often as the lower classes in any land, making use of their proper discernment, resist the preposterous claims of the higher classes, these princes and nobles put aside their own contests, and unite in the establishment of oppression upon the old foundations, always, of course, in a disinterested manner. Such a man is always looked upon by barbarians as holy, since they believe

that kings and the disposition of caste are ordained by God himself.

"Of the public disbursements, that for the maintenance of the court is the greatest, and next to that is the expense of the army, which even in peace is most enormous. For the instruction of the people, for agriculture and all that concerns the happiness of men, the least is given. In most of the countries of Thule, where the working classes have the greatest number of duties and the fewest rights, they must satisfy the needs and cravings of the body politic by paying all the taxes.

"As far as their religion is concerned, they all affirm that it is one and the same, and all boast that their dogmas have one and the same author. But their modes of worship are manifold, as well as their opinions concerning the person of the founder of their religion. On this account, the different sects hate each other with the most perfect hatred. They persecute and scorn each other. Among the whole of them there is to be found much superstition which the priests encourage. Of the Divine Majesty they have the most unworthy notions, for they ascribe to him even human vices. And when kings lead their people to war against each other, the priests are appointed on both sides, to call upon the Supreme Being to destroy the enemy. After a battle has been fought, they thank the Almighty Governor, that he has devoted their adversaries to destruction.

"Their books of history hardly deserve to be read; for they contain commonly no account of the nation, only of the kings and their advisers,—of successions, wars, and acts of violence. The names of useful inventors and benefactors are not reported, but the names of devastating generals are elevated above all others, as if they were the benefactors of the human race. The histories of these people also, inasmuch as their manners differ from ours, are hard to be understood. For with them, there is not at all times, nor at any particular time under all circumstances, the same conception of honor or virtue. In the higher classes, incontinence, adultery, dissipation, gaming, and the abuse of power, are deemed praiseworthy, or appear as amiable weaknesses, which in the lower classes are punished, as vices and crimes, with death and the dungeon. Against fraud and

theft, the law has ordained its severest penalties; but if a great man cheats the government by his ingenuity, and enriches himself at the cost of his prince, he is frequently advanced to higher honors, or dismissed with a pension. As it is in respect to virtue and vice, so is it in regard to honor. The members of the higher classes require no other honor than that of birth to merit preference; but the lower classes can seldom, by means of the highest virtue, attain the respectability of these favorites of chance. But the honor which consists in the accident of birth, can also easily be annihilated by a single abusive word. Still more odd, however, is the mode of redeeming that honor. He who has violated the honor of another, and he by whom it has been lost, meet in arms after a prescribed form, like two lunatics, and seek to wound each other. As soon as a wound or death is brought about, no matter to which of the two, they believe sincerely that their honor is again restored.

"Above all things else these barbarians have one common and universal characteristic. They are altogether greedy of gain, and to that end risk both life and virtue. It is among their singularities, that they are excited to astonishment or laughter, if one works for another without a remuneration, or sacrifices his property for the benefit of the commonwealth. They talk a great deal of noble sentiments and magnanimous conduct, but these are only seen, except to be derided, on the stage. Yet the inhabitants of Thule quite resemble the actors, since they have great dexterity in the art of making anything appear other than it is. No one speaks freely to another what he thinks. For that reason, they call the knowledge of men, the most difficult art, and prudence the highest wisdom.

"Meanwhile, they cannot dissemble so much that their knavery or awkwardness shall not be detected. For since they live in perpetual contradiction to human reason, teaching one thing and doing another, feeling one thing and saying another, and often choosing the most repugnant means for the accomplishment of their ends, their unskilfulness is made manifest. In order to encourage agriculture, they burden the farmer with heaviest taxes and the greatest contempt; to stimulate intercourse and trade, they institute innumerable custom-houses and

prohibit an exchange of merchandize; that they may punish and improve fallible men, they shut them up together in a public prison, where they reciprocally corrupt each other with new vices, and from which they return accomplished rogues to society; to cherish the health of their bodies, they subvert the order of living; some are awake during the night, and sleep away the day; while others destroy the energy of their bodies by hot drinks and spices, which they buy in large amounts in the Indies, so that hardly a poor household is to be found which satisfies itself with the products of its own fields or flocks, without adding thereto the drinks of Arabia, the spices of the Indies, and the fishes of the most distant seas."

THE EFFECT OF THE FRAGMENT OF PYTHIAS.

Here Olivier finished reading. He looked towards me with inquisitive eyes.

Laughing, I said, "One must grant, the tone of it is well kept up. Doubtless, one of the old wise men of Greece would have spoken just so of the barbarous nations of Asia in his time, if he had sought them out. Excellent! Even the stiffness of the style denotes that this fragment is only a translation. Meantime, I do not believe in its authenticity. We have nothing of Pythias, to my knowledge, but—"

Olivier interrupted me with peals of laughter and exclaimed, "Oh thou child of the eighteenth century, which always gropest about the shell of a thing and forgettest the kernel, which always deals with the appearance and not with the essence, dost thou not see and hear that thou art thyself a citizen of Thule? What! Asia? No,—a wise man of ancient Greece would have spoken thus of us Europeans, if he could have seen us at this day!"

"Thou art right, Olivier; but thou didst not suffer me to finish my remark. I will still add that there is in this fragment the manner of the *Lettres Persannes*. The account relates to us. Its exquisite truth cannot be mistaken."

"I only half understand thee, thou artificial man! Tell me; dost thou infer the art of the author because he has hit the truth? Or thinkest thou that the truth has hit thee?"

"Both! but thou said'st before that it made a painful impression on thee; thou wast lying with this book in the shade of a maple. Go on!"

"Well, there lay I. When I had read the fragment, I threw the book from me, reclined my head back upon the grass, stared up into the dark blue of the eternal heavens—up into the deep of the shoreless universe, I thought of God, the all-perfect—all imbued with Love and Glory—of the eternity of my being; and in this moment of elevated conception understood much better than I had ever done many words of Christ—the Revealer of the divine relations of our spirit. 'In my father's house there are many mansions,' or, 'unless you become as little children,' &c. 'Whoever will be my disciple, let him deny the foolishness of this world, and take up my cross willingly.' And I never saw the divinity of Christ more clearly than then. I thought of the degeneracy of men, who from century to century have wandered further from the truth, simplicity, and happiness of Nature, to a brutal, sensual, foolish and painful life. I flew back in thought to the dawn of time, to the earliest people, to the simple wisdom of the lofty ancients. I sighed, the tears came into my eyes. I was again in my fancy a child of God. Wherefore can I not feel truly, think truly, speak truly, act truly, as did Jesus Christ? Can I not break the chains of custom? What but stupid timidity hinders me from being a reasonable godly man among delirious and perverse barbarians? I said this. In my imagination I was so already. I closed my eyes. I felt an unspeakable happiness in being free from the tormenting sensuality of the world, again to be reconciled, and at one with God, Nature, the Universe, and Eternity. So I lay a long while; then, as I opened my eyes, the sun had gone down, and the glow of evening suffused and gilded all things."

"I know that holy state of mind," exclaimed the Baroness.

"When I rose up in order to return to the city," continued Olivier, "my eyes fell upon my uniform—it went through me like a flash. Loathsome lay the world in all its foolishness, in

all its nonsense before me ; never had I seen more clearly than in that moment, the frightful departure of mankind from the Eternal, the True, and the Holy. I perceived how Socrates, had he lived at this day, would once more have been obliged to drink the poisoned cup ; that Christ would have found in every city another Jerusalem—would have been led to the cross by Christian sects unanimously, and would have been condemned by princes as an Enemy to the good old ways, as a Seducer of the people, as a Fanatic. I shuddered. Then I asked myself in a loud tone of voice, 'Hast thou courage ?' A firm resolution seized me. I answered in the same voice, 'I have courage. It shall be. I will live rationally, come what may !"

"The next morning, after I had had a bracing sleep and quite forgotten all that I had thought on the previous evening, this book again came under my eyes. I remembered my determination. I saw the perilousness of my undertaking. I wavered. Still I was compelled to acknowledge the truth of my yesterday's conviction. 'Whoever would be my disciple, must forsake all,' &c. I thought over my domestic and public relations. The rich young man in the gospel, who seemed sorrowful at the words of Christ, occurred to me. Then I asked myself again, 'Hast thou courage ?' And with a louder voice answered, 'I will have it.' And so I determined from that hour to live rationally, in the least as well as in the greatest things. The first step taken, the scorn of the world is not thought of, and each subsequent step becomes easier."

"I tremble for thee, thou noble enthusiast," cried I, grasping his hand ; "but wilt thou not tell me the issue of thy daring ?"

"Wherefore not ? But such things must be talked of in the open air, under the broad sky, beneath the trees, in sight of the wide waving sea," said Olivier ; "for, dear Norbert, in a room, between walls and partitions, many things seem rational, which, in the face of Nature where the soul loses itself in the broad pure All, appear quite fanciful and dream-like. And we find outdoors, in the presence of God's creation where the Eternal and the True stand for ever, that many things are perfectly right, which, between the walls of a dwelling-house full of conventionalities, or within the walls of a philosophical lecture-room,

an audience-chamber, a dancing saloon, or a gorgeous parlor, appear as an extravagant silliness, an enthusiasm, or idiotcy. Come, then, into the open air !"

He took me by the arm. The Baroness went to her children. Olivier led me through the garden to a little hill where we reclined in the shadow of a wall. Above us, in the broad atmosphere, swung the tender branches of the birch : below us rolled the sparkling waves of the eternal ocean.

"Fate favored me very much even on my first coming to reason. My father, whose property had been scattered by prodigal expenditure, left me at his death a scanty inheritance. But I had a prospect, after the decease of my uncle, of becoming a goodly owner of wealth. This was known to everybody. On that account, I had been betrothed to the Baroness Von Mooser, the daughter of the President of the Exchequer. She was one of the most eligible matches in the country, as they used to say, being very pretty, very rich, and the niece of the War-Minister. The marriage having been concerted by my relations and the old uncle, I was compelled to agree to it, according to custom. But the sickness of my uncle, who stood to me in place of a father, caused the ceremony to be postponed. I was already major, and by the next promotion would have become lieutenant-colonel. In a few years a regiment would have been at my service.

"So stood matters at that time ; and I soon found, after my recovery of reason, that they were not the most agreeable. It was an uncomfortable thought that I, a free man, should be forced by my relatives to couple myself to a girl, for the sake of money, rank, and protection, without knowing her peculiarities, views, faults, or inclinations. The Baroness was, it must be confessed, pretty and good, but nothing more than any young lady might be under the same training ; well disposed by nature, but through an artificial education, vain, pleasure-loving, trivial, proud of her family, her rank, and her beauty, and witty at the expense of the best people in the world ; in all things more French than German. Whether she truly loved me or not, I did not know ; but that I cared no more for her than for any other well formed and pretty woman, I did know.

"A letter brought by a messenger, summoned me to my sick uncle. I procured a furlough from the General, took leave of my betrothed and her parents, and rode off. When I arrived, my uncle was already dead and buried. An old steward handed over to me the keys of the closets, and the will. I counted off the little legacies to the servants, let the steward into my secret, and openly declared myself poor, as all the means of my uncle were covered with debts.

"Thus I returned to the garrison, and made known my story. I did it to try the disposition of my betrothed, whether she had the courage to remain by my side in the world, and become what I was. To make the story more striking, I sold what I did not want, to pay my own debts in the city, of which, old and new, there was a small amount. My companions laughed at me, and particularly when I gave out that I intended, at least, to be an honest man. Even the President of the Exchequer and his spouse dissuaded me; I must not excite *éclât*—I would *blamire* myself and them—I would make myself and them *au ridicule*, &c.

"I stuck to my notions, that honor is more than appearance, poverty is no disgrace, and he who can want much is rich. These *saws*, as they were termed, pleased the Baroness least of all. Her parents gave me to understand that their child had been accustomed to certain *aisances*, and that they were not rich enough at that late period of their lives, to give me and their daughter an outfit. Finally, after a few days, they trusted implicitly that my own sense of delicacy would prompt me to release them from the contract. I did not hesitate to do it, and to declare that I thought I got off cheaply, since no mutual choice of hearts, but only an agreement and money reckoning among relatives had taken place.

"My assumed poverty had other effects of a good kind—namely, that old friends and jolly comrades did not so earnestly seek my company. Still it pleased me, that some continued to hold me in esteem. But the most of them became cold and distant; for, with my money, I had lost in their eyes my highest attraction. 'So much the better,' thought I; 'thou canst act and speak more sincerely.'"

"But I was no more fortunate in my attempts to lead a true life,—and this was foreseen—than others who have preceded me. For several winters I had been accustomed to deliver lectures to the officers on scientific subjects. I continued the occupation, and uttered my sentiments freely. But when I came to lay down the following proposition, that every war which was not under taken for the independence and safety of our country against foreign invaders, but for the personal whims of a prince, intrigues of ministers, the ambition of the court, in order to conquer, to mix in the affairs of another people, or for the sake of revenge, was unjust; that standing armies were the plague of the land, the ruin of the finances, the ready slaves of despotism, when the prince wished to become a despot; that the soldier should be a citizen; that a hereditary or created nobility was, now-a-days, nonsense, which could only be tolerated among savages and barbarians; that I hoped to live to see the time when all the kings of Europe would agree by concordat to disband their immense standing armies, and on the other hand make their soldiers only of all citizens capable of bearing arms; that duels belonged to the house of correction or the insane asylum: when, I say, I introduced these propositions, and others like them, and defended their correctness, of which no sane human understanding could doubt, the lectures were prohibited, and the General gave me a severe reprimand. I answered back again, and was put under arrest.

"This did not disturb me, for I had all along expected it. Above all things I performed my duty. After I had fallen out of the favor of the General, even the best officers began to withdraw from me. They laughed and jested at my expense. Some of the wittiest insisted that I was crazy, and thought it a consequence of the shock I must have received when my hopes were disappointed as to the large inheritance. I was soon so much neglected that even my former servants would remain with me no longer, because I supported them and myself upon slender means, rejected coffee, seldom took wine, and, instead of their former rich liveries, caused them to wear a simple neat garb, such as happily thou seest me in now.

"On the other hand, about the same time I received a letter

which made amends for all. I had, some time before, found a poor beggar girl weeping near the barn of a farm-house. In the barn her ragged mother lay dying upon the hay. I learned from the dying woman, who was still young, that she was from Southern Germany, of poor but respectable parents, had been in the service of a rich lord, where she was seduced by the son of the house, who gave her a piece of money and sent her away; that after her delivery, she had sought employment, but on account of her child, could procure it nowhere for any length of time, was greatly distressed, had lately lived upon alms, and could now only pray for her daughter. I ran into the peasant's house to buy her some refreshments, for the peasant himself would hardly allow her a resting-place in his shed. When I came back she already lay lifeless upon the hay, and the little girl was mourning bitterly over the corpse of her mother. I comforted her as well as I could; discharged the expenses of interment, and sent the orphan, who did not know the family name of her mother, to a female boarding-school at Rastrow. She was called Amelia, and I gave her out of charity the surname of Barn, after the place in which she was found.

"Well then, when all had deserted me, I received from this Amelia Barn a letter, which is still secured among my treasures. Thou shalt read it. At that time it moved me to tears. The contents were, in effect, that she had heard of my misfortune, and thought that she must no longer be a burden to her father, as she was accustomed to call me. She would seek, as a governess in some good family, or by means of embroidery, dress-making, instruction on the pianoforte, or in some other way, to earn her support. I must not trouble myself about her; since now it came to her turn to be anxious about me. Thou must read the letter thyself, with its beautiful outburst of gratitude. It is the very mirror of a pious and pure heart. She asked for permission to see, only for once, the benefactor, whose image was traced on her memory since the day of her mother's death. I wrote back, praising her good sense, but advising her that she had no occasion to be in a hurry; I would take care of her until she had found a suitable place.

"One day as I had returned from parade, there was a knock

at the door of my chamber. A strange young lady with a most lovely countenance entered. The lilies and plum-blossoms do not mingle their colors more beautifully in a bouquet than they were mingled on her face, under full flowing locks of hair. Blushingly, and with a tender voice, she asked after me, then melting into tears, fell down, embraced my knees, and when I, greatly astonished, would have raised her up, covered my hands with her kisses. What I suspected was confirmed by her cry of 'O my father, my father; O my guardian angel!' I besought her to arise. She asked me to allow her to remain in that position, saying, 'Ah, I am so happy, that my heart is like to break.'

"It was a long while before she let me go, and stood up. Then I clasped her to my breast, impressed a kiss upon her pure white forehead, and requested her to consider me as a father, and to call me Thou. She listened. But the fatherly kiss had somewhat confused my thoughts. She was taken to the hotel, where she remained some days; but these days were enough to undermine my peace of mind. When Amelia journeyed back to the institution, I counselled her to remain in the house of some respectable citizen, and take in embroidery for support. It was hard for me to tear myself from her; yet I did not betray to her that I was rich. I wished to try her; I hired a chamber for her, engaged a maid for her service, supplied her with harpsichord, harp, books, and, after a few days, also with the proceeds of the sale of her embroidery, freely, at her own price, under the pretence that they came from a strange hand. I visited her only once or twice a week, to avoid observation and evil construction.

"Every visit was a feast. Thou canst think how sweet it was to know that there was one being under the sun, indebted to thee for all, who belonged to no one in the world except thyself, who was entirely dependent upon thy care, and that this being, of all that nature had made beautiful, pious, and noble, was the most exquisite. The beauty and humble condition of Amelia was soon no secret in the town. She drew all eyes towards her. They spoke to me about her, and I did not dissemble that I was her foster-father, and that she was a poor child of dis-

honorable birth. Work after work was brought to her, so that I advised her to go to some other and unknown house. Young ladies came to her, less for the sake of her embroidery, than to see one who was so much praised by the whole neighborhood.

"One day when I was visiting Amelia, as I stood before the door of her chamber, I heard her in hot dispute with some man. I recognized the voice of my lieutenant-colonel. Just as I opened the door, he was stealing a kiss from her. I upbraided him for his disgraceful conduct, and availed myself of the opportunity to help him somewhat quietly out of the door, and down the steps. He fancied that I had tarnished his honor, and challenged me to fight a duel. I would have nothing to do with his nonsense. The corps of officers threatened that they would not serve under me, if I was a coward. That I was not, and so went out to the usual battle-ground weaponless, saying to the fool that if he was ambitious to be an assassin, I would give him permission to try his hand on me. He and the officers then became excessively abusive. They believed, according to their barbarous conception, that my honor would sustain a deadly wound, although, in reality, they dishonored themselves only by their brutality. I asked them whether the blackguards who covered a respectable man passing in the street with mud, became themselves respectable thereby, or whether, on the other hand, the respectable man became a blackguard.

"At the parade the next morning, the General delivered to me, with a suitable speech, an Order just received from the court. This was one of the late fruits of my former connexion with the Baroness Von Mooser, and the work of her uncle, the War-Minister. I could not, according to my notions of my services, receive the little ribbon. Had I really performed a service to the state, I should have been ashamed to drag the reward of it vainglorioously about with me all day. My steadfast refusal to take the lappet with a little star on it, was a thing unheard of in the annals of the monarchy. My idea was that duty and virtue did not permit themselves to be rewarded, but only recognized; that the man of honor would do his duty, recognized or not; that least of all should he suffer himself to play the great man before other people, particularly

those whom he had aided; yet these notions went for so much Jacobinism and nonsense. The General was angered. The officers then stepped forward in behalf of their wounded honor. I was arrested, and after some weeks discharged from the regiment.

"I was well satisfied. I clad myself citizen fashion, as I wished; not after the present uncouth mode, but modestly, neatly, and naturally, as thou now seest us all here in Flyeln. The people opened their eyes, and regarded me as a crazy man, and the more so when it transpired that I was not only not poor, but one of the most wealthy men in the land. Amelia wished to know why I behaved so. I communicated to her my opinions of the world, as well as my own principles. She, a child of nature, simple and full of soul, approved my notions, and lived according to them. I could not but be proud of Amy's judgment, for it was my own. She thought and felt as I did; her being was rapt in mine. Her reverential, daughterly love had been changed into the purest, most modest, and deepest love that a young woman knows, and I appeared, even to myself, somewhat too young to play the part of a father.

"One day when I told her that I thought of returning to my possessions, she asked whether she might follow me; and said she would be happy to serve me as a maid. And when I hesitated, saying, that I had some notion of getting married, she dropped her head and said, 'All the better, thy wife will not find a more trusty servant than I.' 'But,' said I, 'my future wife has not now as excellent an opinion of thee as thou deservest.' 'What have I done to her?' she answered with the lofty expression and pride of an innocent. 'Show me thy bride, and I will win her affection and esteem.' I led Amy to the looking-glass which hung in the chamber, pointed to it, and said stammering, 'There thou seest her!' She started with fright, grew pale as she turned her large blue eyes towards me, and whispering with a tremulous voice, 'I am not well,' sank death-like upon the floor. I called the maid; I was palsied by the sudden fright.

"As Amelia recovered from her swoon, and the color came into her cheeks, she opened her eyes, and smiled gently on me, wondering at the anxiety of both myself and the maid. By

degrees, her recollection returned; she believed that she had been asleep. I hardly ventured to speak to her of what had passed. As soon as we were alone again, I said, 'Amelia, why wert thou so frightened before the glass? Wherefore durst thou not become my wife. Speak freely, I am prepared to hear all.' She blushed, and was a long while silent, with her eyes fixed on the floor. 'Wherefore dost thou not dare?' asked I once more. Here she sighed and looked towards Heaven. 'Dare, oh yes! dare! What dare I not to do, if thou wishest it? Can I be happy, can I live without thee? Whether thy servant or thy wife, all is the same, for I have but one love for thee.'

"Whilst I thus lived in the very portal of Heaven, the whole town was quite gone with astonishment; my relations on both father's and mother's side, were in terror and desperation, when I informed them of my approaching nuptials with Amelia. A baron, of an old and noble family, whose ancestors had been covered with the highest dignities in the service of the king; a knight, capable of entering the list at a tournament, and intermarried with the chief families of the land—to form such a wicked mis-alliance,—to marry, not with one of the parvenue nobility, not even with the citizen class, nor yet with the daughter of a respectable mechanic,—but with a beggar-girl, and she of disreputable birth! Only think! My relations wrote me threatening letters, to the effect that they would discard me, that they would deprive me of my inheritance, that they would have me put under restraint. They came all too late, for in about fourteen days Amelia and I were formally married.

"Why should I tell thee of the foolish things, which men infected with prejudices began to do, as soon as I determined to live as an honest, natural man, strictly according to truth, banishing all duplicity, all dancing-master frivolities, all foreign airs, all the so called etiquette of conduct, without, on the other hand, losing sight of a respectable and dignified deportment? My simple Thou, with which I began to accost them, and to request them to accost me, frightened many away from me, as though I were smitten with plague-spots. My beard became a subject of wit; my frank return of a friendly salutation in the

streets, without ceremoniously taking off the hat, was called rudeness. I did not suffer myself to be put out. At some time or other the ice must be broken. I wished to see, whether one could live in the nineteenth century, in a European city, without embracing all its humbugs, and all the prescribed notions of honor, manners, justice and respectability. So far from offending any one by an ill-habit, or from making their prejudices, or whims, or moral peculiarities a reproach, I was more complaisant towards them ; I sought men, from whom I differed as much externally as I did already in my inmost being, in order to conciliate them by goodness and kindness.

" I betook myself to my estate here in Flyeln, where I found delight in becoming known and respected by my dependants. They were then half wild ; they were vassals. They cringed in the most slavish manner before their master. None of them could read or write ; they were lazy and indecent. To be idle, to guzzle, to fight, seemed to be their heaven. Superstition was their religion, a deadly, godless sanctimony their observance of it, and deceit and falsehood their prudence. I determined to make men out of these brutes. I caused the prisoners to be improved, and a great school-house to be built. Amelia and I visited every hut ; they were mere mud-stalls. I ordained heavy punishments against the smallest indecency. Whoever did not obey, was put into gaol ; on the other hand, to the obedient I gave, by way of encouragement, tables, glasses, chairs, and other household furniture. Soon everything in the houses was well arranged and neat. I forbade card-playing, brandy, coffee, wrestling, cursing, and swearing, &c., &c. Whoever failed was chastised, and those that obeyed, and for one month gave no cause for censure, I suffered to become mere bond-servants. I gave the old pastor an annuity ; chose a young, learned, and excellent clergyman, who soon entered into my plans, in place of the former : appointed a person skilled in various knowledge, and educated in Switzerland by Pestalozzi, as schoolmaster, with a good salary ; and with the help of both these perfected the reformation. I myself kept a school twice a week, composed of the larger boys and young men ; Amelia took the girls ; and the wife of the pastor the matrons. I caused

all the children to be clothed at my expense, as thou seest them now. At our expense also, Amelia changed the ill-shaped dresses of the maidens.

The school and prison worked well. The young men, at my solicitation, suffered their beards to grow. I forbade it to the slaves—only the free being allowed to wear beards; whilst slaves must go shorn. I opened the door to freedom. Whoever, after my directions, cultivated his field the best, received it at the end of the year for a small but easily redeemed ground-rent, as his own, and therewith certain privileges. Whoever for two years was the most frugal, diligent, and skilful, obtained his freedom, his own house, an outfit in money, an honorable dress, modelled after my own, and might suffer his beard to grow. Before the end of the first year, I had occasion, nay was under obligation, to free a great many families; these had begun to improve before my arrival. They awakened the envy of some, but a general emulation among others, the more so, when on court-day I placed the freemen beside me to decide the cases of those who had erred. The subordinate judges were chosen by the freemen themselves from out of their own number.

"Whilst I was here troubling myself very little about the outward world, the world troubled itself the more about me. Quite unexpectedly one day an extraordinary commission, which was sent by ministerial command, to inquire into the state of my health and property, made its appearance. My relations had reported me to be crazy, and that I squandered my property in the most frantic methods. The gentlemen of the commission behaved very well for several months. What report they rendered I don't know, but probably, as I forgot to put money into their es hands, not the most favorable. For, without regard to my wish- or my threats of vengeance, they treated me as a lunatic, and confined me to my estate. An administrator of my property was sent down, who was at the same time to watch my conduct, and prevent the intrusions of visitors. Fortunately, the administrator was an honest, well-informed man, so that we speedily became friends. When he had looked through my accounts, the good man was astonished at my rigid economy, and was of opinion, that by means of this, and the redemption money paid by the

bond-servants and slaves, I should gain more than I lost. At times he assisted me in the attempt to humanize my slaves. He suggested some good things, viz: that for the space of five years the emancipated should render an account of their receipts and expenditures, in order to assure themselves that they were not growing worse or becoming more indolent. The good man, in the end, was quite enamored with our Flyeln household, since he saw that, under well-directed management, nothing was done in vain. Before the second year of my being there, the peasants of our community had distinguished themselves above the whole neighborhood, for thrift, knowledge, and respectability. They called us, in other places, the Moravian brethren, and even to this day, in the neighboring villages, they believe that we have adopted a new religion.

"The administrator and guardian found my notions of the world, in the main, uncommonly correct. He even went so far as to wish that people generally would return to greater simplicity and truthfulness in manners, conduct and life. But he could not stand the beard: he stuck for life and death to the queue in the neck and the powder on the hair; the Thou was quite offensive to him, and he could not, to Amelia and me, in spite of all his efforts, bring it over his lips. Meanwhile, his report about me,—after an administration of one year, and after he had made to the government the most favorable disclosures as to my sound management of my property,—had the happy effect of restoring me to the control of my own affairs, under a condition, however, that I should render a yearly account of them. This was the doing of my relatives. They would not be persuaded that I had not lost a good deal of sound human understanding, although my former guardian had made me out at the worst only a wonderfully queer fellow. So, on that account, and that I might give offence to no one by means of my new error, namely, my free utterance of whatever nature and reason sanctioned, I was forbidden, without special permission, from going out of the boundaries of my estate, *i. e.*, from visiting the great European lunatic asylum, which I was allowed to know of only through the newspapers. By that I was a greater gainer.

"It is now five years that I have dwelt here in my blessed

solitude. Go out, consider my fields, and the fields of our farmers, our forests, our flocks, and our dwelling-places! Thou shalt see a blooming prosperity where it was before unknown. All my slaves are free. Only a single drunkard, and another lazy rough churl, seemed to be unimprovable. The drunkard starved. The other could not be corrected either by rewards or punishments. But as all Flyeln wore beards, and he and the pastor alone were clear-chinned, it wrought a most wonderful effect upon the fellow; for the pastor was moved to let his beard grow, so that the slave became the only smooth face of the lot. He couldn't endure that, and thus improved himself, that he might be respected among respectable people.

"The beard of the good pastor was a scandal to the consistory. Although he proved that a beard was not against the true faith; although he called to mind the holy men of both the Old and New Testament; although he showed that he, by making himself like his equals, could do more good, and by means of it had changed one deemed utterly irreclaimable, the beard gave offence to the consistorial body. It was only after my pastor adduced the evidence of a physician, that the toothache, under which he had always suffered, was alleviated by means of the beard, was he allowed to provide for his own health, and that only within bounds.

"I not only instituted courts among my free people, but gave them the right to choose an overseer or governor immediately from themselves, as they pleased. Their self-respect and dignity have been aroused. From time to time the more noted among them eat at my table, with their wives. I am their equal. Similarity of dress begets confidence, without diminishing respect. Children are required to stand up before older people, and uncover their heads, but not to uncover before their equals. Every manifestation of deceit is ranked as a crime, no less than theft. The people judge themselves more strictly than I did formerly. I have often to moderate their decisions. Our schools are flourishing. The apter boys learn the history of the world, a knowledge of the earth, with its countries and people, geometry, and something of architecture. In the churches we have already choral hymns and worship.

"But, dear Norbert, better that thou stayest one week with us, and see for thyself; or canst thou not while away a few weeks?"

THE CONVERSATION ON THE HEIGHTS OF FLYELN.

Such was the narration of Olivier.

I do not conceal it, that all that he had said to me, and all I had seen in Flyeln, made a great impression upon me. I wondered at his perseverance, and his benevolent invention, but regretted that his plans were so much misrepresented.

But neither the persuasions of my friend, nor the seductive and flattering requests of the baroness, were necessary to induce me to prolong my stay in this lordly *oasis*. Yes, I must call Flyeln an *oasis*, a blooming island in the waste of the surrounding country. For here, as soon as you reach the spot, if you have travelled through the sometimes sandy, and sometimes boggy lands of the vicinity, or through the pine forests, and the poor, muddy, ordinary villages, with their barracks and neglected inhabitants,—the ground seems suddenly greener, and the people more humane. Here, too, what were once barracks, have become neat cottages, which I visited, with Amelia, with pleasure. Here, also, there had been morasses, now only recognized from the long ditches and excavations, filled up with stones and covered with earth, which have been made to draw off the water; here, too, had been slaves, who were accustomed to tremble before their overseers and officers, and to cheat them behind their backs, but who have now the upright and bold bearing of freemen, looking upon the Baron as an equal,—and with a childlike reverence and love clinging to him and his! This transformation, within the space of the half of ten years, would have been a veritable wonder, if we did not know how prudently and surely Olivier went to work; how gradually he passed from the character of feudal master to that of, first, a teacher, and then a father; how his peasants, moved only by the fear of the lash, had been allured and subdued by means of their rude self-interest; how he counted neither upon their thankfulness nor their understand-

ing, nor their moral or religious feeling, but from the outset, disciplined rather than instructed them, and having habituated them to doing good, relied chiefly upon the strength of habit, and the rising generation. Therefore, he and the baroness, with the pastor and the school teacher, undertook the instruction of all; thence, also, it happened that the assessors of the judgment, that the overseers of the community, were mostly young persons from five-and-twenty to thirty years of age; at least I saw none of the older peasants among them.

But all this does not concern us here. I will describe the success of my friend, and not the art and method by which he tamed his dependants, and made a sterile place blooming.

As Olivier exhibited his account-books, and showed irrefutably that, so far from having lost by the reformation, he had gained more than his deceased uncle or any of his ancestors, he said to me laughing, "Now thou seest, Norbert, where folly is at home, whether at Flyeln or in the royal residence! While I am actually gaining I am treated as a spendthrift, and compelled every year to suffer strangers, whom they send here to investigate my accounts, to look into the intimacies of my household."

"Why hast thou not complained of this? It is an injustice—it is an outrage."

"My complaint would be in vain. Not justice, but the mere command of the cabinet, sent forth by the ministry, condemned me to this position. The matter is not easily remedied; for the ministry will take no backstep by which to declare themselves to have been in fault. The committee of investigation would not advise it, because they would lose the delights of their annual pleasure-visit and the profit of their daily pay. That I have been confined here, in the estate of my forefathers, is the most endurable thing about it. Now, Norbert, what thinkest thou of all this?"

"I confess, Olivier, I came with prejudice and sorrow to thee; I shall quit thee with the most pleasurable remembrances. They have everywhere spoken of thee as a lunatic. I do not think thou art, but I concur with thy former guardian, that thou art a wonderfully queer fellow."

"Queer fellow! truly, that is the proper name for all those who do not succumb to the common-places and disorders of the age. Diogenes of Sinope was regarded as a fool; Cato the Censor was considered a pedant by the Romans; Columbus was pointed at as a crazy man in the streets of Madrid; Olavides was condemned to the Inquisition; Rousseau driven from his asylum among the Bernese; and Pestalozzi held by his countrymen as more than half a fool, because he associated with beggars and dirty children rather than with the be-powdered and bequeued world. And that I should be called a queer fellow,—I that presume only to speak, to think, and to act, naturally and intelligently—according to my right derived from God—is it not rather a reproach to ye yourselves?"

"No, Olivier, neither a reproach against the world nor against you. No one prevents thee from acting or thinking naturally or reasonably; but thou must also respect the right of others to think, to speak, and to act, according to their opinions, customs, and even prejudices, until they or their children grow wiser. All men can't be philosophers."

"Have I not paid them proper respect? Have I trespassed upon them?"

"Certainly, friend, if thou wilt allow me to say so. While thou opposest thy own customs to the general customs of the world, thou breakest the peace with those among whom thou livest, and accomplishest only half the good that thou mightest do,—if, indeed, the half. Christ received the customs of Judea, let himself down even to Judea's prejudices, in order to work the more powerfully. What boots a mere mode of address? What matters it whether we wear a stiff queue or shorn pate, a beard or a smooth chin? Thou knowest the meaning of *sie* in German, and of *vous* in French; well, I grant, it is silly to speak of a single person in the plural number, but what harm is it, after all? Did not the old Greeks and Romans address each other in the plural number? Thou knowest the meaning of *you* and *thou*. Dost thou not, then, take the offensive part when rejecting common innocent customs, and without regard to former notions of civility, thou forcest *Thou* upon everybody? Who-

ever fights with the world must have the world fighting with him. Canst thou wonder at it then?"

"I do by no means wonder at what I expect. But do not adduce the example of Christ, after the manner of those who conceal deceit and villainy, with a pious countenance, behind some distorted version of the Bible. The God-like One had a higher mission among his contemporaries than I have, and forbore speaking of small follies; but I have to do with these alone; and I will not suffer myself to be constrained to praise, excuse, or practise barbarisms. There is surely reason enough still among the inhabitants of earth to permit one to make use of his right to his own poor understanding."

"Friend," I replied, "it appears to me, they have not made that right questionable; but the free use of that right, by the indiscreet communication of your sentiments, especially if they are at war with existing arrangements, is likely to occasion confusion. Thou thyself, at the outset in Flyeln, didst play the part of a severe task-master to thy slaves, and gradually, not suddenly, enfranchised them, after they were prepared for freedom. Thou knowest how dangerous it is to put in the unpractised hands of children, a knife, which in skilful hands is a useful instrument. What wouldst thou have said, if one of thy slaves had suddenly spoken the truth to his companions concerning the fundamental principles of human nature, the barbarism and profligacy of the feudal relation, and the natural equality of men? Would not such a reformer have broken up all thy projects?"

"Certainly, Norbert; but the example is not applicable to me or my actions. I have never spoken against the existing order, even when it was bad, though I have rendered unto God the things which were God's, and unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's. I have spoken only against existing fooleries and prejudices; against your foreign airs, against your masquerades and hypocritical compliments, against your unnatural indulgences, against your effeminate disfiguration of yourselves by foreign fashions, against your conceptions of honor and shame, of worth and reward, and only in the way of a defence for my person, when ye Europeans would urge me to abandon my re-

turn to reason, and would force me, in order to be pleased with your perversity, to desert nature."

"But, friend Olivier, thy notions of standing armies, of hereditary nobility, of the rights of subjugated nations, of the——"

"Ah, ha! Norbert, these sentiments are generally recognized in Europe, but as yet only as *dead* truths. They are spoken of in essays and theories, but not in practice. I have nothing against those that act thus. I myself, were I a prince or minister, unless I had a philosophical people, would take great care how I attempted to organize a Plato's Republic. I have only uttered my opinions in the company of my friends and equals, and not preached them to the multitude to raise a revolution. I have done what millions are doing at this time both in writing and speaking. You must cut off half the heads of populous Europe if you would prevent such matters from being thought of and talked about."

"And because they are thought and spoken of by one half the people, they must soon infuse themselves into the minds of the other half. As soon as the MAJORITY come to see what is right, then will it embody itself without bloody and fearful revolutions, of its own accord, and in the natural course of a constantly improving legislation. But to tell you the truth, dear Norbert, it was not for these sentiments that they pronounced me mad or banished me from the rest of the world. No one would have complained if I, a Baron, had merely declaimed against the injustice, folly and wickedness, which are inseparable from the institutions of a privileged nobility—and not carried my opinions into practice. All would have gone well enough if I had married a Countess. But because I acted consistently, although no one was injured by my conduct, because I preferred the love of a pure but portionless beggar girl to the prejudices of my class, because I married a child whom I had rescued from infamy—that was my crime. Oh! Norbert, just look at Amy,—and then at my ancestral parchments—and condemn me if you can!"

"With such a document to sustain your case, dear Olivier, thou art in fact a most persuasive advocate. Still I think the Nobility would in a short time have forgiven thy protests against them, and regarded thee only as an exception among them; for

thou knowest that at the present day such matters are regarded differently from what they once were, and that rank is no longer what——"

"Dost think so?" interrupted the Baron, "then, oh my dear friend, thou deceivest thyself in regard to our caste, in which not only physiognomies but privileges and prejudices are hereditary, and by transmission from generation to generation have become ineradicable. It has one *fixed idea*, which is that its members are by birth of a better mould than the rest of mankind. Even when it is prostrated by Revolution, this one fixed idea manages to keep the upper hand. Didst thou not see the French nobility when in exile? They lost none of their haughtiness, although they were often poor enough to be obliged to mend their own shoes and wash their own clothes. Look again at the miserable young noblemen of France! What are they doing? Why, instead of submitting to their fate, they raise a terrible clamor because they must needs share their political privileges with common low-born citizens."

"Here, my dear advocate," I answered, "thou art falling into a little bad logic, which, however, I am too generous to expose. What have the people of this country to do with the people of that country? Because the wild Indian nobility wear rings in their noses, is that a reasonable ground of accusation against our nobles. But let us drop the subject—understand me, I wish to reconcile thee to the world. A little sacrifice from thee, a little compliance with unimportant externals, and believe me, they would forgive thy opinions, and even thy paradoxes."

"Thou requirest a *little* sacrifice from me! thou askest as a small matter, nothing less than that I should sacrifice my convictions, my principles, and all consequent duties! But if I sacrifice my convictions and principles, that is, my whole being, what am I fit for in the world? How shall I do good?"

"In many ways. See other wise men—they accomplish unspeakable good without quarrelling with the world. Wherefore canst not thou? What canst thou do now, by thy single example, standing all alone, when all thy neighbors are convinced and believe, that thy understanding is a little shattered."

"The question deserves an answer, for of all thy questions it

is the most important. First, consider my right as a man, that within my own house, on my own grounds, according to my own better convictions, I ought to be allowed to eat, drink, dress, speak and act as *I* please, if I trespass upon no other's right. And since I find the follies, the impertinences, the artifices, and affectations, of modern European human nature, which have been culled out of the refuse of ancient barbarisms, ludicrous, shameful, unnatural and mean,—why should I, with all my sense of duty, with my obligations to truth and justice, not make use of my right? Should the sailor, whom the wild Indians invite to a banquet of human flesh, overcome his horror and adopt their terrible customs, lest the Indians laugh at him? So much, Norbert, as to what immediately and only concerns myself."

Here Olivier remained silent as if awaiting an answer, but soon continued. "Besides, Norbert, recall the Fragment from the Voyage of Pythias, and thy own confession as to the truth which merely *seems* to hit, and that which actually strikes. Thou thyself hast granted that human society has departed very far from the dictates of nature. Ye all acknowledge that there is infinitely too much suffering; for the violations of the eternal laws of God carry with them the punishment of the transgressor. None of ye will deny, that your whole civil and domestic economy, your constitution, customs, and manner of life, are at best but a protracted rebellion against nature. But which of you has *heroism of soul* enough to return to the simple, eternal order of God? In this ye all fail; but to me, it is nothing new. It is well that some individual, undisturbed by the conceit and derision of the great horde, should bring back an example of goodness and justice. It is well, that some individual, who will not capitulate or make terms with the follies of the age, should stand out, not to minister to your madness, but to make open war upon it. For, by means of the simple teaching of the church, the cathedral, and the theatre, by means of philosophy, by the abstract eulogy of unaided naturalness and truth, nothing is done. For ye talk, philosophize, and write for ever, and your teachers remain for ever the same, and your learners do not become anything more than learners. Therefore it is well that

some individual should step forth as a model for your better instruction in the realities of life. True, in the beginning they will rate him as a crazy man, and abuse and mock him; but gradually the eyes of his contemporaries will be accustomed to the strange appearance. Bye and bye, it is whispered 'that the man is not so far out of the way.' And at last the boldest begin shyly to follow him in particular things. Ah! Norbert, whoever can bring back humanity, or a small part of humanity, one single step toward Nature, has done as much as the fleetness of life permits. And so, dear friend, let me admonish thee, that many are accustomed to decry one who does right, because he has, and they have not, the courage to do right. Because I eat and drink, without luxury, banishing all foreign superfluity; because I dress myself in a way at once comfortable and pleasing to the eye; because I reinstate the manly beard in its lost honor; because I withstand the privileges and prejudices of my class, and would pass for no more than I am worth; because I believe that I have not stained myself by marriage with a maiden of lower and unhonorable descent; because I will not establish my character by a duel, or bear about the insignia of real or feigned services, as a show upon my breast; because I make my slaves my free companions and friends; because I forswear deceit, and assert the truth without fear; therefore am I treated in the NINETEENTH CENTURY as a FOOL. Yet I live according to Reason, have transgressed no institution or law, have injured nobody, and while doing good to many, violated no single principle of morality or decorum. Here, Norbert, thou hast my answer to thy question. Now let us cease this parley."

He broke off; I embraced the noble but eccentric man, and laughing said, "We have an old-fashioned saying—'the sharp tool is easily notched.'"

After some days I left him. The remembrance of Flyeln belongs to the most agreeable of my life. Nor will I conceal, that if the whole world should fall into the phrenzy of my Olivier, I should be the first among the frantic. We have since then resumed our correspondence, and I have vowed, from time to time, to make another pilgrimage to happy Flyeln.

HARMONIUS.

HARMONIUS.

I.

We often sat together, in the spring, in the garden of Harmonius. Never have I seen a man who lived more purely and inwardly; never one whose love was more worthy of the tenderest return.

As an old man of seventy years, he was still the same glad, quiet, contented, guiltless person which he had been as a child of seven. Still with the same heartiness he inclined towards all that was good and true, as in the days of his boyhood. He carried the fresh spring-heaven of childhood with him through the hot age of summer, down to the cool winter of life. Time, indeed, touched the outer shell of his spirit, and colored and bleached it: but on his inner life the destroying finger rested not.

Still, as ever to him was the immeasurable world the great, sacred dwelling-house of God and of His children: and the earth but a school apartment in this house; our life-time a bright, laborious hour of study. He believed not in crime and criminals, but only in error and erring ones; he believed in suffering only as the step to happiness.

"Man must live *in himself*, not out of himself," he often said. "We have nothing to do with the outward, but only with the inward. The outer world belongs to us only so far as it mirrors in our souls its colors and forms through the camera obscura of sense. Man is spirit; he lives not by intercourse with bodies and dead forms, but with souls. But our souls are related

to one another, and are all sisters. Even the dumb animals we should love, for we have no reason to doubt that they have souls: these are, as it were, younger brothers and sisters."

Before the interwoven arbor of climbing honey-suckles, in the garden of Harmonius, stood a group of marble figures. A young and beautiful woman leaned upon an urn. A bird sat resting upon the urn near her; a little dog lay sleeping at her feet.

On the pedestal stood the words—*Love Imperishable under all forms.*

When we were together in the garden of Harmonius for the first time, and saw that group, and read those words, we thought we discovered the key to their meaning, when Harmonius said that the female figure was dedicated to the memory of his wife, who died many years since, in the bloom of life. The dog seemed to us a symbol of Fidelity, and the bird upon the urn an image of the Soul, which wings its way above this earthly dust towards better worlds.

When we soon afterwards stepped into his house, we observed upon the wall, among other pictures, one which was larger than the rest. We saw here the same young woman, clothed in inexpressible beauty, and near her, upon a green bough, a bird, whose feathers showed that it was a gold-finch; a little brown dog, snow-white upon his paws and under his neck, lay couched at the young woman's feet. The eyes of these three beings were so arranged by the art of the painter, that we seemed to be seen by them all at the same time.

In the study apartment of Harmonius, which was the most beautiful in the whole house, with an extensive view over the surrounding country, we saw the same thing again, under other relations.

Three portraits hung together, wreathed about with a flowery chain of evergreens and forget-me-nots. The first represented a similar bird to the one we had before seen; the second, the same brown dog, but as full grown; the third the wife of Harmonius. Beneath the pictures, in golden letters, upon a sky-colored ground, were the words: *Love Imperishable under all forms.*

In other apartments of our venerable friend, we saw other pictures still, but all of these had ever the same text.

II.

One Sunday evening, though it was quite late, we were assembled around the old man before the garden-house. Night kindled above us her thousand suns. The moon rent the veil of clouds, and her spiritual silver fell down upon us, with the blossoms of the hanging apple-tree, like elysian rain.

In the deep stillness, scarcely broken by the sighing of the evening breeze through the blooming shrubbery, our souls sank into a profound and earnest mood.

"Such evenings are a festal summons to the human heart;—are peculiar reflexes from other worlds;—are like evanescent summers from the fields of yonder life." So spoke one of our company who sat next to the old man.

Harmonius withdrew his eyes from the stars, and said: "Thou art a happy man, and I am happy with thee, since I prize the Evening as thou dost. Truly, truly, dear friends, the world is to us what we are to it. *It* does not make us happy or unhappy, but we make it happy or unhappy. He who believes in Virtue, has Virtue; he who believes in no God, for him there is no God. Since, then, we are, as it were, creators of our own world, let us continue to be *good creators*."

Then one of us said: "Yet I have found but few men who considered themselves entirely happy. Shall I believe that they were not sufficiently virtuous and pure?"

"I will not sit in judgment upon the heart of man!" answered Harmonius. "The pupil in painting knows not the value of *shadows;* he will either banish them altogether, or put in too much of them. Even so the half-developed man knows not the value of *deprivation*. He will abstain from nothing. Man, too, envies not the *happiness* of another, near so much as his *means* of happiness. Each one has in his proportion an equal right and a like power to sleep on a hard or a soft bed."

"But," said I, "if every one shares the same right and the same power, all have not received the same insight to find out the highest good. Thou knowest, Harmonius, how many

theories of happiness our philosophers have written, and how they have contended against each other."

Harmonius answered me: "He who seeks out of himself what is to be found *in himself*, will seek for ever and find nothing. We have all received *one* good teacher, we in Europe, as well as our brothers in Indus and Mississippi, that is *Nature*—Nature with her legislation. He who lives within this, has peace; he who once despises her laws, loses the rose, feels only its thorn, and wounds himself. Pain is the best cure for error. Why does man invent stupefying preventives against instructive pain? These means are unnatural, and create fresh wounds. And so we wander ever farther from Nature, and bewail these, instead of ourselves. We have fabricated for ourselves a host of sciences and systems, which were not necessary for our happiness. Sciences have not made man miserable; but *misery has made sciences.*"

III.

When Harmonius had thus spoken, a deep silence arose among us, and each one reflected upon his words.

Near me sat Vitalis, who seemed deeply bowed down, and sighed softly as he looked up to the sky.

"Many men have freely left the firm land," he said, "and thrown themselves into a frail bark. Even I am one of these wanderers. But why is the island so small on which Destiny casts us? Why is our desire of knowledge so great, that we do not enjoy what we have? Why are we still so eager to discover what lies outside of our island of life? Why are the fairest and most desirable objects veiled impenetrably? Why must we be most uncertain about that which it is most important to know?"

"Why, why," replied Harmonius, "I cannot answer, since I am not thy Creator, but His child as thou art. But is then our

desire for knowledge really too great for the circumference of our life-island? Is this really too poor for the nourishment of our spirit, so that we must seek another island? O truly thou didst not mean to think and say this. Thou art convinced as I am that this present world is too rich in materials for our spirit; that our stay in it is too short for us to enjoy more than a small part of it in the most hasty way. See, I number seventy years, and men call me an old man, and will remember me by that title when I in a little while shall have departed hence; but my spirit is still undeveloped, my thirst not yet quenched; I have learned daily and am a scholar in my seventieth year. Thou scarcely numberest twenty-one!

"The desire of learning and knowledge may gormandize here below to excess, and we shall never exhaust the store held out to us. But what thou callest desire of knowledge, I call *curiosity*, and curiosity is disease. It will not enjoy, but sip; not investigate, but flutter about from novelty to novelty. Curiosity never has enough, just as the whole vault of heaven does not furnish air enough for the asthmatic patient. It is a moral asthma.

"Thou hast now thrown thyself into a fragile bark, and art sailing about to discover the unknown country. What hast thou found? What more dost thou know now, than thou didst before thou left the shore? Wouldst thou make discoveries concerning the true home of spirits; concerning the World from which the hour of death separates us? O my friend, thou wouldst feel the magic of music, without an ear for it, and gaze into Elysium, without eyes.

"Come home then after thy fruitless search;—fruitless, not really because there is no other country to be found beyond the island of life, but because thy boat was too frail. Or wilt thou, blind one, persist in denying the beautiful colors of spring, because thy sight is wanting?

"Come home. Take the divine medicine, as my motto prescribes it for thee: *Faith*, *Love*, *Hope*, and *Patience*."

"But what shall we believe?" asked several of us at once.

Harmonius smiled, and looked at us awhile in silence. Then he began again: "How childishly you ask! Or would you try me? Believe whatever Reason bids you, and your Heart

advises you. No Belief can be prescribed or inoculated. It is another thing with principles of Reason, which only need to be announced in order to be received and approved by every one. For the law of the Reason is alike in all men. But it is otherwise with Belief. It is not shared, nor received. It is a spiritual. flower, springing from the constitution, education, strength, weakness and necessities of the soul. Therefore it is different in all men. That of a Kamschatkan is as little to be measured by me, as mine by him. Belief is a blossom of the soul: in the blossom thou knowest the tree. Destroy not the blossom with a rough hand, if it displeases thee in another person, for thou wilt be in danger of making the whole tree fruitless. But if thou wilt do good, then honor the root of the tree, give it better soil, finer nourishment. Ennoble the soul, so will it ennoble its own faith.

"But I," continued Harmonius, and he raised his hands through the moonbeams and blossoms, "but I believe in thee, Eternal, Unknown, Nameless One! I believe in the sacred world of spirits, wherein reward and blessedness reign: I believe in the imperishableness of our Love in all its forms!"

When Harmonius had spoken these last words, his looks were turned from the sky and rested upon the marble image before the arbor.

IV.

"O Harmonius, how happy am I to be of thy faith!" I exclaimed. "But the sense of thy last words I have not precisely understood. I beg of thee, if thou wilt, to make them clearer to me."

"And if I should do it," said he, "would not my Belief appear to you like a mere dream? But my Belief is the fruit of my life, as it is with all mortals. And as my life is not yours, so my Belief cannot be yours. But if you send a deeper gaze into your own being, and that of the divine All of things, my Belief will of itself strike you as it did the Ancients, the Indians and the old Greeks, and you will love it as Pythagoras and Plato did.

"But before I knew Pythagoras and Plato, that which these divine men believed, had already bloomed forth from my own life. Therefore I must draw out some individual threads from the web of my destiny. I will relate to you, if you are not weary of listening to me, a few passages from my history.

"I can in recollection still look far back through this terminated path of seventy years. Yet in the farthest distance, the objects begin, like clouds, to fade away and grow uncertain. I recognize still in dubious forms the revered figure of my father. My mother I never beheld. She died a year after my birth. He six years later. I was an orphan, and delivered into the hands of strangers.

"To be an orphan was to me a hard lot: but only hard to me at that time, because I was not like my playmates. I had no father to teach me, no mother to press me to her bosom. This deprivation made my heart continually sore. I wept silently for myself: I lost myself with unspeakable pleasure in the little Paradise of my past life: each feeling in me formed itself into tenderness.

"Of all whom I knew, no one loved me. Yet I was not hated. I was lonely. They called me a dreamer. My playmates I little valued. In the Summer I wished for Winter, because its solitude seemed consoling to me: in the Winter I called upon the Spring, that I might find my playmates.

"When I was twelve years old, on the very morning of my birthday, I lay under the high pear-tree in my father's garden: I was half asleep. Yet I tormented my heart with longing dreams. Tears gushed through my closed eyelids. I looked up and gazed through my tears, and through the green wilderness of branches, at the sky. 'I am alone in the whole world. No one knows me!' I sighed; 'No one may love me. And yet I am not wicked. Is nothing then related to me? Has nothing yet loved me?'

"Then I shut my eyes. Tears flowed down my cheeks. I longed to die.

"At this moment I felt that a little bird seated itself upon my chin, and with his bill picked toyingly against my lips. I was frightened, and as I opened my eyes, the little thing flew away.

"I raised myself. The bird sat in the tree above me, and seemed to look at me attentively.

"O, what would I have given to possess him! I enticed and allured him, but in vain. He did not fly away, but came no nearer. I searched for all the crumbs in my pocket, and scattered them about. Then he flew timidly down, ate a few, and looked at me as if he would thank me. But at my slightest motion, he flew away.

"'O little bird, dear little bird,' I cried, and, weeping, stretched my arm up to the tree, into which he had flown, 'I am not one to be feared; I will love thee and feed thee, and nobody shall do thee any harm.'

"So I called, well as I knew that the little creature could not understand my entreaty. Yet, as if he had understood me, he looked at me, hopped from one bough to another—looked at me—and flew down from the tree, and lit upon my arm.

"How shall I describe my delight? It is impossible. Man's joys are even greater than his sorrows. For beneath those he forgets himself: but with these he still retains enough of self to commiserate or to admire himself. Therefore have we so short a memory of our joys, and so long an one of our sufferings.

"I showed to all my house-mates my beautiful captive:—I could not call it a captive. The little creature had given itself to me. I carried it to my chamber. There I kissed it a thousand times; there I fed it; there I let it flutter freely around me.

"I was as in heaven. I was more industrious at school; more agreeable at home; more gay among my playmates. Every one came, and wondered at my bird and its fearlessness; its love and its fidelity towards me.

"Every morning my little friend awoke me with his song. When I left my bed, then he flew to me, and received his grain from my hand. I seated myself to prepare for school; he hopped sociably upon my table, upon my shoulder, and around the chamber.

"Even with the window open, the little favorite remained true to me. He flew out sometimes, and came chirping back again.

"Smile not that I take so much pleasure in relating this trifling circumstance. It belongs to the brightest dreams of my seven-

tieth year, when the god of sleep sweetly mirrors back to me those scenes of childhood.

"The little creature died, after a year and a half of fidelity and friendship. For some days before its death it lost its accustomed sprightliness. It fluttered around no longer, but sat sorrowfully in its place, or, at most, upon my shoulder. At last it became so weak that it could not even reach that. I held it in my hand. I carried it in my bosom. When I wept, and held it caressingly before me, it looked at me with its little eyes, as though it felt the nearness of its departure; as though it would thank me for my love and for my tears. Then it hid its little head under its wing, as in sleep.

"On its last evening, I carried it into its corner, to its freshly broken twigs. I wept aloud, and kissed it a thousand times.

"I went to bed, but turned back again and again, to see it once more. And as often as I came, it hopped from the lower twig towards me upon the floor, so weak was it—as though it was conscious of the approaching separation—as though, for the last time, it would caress me, for the last time see me and thank me. I fell asleep quite late with tears in my eyes.

"In the morning it lay dead on the floor. It lay before my bed: it had left its little place in the night, and had come to die near me.

"O thou dear faithful little creature, thou dumb angel of my childhood! why wast thou obliged to depart so soon?

"Spare me the picture of my sorrow over the bird. I buried him, sobbing, under the same pear-tree where I first found him. So buried I my bright dream of a year and a half, and all the joys of my childhood."

V.

After a brief silence, Harmonius began again: "He who loves aright, loves with fidelity. Fidelity is the breath of Love. He who loves without this, goes alone through the world, and only makes a few transient travelling acquaintances."

"Dost thou think, Harmonius," said he who sat by the old man's side, "that we preserve our fidelity even in death?—that even after the decay of our bodies, we may still love our friends? But what avails even this love, if it is only for a few earthly minutes? The loss of all consciousness in the grave would be a more enviable gift of Nature than the flame of love within us, without an eternity for its manifestation."

"Thy inquiry," answered the venerable man, "goes into a land to which our sight cannot reach. But I can ask again, dost thou think that we are living here upon earth for the first time? that we love now for the first time?"

"Where should we have lived before—where and whom should we have loved? What good do life and love do me, which exist for me no longer? What avails me the most beautiful dream of a summer night, which I forget when I open my eyes?" Thus I spoke.

Harmonius pressed my hand. "No, my friend," said he, "not thus should we ask. These questions we might ask a thousand times, and about a thousand things around us, the object of which is concealed from us. But I know and believe, that one day the great *Darkness* will become light, for we are from God, and therefore have a Divine existence. But God is Light in Himself. We ourselves are not God, but God's; are therefore eternal, as He himself, and as *All* is, for as there is but One, and this One is God, and *nothing* is *out* of Him, so all is in him, and belongs to Him. Could anything be possible *out* of God, then there would be two Gods, two Original, Uncreated Beings, who would limit each other. But God cannot be anything limited or finite, else He were not God."

"But, Harmonius," I exclaimed in amazement, "*All* is God! How sayest thou? Nature, the world, the dust, is all God!"

"Dear friend," answered the old man, "not nature, not the world, not the dust is God, but *All*. But dost thou know the infinite All?—dost thou know even the smallest part thereof, extending from earth up to the pale light of the nebulous stars, whose distances human computation and measurement fail to tell? Not one of the million globules of blood in thy veins is the man, but the whole is the man."

"Thou sayest, Harmonius, there can be nothing *out* of God which limits him to the Finite. Is the Finite also in God?"

"And where else should it be, if it is impossible that the Finite can be out of Him, and consequently limit him? Are not the thoughts of thy everlasting Spirit also in thee? Are not they also changeable and finite? Art thou, on account of their changeableness, any the less enduring and endless? No, my friend. So is *All* in God, even the so-called Finite. But do not err! the Finite is in God himself; and thy coming and going thoughts, thy changing ideas belong to thee and are in thee: but they of themselves are in no wise thy Spirit, thy Whole."

"And thou wouldst not, then, Harmonius, separate Nature and the World from God? not distinguish the Created from the Uncreated, the Creature from the Creator, the Finite from the Infinite, the Material from the Spiritual?"

"Why should I not?" answered the old man; "I do it in order that I may distinguish according to human modes of thought, that I may speak as a man in this poor human language. But what, then, is *Matter*—what is *Spirit?* As *All* is Spirit, All is Power. We name *material*, or matter, only the operation upon us of those concealed forces, which place themselves in union with our spirit by means of the senses. The external manifestations of these forces, which are perceivable by the senses, these, and nothing else, we call matter and material, without comprehending what the actual forces are, or what their operation may be, and how it takes place. These are childish, human signs, mere words. What, then, is *Finite* and *Infinite?* They are poor words and symbols, and nothing more. For *All* is Infinite: only the change of activity of the Infinite, this *change* we call finite, though it is still something infinite. We have borrowed the unwieldy auxiliary words, temporal, transient, mortal, finite, and more like them, only from the change of activity in those forces, which, through eye, ear, touch, &c., stand in connection with our eternal force, the Spirit. But the forces themselves are ever working on, and are not perishable. What, then, is *created* and *uncreated?* These are bare words and nothing more, which childish man has borrowed from the works of his hands. He imagines that he can create, if he operates upon the

ever-existing forces; if he *arranges differently*, or even to a different end, that which is already there. Thus he has created nothing, but only bound together or separated what was there already, into a house, a book, a tool. It is all uncreated, because all is in God, and God is uncreated, that is eternal."

Harmonius was silent. But we were all silent. The speech of the old man sounded wonderful and strange to us. We had a hundred questions to ask, but no one ventured to interrupt him.

"You are silent and astonished," he continued after a time, "that I call only the change of activity of the forces, and not the forces themselves, finite, destructible, transient. Does not your Reason dare to assent to this? Or do you find it nobler and more suitable, in the highest and living God, that He in his actions and life should be likened unto poor man? that He must compose and create as we do? Or do you find it more comprehensible to your Reason that He should bring into existence something which of itself is in the kingdom of *Nothingness?* It is absolutely inconceivable to the human understanding, because it is absurd and self-contradictory, that non-existence should become Existence; just as it is to conceive of Existence becoming non-existence. Will you then ascribe to the Omnipotence of God, what to you is Absurdity? Know you not that from the unalterable conviction, that out of Nothing there can arise no Something, and out of Something no Nothing—that even hence comes the necessary knowledge and conception of the Eternal and Infinite?—that if it were *possible* that that which exists could end, that is, become nothing, it would also be possible for God to end, to cease and become nothing? But that because this is impossible and absurd, only the eternity of God and of all that exists, is possible, actual and necessary?"

"Whither wilt thou lead us at last with these thoughts, Harmonius?" one of us asked.

"Back again," replied the venerable old man, "where we commenced our conversation, namely, that our Souls and Spirits are eternal uncreated existences in God, because He Himself is All; that our Spirit and our Soul did not spring out of that which had no former existence, but existed already, before they

were connected with the living power, and with the rest of the sensuous perceptible material, which we call the Body, at the so-called hour of human birth.

'We were, are, and shall be.'

"You ask, where, how, or what? Friends, we are not God himself, but God's. This satisfies us; this is our Blessedness, our Rest for Eternity! He who will look through the All and the Highest, and the Life and web of the eternal house-keeping, he will see through the Divinity, and will himself be God."

"But," said I, "there is something in this, I know not what, which to me is comfortless. For if I existed before, and can never end, then my eternal existence is not of higher value than the shortest and most finite, since I know as little of what has been, as of what shall be in the future."

"Friend," replied Harmonius, "we know the Eternal and Divine, so long as we are men, only dimly through a veil which surrounds our spirit, and this veil is Time and Space. When this veil is taken away, then lies Eternity before us, without Time and Space, as One and All. But I bear within me a high consolation, a consciousness that I as Spirit am capable of higher Union, higher Power, capable of Perfection. I observe many forces in the Infinite, which eternally are and were, what they now are. Some produce the forms of stones, metals, lights, and other substances: others the lives and forms of plants: others the forms and souls of animals. And each substance, each plant, each animal is still the same, according to History, which it was many centuries ago. But the human race, the world of our spirits has not remained the same. Here is inconceivable development, majestic progress, from knowledge to knowledge, from human to divine.—And as I see, not merely the human race, but *myself* to be evermore complete, so I am compelled to believe that I have had an earlier but more incomplete existence: that I shall exist in the future, but more complete, according as I tend towards *union with lower or with higher natures* in the divine All."

"Can there be then in God a higher and lower, a more and a ess noble?" interrupted my neighbor.

"Certainly not!" answered Harmonius; "but what dost thou ask me, who must speak with a human tongue and in human words?—Man is throughout a noble being; noble in his body, his soul, his spirit; wonderful in their co-operation, and their oneness. And yet we call one part nobler than another; the spirit higher than the body; the head more valuable than any other limb. But with the All it is only the *Whole*, that constitutes the being of the *Man*. And so All, is whatever God's being comprehends in itself."

"But what dost thou mean by the 'direction the Spirit may take towards lower or higher natures in the divine All?'" inquired another.

"The forces of things, the beings of the Universe, interpenetrate, divide and unite themselves according to eternal laws. But the laws of Nature are, to speak after the manner of men, *Thoughts of God*, in which all lives, that is to say, He is. The tendency of the spirit towards lower beings and oneness with them, its proneness to the animal nature, to the gratification of the senses, lowers it; its upward striving towards holy, wise, divine, living existence, elevates it. It separates itself from the lower, purifies itself in higher things, and weds itself to them. This is called Virtue in human language: that is called *Sin*, and *falling away from the godlike*.

"I, whose being was eternally in God, could I have existed eternally, and unchanged, unimproved in my individual being, as I am to-day? I, who since my childhood have not remained unchanged and unimproved? No, no, already the experience which at this step of my existence I possess, assures me of it: I once stood lower, was less perfect; I stand higher, I walk already in a heaven. I, eternal in God, have lived in union with lower beings; I now live in union with loftier ones; I shall still live with those infinitely higher. For me who am eternally God's, God remains, and my exaltation in him. What I have is His, for I am His. In Him nothing can be lost to me, for He is not to be lost. I have loved, before I was in this human frame, which has now grown old. I have lived and loved, and shall live, and love whatever I have loved. For the

living God is the eternal Love in Himself, and my love is only a beam shining through me from Him. Love is but the *relationship of the divine to itself*, the oneness of that which is one in Him. As there is, among the inferior powers of the universe, a friendship and mutual attraction between those that are related, so among the higher natures there is a spiritual affinity, an interpenetration of different beings by the same divine ray of eternal Love. I have lived and loved. And what I have lived for and loved will remain for me, for nothing can be lost in God."

"Thou speakest consolingly and loftily, O Harmonius," said I; "but if no recollection mirrors back to us the past, then have we lost our loved ones for ever, whom death took away from us! How sad is the thought!"

Harmonius was silent. He raised his eyes to the image of his wife. Like a spirit-form in our childish dreams, the marble statue shone in the moonlight.

"Thou seest not the dust again," said Harmonius; "if thou hast loved the dust, then is thy longing hopeless. Lovest thou the *Spirit?* Ah, my friend! then it lives with thee still in the great house of God, is a citizen even of our spirit world.

"But we often deceive ourselves. We fix our love oftener upon the external than upon the internal. We desire rather the body than the spirit. And it is so pardonable—so human. But the *human* avails nothing in the *spiritual world*. For, there are no fathers, mothers, sisters, wives—we are only congenial beings there, and God's children, and brothers.

"The spiritual world, with its relations, powers, and laws, is hidden from us. We *men* know only the *world of men*. But even here there breathes through us many a presentiment of—the Only One! We dare not cast it from us. Many an inexplicable thing announces itself to our natures. It is madness to attempt to unriddle it, but madness also to wish to despise it as a superstition. We are too little acquainted with spiritual natures, and must put up with riddles, as we do even in the world of matter.

"As in visible nature similarly constituted beings readily associate, and even lifeless things are involuntarily attracted towards one another, so that they are only separated by force,

so there is a similar law in the spiritual world. It is more than a fiction, that children who have never known their parents, at the first sight of them, without knowing who they are, are moved by strange feelings, and attracted towards them. It is more than a fiction that separated friends, neither of whom was aware of the state of the other, have suffered sympathetically. I know no reason that forbids me from believing that *that* magnet which *here* attracts one soul so wonderfully to another, may not, under other transformations, have still more influence. Thus I hope one day to be reunited in another world and another life, with those whom I loved in this life. It is the same to me in whatever change of state I again find myself. It is sufficient that we belong to one another, that we are relations for eternity; and our Love endures imperishably under all forms.

"Permit me," continued Harmonius, "to go on with the story which was broken off at the death of the little bird. This part of it will not appear more important than the preceding, but I can tell you what led me to a belief, that darts a beautiful ray through my whole life, and through all its gloomy hours."

VI.

We evinced the liveliest attention. He observed it with a smile, and said: "Your interest may not perhaps last a great while; for the narrative is unimportant, though it has its significance to me.

"I could not for a long time forget the bird. And, smile as you may, I long believed that I should find it again in some other form.

"An adventure with a little dog reminded me anew of his loss. One evening, wearied with walking in the Cathedral-field, I seated myself upon a bench under the broad chestnut-trees, and looked at the people who were promenading up and down.

"Without my observing it, a young dog had approached me. He brushed gently by my feet, in a fawning way, but I did not

notice it particularly. At last he grew so familiar that he lifted himself up and put his feet upon my knee. I looked at the animal with some wonder. He seemed to speak to me with his eyes, and wagged his tail. I soon felt the liveliest affection for the little fellow. I caressed him. He was a beautiful dog, with silky, chestnut-brown hair, snow-white breast and feet, and long-hanging ears.

"While we were caressing each other, a stranger drew near in travelling garb, and called with an angry tone, 'Mylon!' The dog seemed frightened, left me, went cowering to his master, and then came back again timidly and slowly to me.

"'How happens it,' said the stranger to me in French, 'that the dog knows you? Have we ever met before in our travels?'

"'That can hardly be the case,' said I; 'I have never seen your dog before, and until now I was never upon a journey.'

"'That surprises me,' said the man; 'I observe for the first time that this animal fawns upon a stranger.'

"He called him and went away. I followed him involuntarily. Mylon sprang back to me again, barked at me in a friendly way, and ran in large circles around his master and me.

"A couple of acquaintances met me, and we engaged in conversation. Mylon and his master went still farther on their way. Late in the evening I returned home.

"I had a singular dream in the night. I thought I was walking in my father's garden; but my father was at my side. I told him about my bird. He listened to me smiling, then pointed me to the trellis which separated the garden from the court-yard, and said: 'There is thy beloved bird.' I looked, and saw behind the trellis the brown Mylon, who seemed to be searching for the entrance of the garden. I hastened to open the gate. Mylon sprang towards me; and, amidst mutual caresses, I awoke.

"The dream was still vividly present to me while awake; and it seemed to me to explain the friendliness of the little dog. I ventured to believe, even with the danger of deceiving myself, that the soul of my bird after many wanderings now enlivened Mylon's beautiful form, and felt towards me its former affection. I found the delusion too beautiful to be willing to lose it.

"I was about to leave my chamber; I went to the door and opened it, when Mylon sprang towards me. I looked at him awhile full of amazement. He had left his master, crept into our house, and had probably passed the night before my chamber-door.

"I lifted the animal with emotion; I pressed him to my breast and wept tears of joy. All that but a minute before appeared to me a delusion, vanished. My bird and Mylon were now one. No doubt disturbed my happy thoughts. Everything contributed farther to confirm them.

"Mylon did not leave me. Neither he nor I saw his master again. I will not describe to you my joy. Only one singular passage I must cite. You may call it but an accident.

"On the first evening I prepared a soft couch for Mylon near my bed. I thought I should find him there the next morning, but I did not. He lay upon the hard floor, and in the very corner where formerly my bird had his usual resting-place on his twigs. Be it accident, or Mylon's usual habit to prefer sleeping in such a narrow corner to a more open space,—at that time it confirmed anew the ideas which you perhaps will call foolish enthusiasm.

"O how happy was I with this new friend! He learned to understand my speech, even my wishes. He was so obedient, faithful, so devoted to all my little caprices.—I felt the impossibility of being able to reward such self-abandoning love, and all its thousand sacrifices, which he who receives them, is often hardly aware of!

"I left my native town, and spent some years at the high schools, in order to perfect myself in the sciences. My faithful companion accompanied me wherever I went. He even made with me the journey through Germany and Italy, and everywhere shared with me weal and wo.

"I was not, I confess, drawn towards Italy by the far-famed natural beauty of the country, or by the halls of art in Florence, or the ruins of Rome, so much as by other circumstances. At Colorno, not far from Parma, my father's brother had been living for many years with his family. He had considerably increased his property by business at Livorno, and afterwards, in

consideration of his age, retired with his children to a beautiful estate at Colorno. Since the death of my father, all friendly correspondence between him and us was discontinued. I was curious to see this man, the brother of him who was the dearest to me of all mortals, and to whom he bore a high degree of personal resemblance.—I hoped, through my uncle's features, to bring before me my father's countenance, and to draw the picture of my father, which I wanted.

"But already I learned at Parma that he was no more among the living. He had died a terrible death, and beneath the dagger of an assassin.

"His children too, my cousins, had since then left the property at Colorno, sold it, and chosen their residence in other countries. They seem to have fled from the soil from which the blood of their unfortunate father cried to heaven. As well as I could with difficulty learn, the monks and priests had been my uncle's bitterest enemies.

"I went myself to Colorno and to the estate which had once been his. In the midst of vine-hills and luxuriant fields of rice lay the simple castle, to which on all sides long shaded avenues of beautiful fruit-trees conducted.

"My uncle seemed to have reverenced the beneficent doctrine of the Zendavesta, where the Persian Zoroaster says, 'He who tills the earth with care and industry does a higher service before God than he who repeats ten thousand prayers a day!'—But this did not save his devout life. Would that his blood might be the last that flows for the cause of religion, through the fury of priests!—A single false principle leads for ever from the path of truth into endless war with humanity and nature. The single doctrine that only *one* belief among all beliefs can be true and saving, has dyed the countries of the four ancient divisions of the earth with more human blood, and authorized more horrible crimes through seeming justice, than all the rest of the false doctrines of heathendom put together.

"Under the neighboring ruins of an old Abbey, they told me my uncle was murdered, and that there his ghost went about all night, plainly to be seen.

"I laughed at the tale. But as they repeated and confirmed

it with the greatest seriousness on all sides, I resolved, in a fit of boastful mirth, as a youth of twenty-two years might well do, to look into the matter.

"One evening I went there, well armed, along with my servant Matthias and Mylon. A peasant brought us to the outlet of a dark thicket, where we saw the ruins of the cloister rising up behind the low bushes in the moonlight.

"We went slowly towards the ruins; now they disappeared, now they came out again from the bushes. An involuntary shudder passed over me in this solitude. The moon hung palely from the clouds. The wind sent a chill from time to time through the gloomy foliage of the overhanging trees.

"How little is man when his courage is overpowered by that superstitious fear with which he is inoculated under a wrong instruction in childhood! Such is the common course of education, which compels us to bestow more years, in order to *unlearn* the inculcated folly, than we needed in childhood in order to learn it.

"The midnight passed without any occurrence. Already a pale light sketched the outline of the hills against the eastern sky. My blood became cooler. I laughed at my superstitious fear, and regretted remaining without meeting with an adventure.

"At this moment there was a rustling behind me through the rubbish. I started. I looked back, and saw in the thin morning light a human figure moving slowly near the walls. I sprang up and called to the figure with a trembling voice. At the same moment a considerable portion of the wall near which I had seen the figure, fell thundering down.

"My senses forsook me. I sank down in a deep swoon, which must have bound me in a heavy sleep, for I was awakened quite late, after sunrise, by the loud barking of my faithful dog.

"When I opened my eyes, I saw two fellows among the ruins. They ran and sprang towards me. They were wrapped in short cloaks; one of them was armed with a stiletto, the other with a short sword. Mylon kept them from pressing upon me. Enraged at the dog, they both fell murderously upon him; I had gained time to jump up, and to draw and fire my pistol. Just at

the same time another shot was fired against the wretches from the opposite side.

"It was Matthias, who came to my assistance. He, as he afterwards told me, when the wall fell down, had fled towards the wood; at last, at full day-break he had discovered again the outlet of the wood towards the Abbey, and now had betaken himself to this place, to see what had become of me.

"The robbers fled, and we did not pursue them. Mylon, who had saved my life, the faithful friendly Mylon, moaned sadly, and dragged towards me his bleeding body. He had been twice pierced through by the assassins. Weeping, I raised him, bore him to the soft grass, and held his wounds, while Matthias brought water from a neighboring stream to wash them.

"His moaning grew softer. He licked my hand, and looked fixedly at me, as though he knew of his long departure from me. At this bitter hour, the whole past renewed itself: the death-hour of my bird; Mylon's first fawning upon the walk in the cathedral-field of my native-town; his flight from his master to me; his and the bird's favorite corner in my chamber. Now he lay here, about to die from me, breathing out his faithful love with his life.

"My grief became passionate. Sobbing I called repeatedly on his name; Mylon heard my voice; he opened once more his eyes, and once more made the attempt to lick my hand. He died.

"I dug him a grave with tears. 'Rest gently, thou dear dust,' I cried, 'rest gently!—O Mylon, we shall find one another again; thou had'st a beautiful soul; it cannot be annihilated.'"

VII.

"Here you have a new element of that which first led me to believe in a transmigration of souls. As an appendix to this, I will now relate to you the history of my acquaintance with my wife, eighteen years later.

"I perceive how strange my course of thought must appear to you. You unacquainted with a thousand kindred ideas which shoot up within me all at once from the bottom of my soul, with every thought, unacquainted with the whole concatenation of my ideas, will perhaps call this belief a strange enthusiasm."

"No, Harmonius," exclaimed my neighbor, "thy belief is mine also. Its germs have long lain in my mind; they shoot up beneath the mild warmth of thy discourse—I understand thee entirely—Spirits go in their own world their own course. They unite themselves to bodies according to unknown laws, and again set themselves free. Created from eternity, they ripen for eternity. Here there is an Infinite struggling forth, and every death is but a change in the scene of action. Unrelated to the earthly, they cannot cleave to this, but aspire towards the divine. I am immortal; the universe has no earthly limits for me; sooner or later I dare to hope that I shall be a witness of loftier scenes.

"O Harmonius, I feel that there is no *catechism-heaven*, no *catechism-hell!* An infinite crowd of spirits, ascending to the fountain of goodness and bliss! Harmonius, I also once doubted with childish weakness. But since I have ceased to listen to the wisdom of the schools, and have inquired of Nature, the great universe is to me divine.

"Yes, ye eternal flame-flowers, up there in the unmeasured fields of heaven, ye cannot be planted there in vain! Ye look down upon dog, eagle, worm and fish, but no one of them knows that ye are earths and suns swimming in the Infinite. Man knows it. Ah, perhaps, sooner or later, one of ye shall be my dwelling-place: and while upon earth, true friends are still weeping over the grave of the slumbering one, I shall already feel there the unknown charms of another life. There I shall find new brothers and sisters.

"Death will lead them to me—and me to them; an eternal and ever beautiful change! And among all spirits, there will be for me perhaps a twin-spirit, one dearer than all!"

He was silent. We were strangely moved. No one could speak. Our souls were lost in a mild stream of feeling. We now floated through a golden sea of clouds; and its light

fell upon the flowering bushes, now dimly, now in streams of splendor. Between the intricate branches of the chestnuts and poplars, the stars shone here and there, now hidden, now revealed by the moving leaves. The whole landscape seemed to hang around us in etherial light, dissolved in delicate vapor-pictures. So did the poets of the olden time look upon their Elysium.

VIII.

"Dear friend," said Harmonius at length, "I love these soarings of imagination, under the guidance of holy feelings. But there is something more to be found here than the rainbow-colored web of Fantasy. There is here a deep, earnest truth of Nature and Reason. Perhaps I may lead you back to this.

"My inspired friend was certainly right when he said, that if we inquire of Nature herself, we shall learn to know a more beautiful heaven, than the barren heaven of the Catechism. I have read Nature, the word of God: it is a work of infinite Wisdom and Love.

"The Life of the universe is the activity of its ever living forces and existences, and their eternal striving to separate or to unite. All the forces of Nature work near and through and in one another. No one of them can be lost; we see only in their various connections and operations that they change, like the ideas in the human spirit. The electric force which dwells in the cramp-fish and in the thunder-cloud, and which fills all earthly substances, always existed: but it is never perceived by us, till it unites itself to those other forces, which through their operation upon our senses, and much more upon our souls, awaken feelings and ideas. In the same way does the formative power exist and operate, which creates in rock-caverns the wonderful crystal, and in plants fibres and sap-vessels and cells. Thus, too, the life-power, in mosses, sea-weeds, oaks and palms, in the mouse as in the lion, unfolds the mystery of germination, growth and social propagation.

"When the plant withers and dies and is turned into dust, do you suppose that the life-power which has departed from it may pass away, like the outer form in which it was veiled? Do you suppose that for every new flower that springs from the earth, there must arise out of nothingness, a new life-power, which has never before existed? No, whatever is,—was, and ever shall be. The life-power of the decayed plant has only gone back into the generally diffused mass of life-power, just as the electric fluid which shows you the lightning flash, goes into the general mass of electricity; or as the earthly portion of the plant goes into the general mass of organic substances diffused over the surface of the earth.

"The organic substances, or rather the forces that operate in them, remain for ever; and also those forces, which, in order to be revealed to the senses, unite themselves with organic matter. The life-power changes only the garment in which it appears to us.

"Higher, infinitely higher than these lower powers, stand in the kingdoms of God, in the midst of the boundless All, souls and self-conscious spirits. Neither can these vanish away into inconceivable nothingness, even in their earthly forms. They wed themselves to other powers, and appear before us in new forms. *Whatever has lived upon earth still lives;* and the matter in which the first plants, animals and men, were embodied, is the same as that of which the bodies of plants, animals and men, consist, at the present day. Why should I doubt the transformation and self-transformation of spirits, souls and forces, when Nature already shows it to me in her kingdoms?

"It can in no wise be maintained then, that spirits in their transformations are limited only to the little body of a world which we call our earth. Why should not the higher beings be wanderers from other worlds, when we perceive other and far inferior powers move actively from star to star with inconceivable rapidity? There is an inward wonderful communion between the myriads of worlds scattered through the universe. The power of gravitation links them together in shining wreaths, and the streaming light builds golden bridges from world to world in the immeasurable space.

"The belief of high antiquity in the transmigration of souls, which to the ignorance of later times seems foolishness, will return to its former nobility through observation of nature. And if in your opinion it be a delusion that I have met upon earth one and the same beloved soul in different forms, then call it a delusion on my part, though an inexplicable feeling in me, though an inward voice assures me it is a certainty. I know three beings to whom I have been attached during my seventy years' life, in a wonderful and involuntary manner, as I have been towards no other beings. In all three there was the same tenderness, the same fidelity. The third of these beings was my *wife*.

"Not far from a village, one day, on my return from a journey of business, I saw on the highway a female beggar, whom one of those who passed by was repelling with the words, 'Go and work, thou art young, and should be ashamed to beg!'

"As I drew nearer, my travelling-chaise being a good way behind me, the man quietly continued his way.

"I stood still involuntarily. I suddenly felt my heart so contracted, and all my ideas and feelings so resolved into one, that I did not know myself. The most captivating Beauty stood before me in the garb of the deepest poverty.

"She also seemed confounded. A glowing blush overspread her face, like the burning reflection of the morning clouds. Then she turned pale, seemed to try to command herself and hasten away, staggered, lost her strength, and was obliged to support herself tremblingly against a tree. I went up to her.

"'Thou art not well, my child!' I said. And it seemed to me that I had already known her long.

"She answered not, though her lips opened to reply. She gazed at me long and fixedly with her innocent look, as if she would read my very soul. Then she turned suddenly and went away.

"I remained rooted to the spot. Ten paces from me she again leaned against an oak tree, and looked back at me. She wept, and seemed endeavoring to repress her tears forcibly.

"I approached her. 'What aileth thee, my child?' I asked; 'art thou unhappy?'

"She answered not. Her grief overpowered her. She sobbed aloud, gazed upon me with eyes full of tears, endeavored to fly, reeled as if exhausted, and sank down towards me. I caught her in my arms. Her eyes were closed, and her face deadly pale. I trembled lest she should die upon my breast.

"Trembling I laid her down in the high grass, ran to a running spring which flowed out of the rocks across the road, scooped up the cool water in my hat and hastened back.

"The maiden had awakened from her swoon. She heard my footsteps, and using all her strength, rose up slowly.

"A faint red again tinged her cheeks. She thanked me with a smile.

"'Thou art very ill!' said I.

"She smiled, and answered with a faint hesitating voice: 'No indeed!'

"I drew out my purse, and instead of selecting any pieces of gold for her, gave her the whole sum. I thought I had still given her but little.

"The girl blushed, gave me back the gold, and said: 'I want nothing.'

"'Then I will at least attend thee to thy dwelling, for thou art weak.'

"'It is not far from here,' said she.

"'Are thy parents there?' I asked.

"'O no. My parents are dead. I am an orphan. They are distant relatives, poor, good people, who have taken pity on me. But except the shelter of their cottage, they can give me nothing. I tend the geese, or carry milk.'

"'Why dost thou not go into service?'

"'I cannot. The old man in our cottage would be without a nurse. He is sick.'

"'And how old art thou?' I asked.

"'Seventeen years.'

"With such conversation we arrived at the maiden's dwelling: a dilapidated cottage, almost held together by the ivy which climbed around it, and bound it to a steep wall of rock. Within there were everywhere traces of the extremest poverty, but

still great neatness. A woman was washing at a running spring, shaded by a tall elder-bush. An old man lay moaning within upon a straw bed near the door.

"We seated ourselves upon a wooden bench not far from the cottage. Before us, through willows and alder trees, a smiling prospect opened across the river to the opposite shore.

"'May I venture to offer you fresh milk and black bread for your breakfast?' asked the maiden.

"I nodded pleasantly. Joy streamed from her eyes. She ran, she flew away.

"During her absence I had some conversation with the woman about her foster-daughter. The woman spoke of her with emotion, and her account agreed with what I had myself learned of the maiden. As yet I did not know her name. The poor girl was called Cecilia.

"After a while Cecilia made her appearance. In a clean wooden vessel she set the bread and milk before me.

"'Cecilia,' said I, 'I feel for thee; thou art unhappy.'

"She blushed. Her expressive eyes were again filled with tears.

"'Wilt thou always remain a beggar?' I continued.

"'Poverty has not made me unhappy,' she sighed.

"'I would do everything for thee!' said I again, after a pause. 'I will give thee new clothes and travelling-money, and thou shalt go to my native-town. I will have thy foster-parents provided for, that they shall not starve.'

"The foster-mother had overheard my words. Cecilia looked down with a disturbed expression. The woman hastened forward, and exhausted all her eloquence in persuading Cecilia not to reject such good luck. Cecilia assented obediently. I gave the woman money, and sent her to the village to purchase better clothes for Cecilia.

"I was left alone. After a little while I heard the tones as of one weeping. I knew it was Cecilia's voice. She was speaking in the cottage half-aloud and with a smothered voice.

"I hastened in. A half-open door gave me a view of the poor girl in a chamber. Her back was turned to me. With her

hands folded and raised to heaven, there stood Cecilia, weeping and sobbing, and I now and then caught a few of her words:

"'Thou hast seen my tears!' she said, overpowered by her feelings: 'Thou hast counted my sighs! O my God, my God, how have I deserved that thou shouldst make me so happy?'

"Prayer, when it comes from the over-burdened heart, is like tears. It takes from suffering all its thorns, and from joy its intoxicating poison.

"I seated myself upon the wooden bench. In a few moments Cecilia came towards me, her eyes red with weeping. She looked fixedly at me, as I did at her.

"'Why dost thou weep, dear Cecilia?' said I.

"Unchecked her tears now streamed down her cheeks. She threw herself on her knees before me; she seized my hand, and pressed it to her lips, and cried, 'Ah, my happiness is all too great! How could I hope so much? I will be your truest maid; I will never forsake you—I will willingly die for you!'

"But I will not longer detain you with my feast in the cottage of these poor people. I brought Cecilia to a neighboring town, to one of my female acquaintances, who was the principal of an institution for the education of women. Then the humble saint became my wife.

"More important in this narrative are some other circumstances, both as respects myself and Cecilia. It remains with you to call these circumstances the dreams of an enthusiast, or the game of what we call Chance. To me they had a vivid significance.

"To these belong that strange feeling with which I was seized when I first saw Cecilia. That my whole being was thus carried away towards this poor girl may perhaps be nothing remarkable. For the instances are many of persons who, never having met before, at the first glance are kindled into a sudden and passionate natural love. There are similar phenomena to these, belonging to our mysterious inward being, which have never been explained. Whence this sudden, involuntary passion of man towards one person, to whom a thousand others remain indifferent?

"It is not generally the magic power of Beauty that works this

miracle, for we know that in life we often do not recognize beauty in that to which we are attracted by passion; and that sometimes hearts are kindled by a form which, through its irregularity, approaches what seems unlovely in the general opinion. In all passion or love, as in our conviction of truth, we are governed not so much by free-will as by the constraint of Nature, by Necessity. That the first pleasing impressions of a human form upon the tender mind of earliest childhood should always remain indelible, and should still, in later years, influence our opinion of Beauty, and the pleasure we feel in this or that form is as little borne out by experience as it is ridiculous to a sound understanding. This authoritative Necessity, in our inclination or disinclination, seems to me to lie in a peculiarity of the nature of the soul, which is involuntarily subjected to the same natural law, which rules everything else. Only the mind of man has free-will, not the soul, which is its next form, its organ of feeling. That alone has consciousness; the soul knows only feelings and instincts. In the mind dwells the longing after perfection, in the soul Love.

"At my first interview with Cecilia, I had no control over my inclination towards her, but was drawn to her in spite of my will. Neither her poverty nor her beauty had moved me, but our minds were *one*, as if we had always been one being, as the life of the mother and her babe are for a long time but one life, until they are separated by the constraint of Nature. Friends! there is already more than a new world discovered upon the much navigated ocean of Science: but, from the limitation of the soul's power of observation, we can scarcely know the shores, and find a fit landing-place, from which we may press into the interior, for a sight at the wonders and secrets of all life.

"Far more surprising to me was that which I afterwards learned from Cecilia. She affirmed, that before she had known me, she had at times seen a form like mine in her dreams, and even in the earliest dreams of her childhood. She became so much accustomed to the appearance of this form, under every variety of circumstance, as is often the case with dreams, that she retained her recollection of it even when wide awake. Only

occasionally—not once in a year—my image had appeared before her: but it was met by her with the same longing and love. She spoke of the sensation which it produced, to me unintelligible, as an indescribable, a strange, painfully-pleasant contraction of the breast, even as far up as between her shoulders. She affirmed that after one of these dreams, she had experienced this feeling for some days, though it gradually grew less perceptible.

"As she was one day gathering strawberries in the woods, she was, without any previous dream, seized with this same stricture, and this immediately brought to her remembrance the image in her dream. She soon heard the sound of a horse's feet on the road which led through the wood. She looked towards the rider. It was myself, who was travelling through this country upon a journey of business. But I do not remember at that time seeing the strawberry-gatherer. Cecilia, on the contrary, as I learned from her account, was as if paralyzed by my look. She clung to the trunk of a tree, to prevent her sinking to the earth. She doubted whether she was dreaming or waking. And as I might be far on my way, she ran up the road after my horse's steps, to see me once more, if only at a distance. Her endeavor was fruitless.

"This explains the singular state she fell into, when I found her, as I have related to you, begging alms near the village. She, at that time, had no doubts about the actual existence of the form she saw in her dreams: but she had relinquished the hope of ever meeting it in reality.

"Enough of this, dear friends. I have given you the explanation, which you desired, of my words, 'Imperishable Love under all forms.'

"As for yourselves, you may suppose that the story I have related to you shows the sportings of chance, or the workings of a deluded imagination; you may find another key to what to me appears wonderful. I will give you credit if you do! But these higher convictions of my belief cannot be shaken, much less eradicated. You cannot destroy for me the harmony of Experience and Reason, of Past and Future, of Time and Eternity.

"Man, placed between an eternal Nothing and an eternal Reality, can comprehend the possibility of neither the one nor the other; or who can fathom the question, why an eternal Nothing is not as good as an eternal Being? But I am conscious of myself and of the actual All. This IS. And because it *is*, therefore it is impossible that what is, should vanish away and become nothing; therefore what is, is eternal; the power in an atom of dust, and the power which thought in Plato. All is power, all spirit, all active. This is the infinite kingdom of *Nature:* but the *world* is only the *operation* of this upon the mind and soul. The play of effects, of operations, is changeable: the eternally-active is unchangeable. The world changes, but not nature.

Being itself does not change, but only its relations to one another. Mind and soul move in other connections according to divine ordinances. The strength or weakness of the Will, which the mind is conscious of in itself, by a natural necessity creates a distinction between the elevation or the degradation of Self. That is its Heaven—this its Hell. There is an infinite progress of spirits towards perfection in the Infinite, as the solar systems with their planets wheel through the realm of the immeasurable All. Eternal Activity! New union, to be going on, of spirits and souls with new powers, which become their serviceable instruments of contact with the All of things—this is transmigration of souls. Any other kind of continued duration and continued action is inconceivable to us. Whether upon earth, or in other worlds, is a matter of indifference. But one spirit sees these things more clearly than another.

"That which in the seemingly self-unconscious forces which lie deep beneath us, we call Attraction and Affinity, and which higher beings among themselves call Love, is ever the same, is from God. For God is Love. And thus Love bears kindred souls imperishably through all forms."

X.

So spoke Harmonius. But these are not his words which I give, but mere links in the chain of his thoughts. We all found ourselves so wonderfully entangled by them, that we could neither free ourselves from them by contradiction, nor, on account of their singular character, altogether agree with them.

What Harmonius said of the objects of his affection, appears to us not more singular than what is related of Pythagoras. Concerning the substance of this peculiar view of Nature I venture no opinion. But to me it is remarkable, that so lofty a spirit as Harmonius should return at last to that which already pervaded the secret doctrines of the ancients, of the Indians and Egyptians, the Pythagorean and Platonic ideas, and the Pindaric songs.

For the thinker, the exhibition of a thinking spirit of a peculiar kind, is not less attractive than the delineation of a striking character in external life. Therefore I have thought that I should do something not altogether useless, in selecting the more significant passages from the conversation of the excellent old man Harmonius.*

* From the MSS. of C. P. Cranch.

JACK STEAM.

JACK STEAM,

THE BUSY-BODY.

JACK STEAM.

THE return of the famous Jack Steam from the high school of Outland to his native town, was an epoch in the history of Lalenburg, and concerned, we may say, the whole European world. At least, every good Lalenburger considered the affairs of his own little town of importance enough to fasten the attention of the most remote as well as of the nearest countries; and no one doubted for a moment that the least detraction from the ancient fame of Lalenburg, or of the Lalenburg patricians, would disturb the sacred balance of Europe, and set the whole world, from the Ural mountains to the Tagus, in fire and flames. It is always good when the citizen of never so small a town thinks well of himself, and he ought never to behave himself meanly, for great words and little deeds amount to nothing but Quixotism and gasconade. The true greatness of a state does not consist in the fact of its wealth, but in the power and active-mindedness of its inhabitants—at least of those who bear the staff of authority. The people in themselves are nothing but cyphers; only the magistrates are the numbers that can be counted at all, or that possess any real significance.

Jack Steam was the son of the deceased burgomaster Peter Steam, one of the greatest statesmen of his century. Peter's lofty and philanthropic spirit had never disturbed the peace of Europe. In sagacity he surpassed all his contemporaries; in judgment he was infallible; in decision perfectly correct; and in

sallies of wit, there never was one like him. And he was all this upon the simple ground that he was the first magistrate of the town. Not what he had actually done, but what he might have done, would, if it were written, fill whole folios, and he take rank, if not above, still near to the most commanding princes in the history of the world. He died too early for the fortunes of Lalenburg, and only the virtues of his successor, Mr. Burgomaster Tobias Crack, could mitigate the just but silent sorrow of the state, for the loss of the great Peter Steam.

The young Jack Steam had formed himself at school so that he might assume the duties of his hereditary rank as a patrician with honor. It was true there was a good academy at Lalenburg, but that served only for the instruction of the common citizen-classes and the poorer families among the higher orders. The Lalenburg nobility already understood, what other statesmen have more slowly made the ground-work of their policy, that enlightenment and intelligence were the most deadly poisons that could be distributed among the people. Europe has only to thank intelligence for the greater part of the evils under which she suffers. If this principle, then, is so detrimental in monarchies, that the Secretary often knows more than his Minister, and the Captain or the Lieutenant presumes to criticise the strategy or the tactic of the General, by which, in the end, they are completely turned about, the highest becoming the lowest, and the lowest the highest, how dangerous would be the operation of it in a state where there existed greater freedom, in a republic, for instance, where the people are so apt to know as much as their betters.

The lords of Lalenburg had early adopted the noble principle that the lower classes should be allowed to sip from the springs of Wisdom only as much as might be requisite for the necessities and sustenance of life. In several of the neighboring villages of that free republic, they had left it to the patriotic charity of the peasants themselves whether they would have common schools or not, and whether they would pay the salary of the teachers. The peasants, as might naturally have been expected from their sound good sense, found out for themselves the eternal truth, that a peasant at the plough has no need of great erudi-

tion. They grew, accordingly, in the fear of God and pious simplicity, as well as other people, and became thick and fat, to the admiration of everybody. In general, the government of Lalenburg, if we may judge from their blooming prosperity, was much too good for the people, who were regarded as one would regard a flock of sheep entrusted to his care, as something to be made fat. The fatter the man, the more respectable he was. In the towns, also, a similar principle prevailed, and there sprung up in Lalenburg one of the most praiseworthy regulations in the world, which only obtains in India, Egypt and the celebrated countries of the east, viz. that the son pursued the calling of his father; the son of a rustic remained a rustic, and could never to all eternity be anything else; the mechanic's child became a mechanic, the preacher's son a preacher, the merchant's son a merchant, and the counsellor's son a counsellor. Whoever thought this was not an excellent arrangement, was called a turbulent fellow, a demagogue, or perhaps a metaphysician, a jacobin, and other bad-sounding names.

To maintain this spiritual peace, and to banish all unsafe curiosity, they had established an excellent censorship, which was afterwards copied from the Lalenburgers by other lands. Manuscripts and books, with a proper foresight, were forbidden to the before-mentioned "turbulent fellows," and they were allowed to carry about with them only the song and the prayer-book or a catechism. The Lalenburg Code contained one singular article: of the state or republic of Lalenburg not the least word could be whispered, lest some important state secret should be betrayed. But when the Council consented that something really worthy could be praised, then the Lalenburg Fame took up her trumpet, and blowed the praises of the glorious action to the ends of the earth, that other nations might have an example, and the future historian proper materials. This awakened among the patrician youth a noble emulation.

Even Jack Steam himself was inflamed by it, although Nature had already done much for the worthy lad. He seemed to have been born for great things. It is but just to speak, in the outset of his career, of the rare merit that he was not rich, although he had rich uncles and cousins to inherit from. Already the secret

knowledge that he would have money one day and was born to command, acquired him great credit and made him virtuous, learned, intelligent, upright, intellectual and worthy. From his agreeable figure, they saw wherever he came, that he would form himself according to his own will; his words, his manners, his movements were marked with a pleasing easiness, an unaffected life, which in another person, of lower extraction, they would have called ill-breeding or impudence. He was accustomed to speak, with noble frankness, whether he understood his subject or not; was full of knowledge without pedantry, which he had gathered from romances, reviews and learned newspapers, that enabled him to dispense with the reading of pedantic books, and yet communicated a fifth part of their contents. To this foundation of wisdom there was not wanting either humor or activity. He was a restless, indeed, we might say a mercurial man; mingled in all things, wished to know everything, to say everything; to do everything,—in short, was perfect in every quality which in a common person would certainly pass for pertness, but in Lalenburg acquired him great weight, and is regarded by eminent statesmen as a mark of universal genius.

THE BUSY-BODY.

At the high school, the same liveliness of disposition had been the occasion of many little disagreeable events, and sometimes of a severe flogging from some rude man. But only common mortals allow themselves to be intimidated by earthly mischances. He continued the same. Raised above the storms of fate, and the pains of his back, he pursued his chosen career, which among his schoolfellows won him the somewhat equivocal and singular name of *bully*, but which on the throne of one of your world-rulers, is very properly metamorphosed into the title of *The Great*. For, strictly speaking, nothing in itself is either great or small, and only becomes so by means of time, place and circumstance. Alexander the Great, as well as his Swedish ape Charles the Twelfth,—Charles the Great, as well as his

Corsican imitator, was each in his time a mere Jack Steam the busy-body, and played in the great drama of their several nations, his ever memorable but unblessed part.

Even this brisk butterfly-like courage, this desire to be over all, and like no one else, to be all in all, distinguished our noble youth, among his fellow citizens no less than among strangers. His fellow citizens were accustomed to think deliberately, and come to a point with caution. Fortune was true to him here as in all things. No wonder that the greater part of the Lalenburgers regarded him as an extraordinary apparition in the history of the world and mankind, and at last came to look upon the sports of accident as the work of his strength, and wrote reports concerning many performances of his, which he himself knew nothing about.

As soon as he had returned to his native place, it was commonly remarked that he had grown in years, in understanding and in body. Indeed, he overtopped the majority of his fellow citizens about the length of a head, and therefore they gave him, as a distinction from the rest of the Steamish family, the surname of the Great. That it was only to greatness of mind such a surname was due, never entered the thought of a Lalenburger; for mind has neither flesh nor bones.

After one year, when the great and sovereign council of the town and republic of Lalenburg was renewed, or, more properly, repaired, he attained, by right of birth, to the dignity of those who wielded the chief power, who were the legislators of the state, and from among whom it was customary to select the persons on whom the highest posts of honor were conferred.

A young aspiring man must naturally have felt it to be very agreeable to belong to the "Fathers of the Country." This appellation, the best and most honorable which mighty Rome gave to her most excellent rulers, and which, in modern times, the people apply to their really great men, the Lord-Councillors of Lalenburg referred to themselves, both in their solemn discussions and in their every-day proclamations, even if the object was merely to make known a meat or bread tax.

Soon after this elevation, fortune cast upon Jack Steam, the dignity of First Architect to the republic.

I say, fortune ; for, with the exception of the consular dignity, which depended upon a secret majority in a formal election, all the other offices at Lalenburg were distributed by lot. This excellent arrangement deserved to be admired, as it was. Not only, by means of it, were all the strifes of factions and parties prevented, which the ambition of the citizens in a republic carries to such extremities, but the choice received a sort of holy attestation and seal. It was not man, but Heaven itself, who designated the most worthy officers. True, it happened not unfrequently that the butcher became the school-teacher, the barber the postmaster, and the chief cook superintendent of the treasury ; but this promoted a multiplicity of mental accomplishments which are nowhere easily got. It was in accordance too with the old and sensible maxim, that to whom God gives a place he gives also understanding, a maxim which originally took its rise in Lalenburg, as everybody knows.

Jack Steam was, therefore, in no respect misplaced, although he had never in the course of his life made even a card-house, when he was chosen Chief Architect of the republic. He assumed the oversight of the two common springs of the capital, of the public streets, on which in open daylight one might without special care break his neck or his bones, and of the public edifices, to which belonged the council-house, the academy, the engine houses, and even the church and parsonage.

His youth, his wealth and his distinctions, made him one of the most important personages in the state. Every maiden and mother looked upon him with friendly expectations, and he very naturally looked kindly upon them ; but the matrimonial candidates were so many, that he found it difficult to decide to which of them he should give the ring. He fluttered from flower to flower. In every street, he had a sweetheart ; and very soon, in the whole of Lalenburg, there was not a citizen's daughter who did not fancy that she had made some impression upon the heart of this Alcibiades.

JACK STEAM.

Uncles and cousins, when they saw his irresolution, at last met together, to consult over the choice of the future Mistress Chief Architect. They considered it an indispensable requisite in the daughter of the country who should be offered the marriage, that she should have wealth and family; and after long thought, investigation, and many timely *ifs* and *buts*, their votes fell upon Miss Rozina Piphen, only daughter of the Chamberlain of the republic, a grandchild of a for-twelve-blessed-years-deceased burgomaster, relative of the most respectable and wealthy houses of the state, and herself the richest heiress among all the blooming maidens of Lalenburg.

Jack Steam frankly gave vent to many objections against this chosen one: but all were without any real foundation. She was about ten years older than he—but she was the grandchild of a burgomaster. She patiently carried a hump on her back —but she had money. She was so small in figure that she could not, without stretching her hand high above her head, walk arm-in-arm with him through the ways of life—but he himself could bend, or shorten himself by getting down on his knees.

After all, to the delight of the pious little Rozina, the negotiation was opened between the relatives of the two, with all proper form. Jack Steam willingly left the trouble of it to them. The affair was crowned with the very best luck. The day was appointed, when he should go and ask the hand of their daughter from the Honorable Chamberlain and the Honorable Chamberlainess. After this important business, which, according to custom, was managed as a most notorious secret, the portions given by the relatives on both sides were to be brought together, and a brilliant supper prepared.

Jack Steam, on the appointed day, could hardly wait till evening, and keep the secret of the festival in the dark. Meanwhile, the uncles and cousins rejoiced, not so much at the prospect of a betrothal-feast, as at the supposed surprise of the whole town on the following morning, when the secret should take air.

and greeting upon greeting fly from every mouth. The town-architect had dressed himself most gaily, early in the morning, and it gave him much uneasiness that he could not show his finery until the evening. His vanity caused him to think of the many complaisances and coynesses which would make him appear to be the very Cupid of Lalenburg.

At any rate, that he might reap a harvest of wonder, he walked forth.

THE BUSY-BODY.

His first desire led him to the house of the town-pastor, where he had always been received with the most Christian kindness; for the pastor had a daughter, a pious, sweet blonde, called Susanna, who was well worthy to become Mistress Town-architect. Jack Steam, in general, looked kindly upon the blonde, and the heavenly blonde looked kindly upon him. He was possessed by a feeling which is peculiar to great men, that he burned with the most intense devotion for every beautiful woman that stood near him.

It was afternoon. The time flew past swiftly in the midst of entertaining chat about household affairs, and the marriage statistics of the neighborhood. Coffee was brought in; and they sat down around a black cloth with great gold landscapes, which ornamented a Japanese table, with one leg made in the form of a pillar, the parson and his wife on the right and left, and the tender Jack Steam and the modest blonde opposite to each other. They greatly enjoyed the famous Arabian drink. The Architect had never seen Susanna more beautiful than she was that day; no doubt, she was the more so, because that very day, within a few hours, he was to surrender his freedom for ever to the little Rozina. He quietly compared the attractive rival with her little treasure-box, which awaited him in the evening, with the golden hair curling so beautifully over the marble forehead of Susanna, and all the gold and money of Miss Chamberlainess seemed like so much dross. Susanna's blue

heavenly eyes, her sweet little red mouth, and her snow-white neck induced him easily to forget the entire circle of Rozina's respectable and distinguished relatives. And when he caught a glimpse of the neat and delicate feet under the table, with their white stockings, and then thought of the broad masculine foot of Rozina, his love for the blonde blazed out at once into a clear flame. He dismissed the elected bride, and wished for no other paradise than Susanna could have made for him. It gave him pain, however, that she all the while modestly hung down her eyes, and kept surveying the coffee cups. Not even his new violet-colored silk vest had fastened her attention. He would willingly have declared the sweet feeling which possessed him, but was restrained by the presence of the parents. Still he could not refrain, while placing his feet near to hers, from conveying to her by one soft and tender touch, how eager he was to approach her.

Unfortunately, he had not observed that Susy had drawn her feet back, and that the feet of the mother occupied their place. Now, these were no less sensitive than those of the seventeen-year-old-beauty, for the good lady had been a long while complaining of what are called corns. It would appear she had them at any rate, since the love-tap of the architect not only pressed out of her a very death-shriek, but, in order to save her toes from the vehement pressure, made the Japan-table a participant in the affair, by which all the coffee-dishes were tumbled pell-mell towards one side. As no one was impolite enough, however much he might desire it, to take all the coffee, milk, sugar and butter to himself, each one pushed the table the other way, so that it was kept flying about like a ball between them, until everybody had received a portion of its contents.

All were frightened out of their wits, since no one knew the particular occasion of this sudden stroke of Fate. The dark tablecloth, as well as the architect's new violet-colored vest, shone like another milky-way, while the pastor's wife and daughter, with a hundred curtseys, asked pardon of Jack Steam for the awkward accident, which had also ornamented their fine white aprons with coffee-colored and curious images. Jack foresaw that in the end, when their fright would allow

them to inquire into the affair, that his guilt would become apparent, and so, before it was too late, he took his departure.

A cloudy sky had anticipated the darkness of the night. Jack hoped to indemnify himself for the misadventure at the parson's, by the feast at the Chamberlain's, and hurried to his house, and so into his chamber, to exchange his silk violet-colored vest for one that was dryer.

This accomplished, he went to the window, to see whether the rain would render any measure of security necessary. But the rain had suddenly ceased, and he, as he opened the window, was met by fire instead of water—not an earthly, but a super-earthly fire—not from heaven, but from the black eyes of a charming neighbor called Catharine.

This Catharine was no one else than the daughter of Place-Major Knoll. But she knew no better *place* in the whole kingdom than the heart of Jack Steam, and fondly believed that she would soon get possession of it. For Jack Steam, whenever he was near her, loved no one as well as she; and he was often near her, although the Major himself was not much of a friend or patron. Both these high officers had been reared in the same rank and precedence in diplomatic controversies. The Major maintained, that in consequence of the big feather on his hat, he was a greater man than Jack Steam, while Jack was just as certain, that as the architect was distinguished for construction, and the soldier only for destruction, they should take precedence accordingly. Although the architect had never constructed anything, nor the Major destroyed anything, they had continued the controversy before the council and citizens for more than a year and a day.

The good little Kate, with her fire-flashing eyes, was not altogether of the opinion of her father. Whenever she could, in the twilight of morning or evening, she looked out of that window of her house which was opposite to the house of the Steamers. The whole street was not three paces wide, as if made especially for lovers, so that they might whisper back and forth without being heard by the people who sauntered along the walks below.

Now they whispered here for some time; they said a great

many pretty things, and Jack complained at times of what he had often before lamented, that the street was not a pace or two smaller, so that he might kiss, or at least shake, the hand of the dear Katy. He had even gone so far, since he had been town-architect, as to swear to his lovely neighbor, that he would some time or other build a bridge from his casement to hers, which no one within a hundred miles of Lalenburg would be able to find. Thus far he had contented himself with the mere threat, although Catharine had never expressed the least objection to the enterprise.

This bridge-building plan again entered Jack's noddle, when the beauty, with the flaming eyes, continued to tell him, among other things, that she was very glad to see him or any other man, for she was all alone in the house and nearly terrified. The project of storming the castle of Major Knoll had never seized Jack so forcibly as now, when the garrison was left exposed. He called upon the stars for permission to construct his air-bridge, and pass over it, and without waiting for an answer —there was a plank near at hand—he fell to at his daring work. It is true the beauty was not a little uneasy at the danger of this projected air-voyage; but the architect was determined to keep up the dignity of his calling, and be an architect in fact. He blessed the art of architecture as practised in Lalenburg, because it brought people into such neighborly relationship; laid the plank from window to window, and crept cautiously upon all fours out into the open air. No one could discover him, since it was already dark night.

This darkness, as advantageous as it was, had still a few little drawbacks. For Catharine, as she cautiously drew one end of the plank into her chamber, did not observe that she drew it a little too far; neither did guildmaster Crackle, a potter by trade, observe what a tempest was sweeping over him, as he drove through the street below, his wagon full of earthenware, destined for the annual fair of a neighboring market.

How often adverse circumstances conspire to defeat the best laid schemes of mortals was seen in this instance. The bridge lost its stand-point on the Steamian window. The plank slid,

and although Miss Catharine held fast with both hands, and pulled with might and main,—still the architect would fall.

Jack Steam came down to the great danger of guildmaster Crackle's pots; and fortunately, or unfortunately, though he kept himself whole, he metamorphosed the ware into the strangest shapes. This occasioned such a fearful crackling and crashing, that the guildmaster, who walked quietly beside his horses, thought, that if the whole heavens were not falling down, some house was certainly undergoing the process. The horses, no less frightened, gave one furious leap, and were soon out of the street into the park before the Council-house.

The guildmaster, curious as to how much of his wagon would be left, stopped, and was in the act of making an investigation, when to his no small astonishment, he saw a man spring from the back part of the wagon, carrying with him, in the midst of a terrible crackling, some dozen or more of the pots. It was plain to him now, that this had been some thieves' trick, or the work of the devil. With great presence of mind, he ran to seize the perpetrator of it, who, as we know, was no other than the town-architect. But, instead of him—Jack had slipped off to avoid unpleasant observation—the angry potter grabbed the shoemaker, Mr. Awl, a deserving head-guildmaster, whose Fate led him, unseasonably as it appeared, on his way from the Council-chamber to his house, to pass the place where lay the unfortunate wagon. Mr. Crackle seized the head-guildmaster with such lusty vehemence, and grappled him so fast, that he could not move. A boa-constrictor would not have embraced him more warmly than the potter, who then, with a voice which might have been heard far beyond the city gates, cried out, "Help! Robbers! Murderers! Thieves!"

The hard-pressed shoemaker, who, indeed, had great occasion to shelter himself from this clamor, did not miss the opportunity. The public peace was never broken more maliciously. Feeling both his innocence and his danger, he shouted out in emulation of his raving companion, "Death! Fury! Murder! Banditti! Thieves!"

This shrieking, the like of which had not been heard for a full century in Lalenburg, spread a panic of fear over the whole

neighborhood. Everybody bolted his doors and windows from within with the greatest nimbleness, while they conjectured that there was a whole band of robbers in the streets, or that, after the fashion of other countries, a revolution had broken out. Those who were loitering in the streets flew hastily in the opposite direction, least they should be put to death in the fisticuff. At the gates, the town watchmen, mostly old paralytic men, whom the praiseworthy magistrates fed at public expense, grasped their halberds tremblingly, flew to the watch-house, barricadoed themselves in, and then swore that they would die each for all, and all for each, if they should be invaded and caught. Major Knoll, even, who was accidentally returning home that way, took the alarm, and fancying that he heard robbers and murderers calling to each other, tore the big feather from his hat, lest some of the band should take him for a military person, and fled panting back to the town-house.

When in this way no one came to the help of the combatants, they shouted a good half hour longer, until their voices became hoarse. In the mean time, they had tried their strength against each other in manifold ways; more than once had they rolled over each other on the hard ground, more than once had the fight been renewed without either of them gaining a decided victory. Neither was willing to let the other go. They dragged one another, both with the same design, to the house of a butcher near by, who was the godfather of both of them; and after many entreaties that the door should be opened, it was done. The butcher thought that he heard the well-known voices of some of his fellow citizens who had escaped the blood-bath in the streets. But as the shoemaker and the potter came to recognize each other by the candlelight, without loss of time they redoubled their clatter; for their respective guilds had been old enemies, and each believed for a certainty that the other had played him a bad trick out of mere revenge.

Meanwhile Jack, in anxiety and fear, had made the best of his way out of the town, not wishing to lead the much-bruised potter, by whom he supposed he was followed, to his own house. He forgot Rosina, and the almonds and confectionery of the betrothal, and Catharine at the window, and her amazement over

the contemplation of an empty plank. He wandered about the whole evening, and found, when he supposed it would be safe for him to return home, that the town gates were closed. This troubled him uncommonly, for it now occurred to him that he had left his friends and followers locked in at home. He passed the night at a little tavern out of town, where he gave out that he had been belated while taking a walk.

JACK STEAM.

On the following morning he returned in good time to the town, but not without trepidation. Sometimes he dreaded that the proud Chamberlain Piphen would revenge his absenting himself from the betrothal, and at times he suspected that some circumstance had betrayed him to Potter Crackle, as the author of the mischief done to his ware. But he hoped to get through the difficulty by means of his peculiar self-assurance.

Thus far, everything in Lalenburg went well; but as he came to his residence, he found before it three messengers from a neighboring village, who had already waited for him more than an hour. The first announced hastily that a fire had broken out in the village, and that they had diligently looked after him, to send an engine, inasmuch as he had the keys of the engine houses. The second continued that three houses were already burned down, but that many fire-engines had arrived from the surrounding country. And the third concluded by saying that fortunately the fire was extinguished in about half an hour.

Jack Steam stroked his chin thoughtfully, and said to the peasants, who reverentially stood before him with their hats off, "You asses, if the whole village had been burned down, you would have been guilty; for you ought to have come here at the proper time, before the fire had caught, so that something could have been done for you in *season*. In that case, I should not have gone out, or passed the night in the country. Still, it is well that the fire is extinguished. At another time, you must announce it before it breaks out, so that we can have time before-

hand to put the engines in order. So go home, and tell my decision to your principals."

He had scarcely dismissed them, and taken his breakfast, when he was sought for by one of his uncles, who had experienced so much pleasure at the betrothal feast of yesterday. He came with a commission from Mr. Chamberlain Piphen, who had taken the absence of the architect so sorely that he could hardly speak with politeness, to the effect, that, as to the betrothal, marriage and son-in-lawship, it must be dropped now and for ever; that Jack must henceforth make no pretensions to the hand of the worthy little humped-back Rozina, and that he must take care how he crossed the threshold of the much injured Chamberlain, if he would avoid the risk of making a rough exit by the window.

As it concerned the hand of the beautiful Rozina, Jack comforted himself very soon; nor did the threatened expulsion from the window make any particular impression upon him, seeing that his first attempt in that way had been so successful. But the displeasure of the Chamberlain was not so agreeable. He was undoubtedly a man of influence in the council of the town and republic, and very properly so, since with all his ignorance, he was one of the richest men in the place.

The uncle, however, gave him to understand that he would not have found the Chamberlain so severe upon his heedlessness, but for the sly Town Secretary, who had sedulously inflamed the wrath of the Chamberlain by his wicked insinuations. Mr. Sulks in fact reckoned upon coming into possession of Rosina and her treasury himself: besides that for other reasons he was not a good friend of Steam's, because when he was soliciting the office of Secretary, and made his regular round of supplicating visits to the worthy magistrates, Jack, under the pretence of clearing him of a few blots that had been sprinkled upon him, had rubbed them in with lampblack. Sulks was not the man who could forget an offence of this kind even after twenty years. He used very few words, but as they were accustomed to say in Lalenburg, he had big ears; looked no one in the eye when he spoke; but always smiled very obligingly, particularly in the church when he was saying his prayers be-

hind his hat; was therefore, on account of his agreeable and meagre appearance, a little vain; and asserted with immovable self-confidence, that no scribe in Europe wrote so graceful a hand as he.

Jack Steam, that same day, felt not only the remarkable effects of his recent invasion of the sharp crockery of the potter, but also that Secretary Sulks suspected that no one but Jack Steam could have been the author of the mischief. Sulks, in truth, as soon as he had learned the story from his neighbor, the guild-master, had gone to make a personal inspection of the premises where the affair occurred, and had found among the traces of the crockery before the door of the Town-Architect's house, one of the mother-of-pearl buttons from his coat. This fact, and Steam's singular non-appearance at the betrothal, seemed to stand in the closest relation to each other. It was soon reported that the Secretary of the Council was about to bring charges against Jack Steam, both on account of this aggression, for the disturbance of the public peace, and for not having sent the engines to the fire. The Architect, not at all terrified, took the threat quite easily; and although Chamberlain Piphen, guildmaster Crackle, the whole kin of the Pastor, and many others having similar grievances, swelled the party of the Secretary, Jack Steam, nothing daunted, confided in his luck like a Cæsar, and in his eloquence like a Cicero. He distributed, however, a protest, if not against the Secretary, still against the long hair-tail, upon which, as the longest in Lalenburg, the Secretary prided himself, although he was not bound, as a burgomaster was, by the nature of his office, to wear a long pigtail. Already this tail had become a stone of offence to many judicious citizens, and a certain patriotic butcher had more than once sworn that he would hew it from the top of his head.

The news of this protest spread quickly over the town; for, according to the custom of Lalenburg, whatever passed in the Council of Lalenburg, was told with solemn confidence from mouth to ear, and ear to mouth, until every inhabitant of both sexes was let into the secret. The inquisitive and tattling people were made quite happy by this, and used to spend a good deal of money on the gazettes.

Both parties prepared themselves, and awaited the approaching day for holding the Council, with great anxiety. The sessions were held once a week. The government in the meanwhile went on very well, and the republic was governed in the best way without any trouble. One burgomaster, on the ordinary week days, would sell coffee and spices, another would fabricate ribbons, the Chamberlain poured out wine, one Councilman made sausages, another bread, &c., &c.; enough that every one was busy, and knew that the material interests of the state were better promoted in this way than by all the scribblings in Chancery, or the brawlings of the Council-House.

THE BUSY-BODY.

The great day at last appeared, when the dangerous state of the republic was to be considered. Adventures like those of the last week had from time immemorial never happened. Jack had not been idle. He had paid court to all the handsome girls in town, and had sworn that it was only for their sakes that he had sacrificed to the humpbacked daughter of the Chamberlain. The grateful maidens had therefore provoked their mothers, the mothers their husbands, and the husbands their obliging friends of the council, against the indecently long queue of the Town Secretary. Every one expected with fear and trembling the issue of these things. As soon as the town-clock had struck the hour, all the Lalenburgers and Lalenburgeresses were at the Council-house, in spirit if not in body. Many mechanics left their work-benches, the smith his anvil, the miller his mill, the weaver his loom, to await in the park before the Town-house, the coming forth of the learned gentlemen who would let them know confidentially what would be the probable turn of affairs.

The Council had assembled with its full complement of members. During the first silence the eyes of all wandered restlessly towards one or the other of the heads of both parties, but particularly towards the Secretary, before whom there lay on the table several pots of earthenware and a mother-of-pearl button.

After the preliminary business had been disposed of, Sulks took the floor, and brought forward his charges.

"Where shall I find words," said he, "to paint the ruin which the unquiet spirit of one of our own citizens has brought upon the republic? Since the founding of Rome and of Lalenburg, many men have lived; but not one of all have been able in so short a time, with such small means, and on so limited a theatre, to work so much mischief as Jack Steam. Yes, O fathers of your country, I name him, because already the children in the streets point to him as the author of all evil. Where is there a house which has not something to complain of him? Are secrets betrayed, it is Jack Steam who does it! Is there back-biting, Jack Steam helps it along! Do the nobility quarrel, Jack Steam has set them on! If a plan miscarries, Jack Steam is the man who thwarts it! Is a betrothal broken off, Jack Steam has a hand in the sport! Is an enterprise wrecked, it is all through the awkwardness of this same Jack Steam. He was born for the misery of mankind, has his nose everywhere, goes everywhere, will know all things, do all things, improve all things, and bring all things into confusion."

After this opening, the orator illustrated his points by many citations from the well-known history of the town, and spoke of recent adventures, of the fire, of the smashed crockery, of the fierce encounter between the guildmasters, of the immeasurable astonishment of the whole town, and of the detrimental effect of this upon nervous persons—the sick and lying-in women. He spoke so movingly, that guildmaster Crackle could not withhold his tears at the reference to the broken pots; so ardently, that Chamberlain Piphen became fiery-red in the face, and shoemaker Awl clenched his fists. Even Jack Steam himself for a moment seemed to lose his imperturbable elevation and peace of mind.

But he soon came to, and began his defence with great dignity and clearness, to the effect, that from an old pot, and a pearl button which he might have lost in the streets, they could prove nothing against him; that his intimacy in the families of the neighborhood was only a proof of the strength of his affection for his fellows, and the profound love with which he regarded every-

thing that related to Lalenburg. As it concerned the fire, the fault was not his that the engines came too late, since the misfortune was not spoken of until after it had happened. But even if the engines had made their appearance, the conflagration would not have been less, because the machines had fallen to pieces from age, and were so rotten that they would not hold a cup of water.

The Secretary replied to him with vehemence, insisting that Jack Steam was to a certainty the author of all evil. "To such an extent O fathers of your country," he went on, "has this man carried it, that no persuasions are necessary to make me believe that the bloody Turkish war, that the pestilence in Poland, that the terrible earthquake in Calabria, that the last great storm, that the swallowing up of the Spanish fleet by the sea, that all, in short, are not to be ascribed to Jack Steam! Since he came within our walls, confusion, discord, faction, and tears, have been the order of the day. Lalenburg still stands; but we, O fathers, shall yet behold its unhappy ruin, if we do not forthwith banish this Jack Steam beyond the sea. Has he not brought us difficulties and terrors enough? Would you excite a civil war, murder and conflagration—the overthrow of this excellent Council-house—the reduction of our dwellings to ashes!" Then Sulks went on to elaborate an image of destruction, which made the hair of every listener, even of the noble Jack Steam himself, stand on end with fright, and all believed that another siege of Jerusalem was to be enacted at the very gates of Lalenburg.

Anxiety, fear, doubt, and revenge, shone in every countenance. Some sank down half powerless upon their seats; others, with outstretched nostrils, swelled with courage, and cast deadly glances at the poor Town-Architect; others, in stupid astonishment, wished to fly that they might save themselves in time, or crawled on their bended knees under the benches; while others longed to give the word to put Jack Steam to death, only their voices were so thick with excessive indignation that they did not succeed in making themselves heard.

Suddenly the door of the chamber opened, and the messenger came in with a letter in his hand, bearing a monstrous great

seal. He gave it to the chief burgomaster, and said that a courier from His Highness the Prince of Lynxcrag had brought it. Then the ears of all were eagerly stretched forward. The burgomaster laid the letter down, giving it a majestic look, and mysteriously whispering on both sides, "Despatches from his High Mightiness." The good Lalenburgers burned with curiosity, and hung with their eyes fixed upon the great seal. The siege of Jerusalem appeared to have been soon forgotten.

As the presiding burgomaster unfolded the letter, those who sat next to him drew as near as they could, and others, that they might not lose a single syllable or breath, discreetly rushed forward from their seats, so that they came to sit upon the laps of the former. The whole chamber was empty except just around the Master, where head crowded upon head. There reigned the stillness of death. Although Lalenburg had had some business intercourse with the Principality of Lynxcrag, it had never before happened that the Prince had written directly to the Council of the republic. The burgomaster very properly divined that the message must relate to some affair of unusual importance.

He began to read, but in a low and trembling voice, suitable to the solemnity of the circumstances. As those who sat behind did not perfectly understand the first words, they called out, "Read louder! louder!" By that means, those who were in front were disturbed, and unanimously ordered the others to be still. Thereupon the hindmost quite lost all that had been read, and repeated their calls for a louder enunciation, while some demanded that the reader should begin again at the beginning. The foremost grew impatient, and again commanded silence This calling back and forth grew stronger, until at last all were provoked into a tumult, and each one tried to raise his own above the voice of his neighbor, in order to persuade them to silence. Then those behind, convinced that those in front had the advantage in being near to the reader, moved forwards; and among others, Jack Steam, as quick as lightning, sat himself directly under the nose of the burgomaster. The Secretary shouted until he became cherry-brown in the face, that Jack Steam had crowded him out of his place; but it was in vain; for others

had been crowded out in the same way. Now arose a frightful pushing and tearing and storming, in the midst of cursing and swearing, and praying and sighing, for the restoration of order.

In this tumultuous movement the burgomaster had the most to bear, for against him, as the centre, they pressed from all directions. He determined, however, that he would make himself heard in spite of the storm. He rose with majestic indignation, and that he might overtop the crowd, stood upon his chair. But while he was expressing his just anger with a thundering voice, an indiscriminating push of the multitude struck the throne from under his legs, and he came down among the herd, like a proud oak among an undergrowth of shrubs. His peruke, which, rich in powder and pomatum, covered the face of the collector of the customs, and made him rub his eyes out, was seized by the latter in his wrath, and converted into a weapon of offence and defence. The sight of this, and its efficacy, excited others to the wicked imitation of the example. Soon no peruke was any longer safe upon its skull; one after another they flew over the heads of the mob, like mist, scattering clouds above, and cries of pain and murder among those engaged below.

In this melancholy confusion of affairs, the great and long-prepared design against the hair-tail of the Secretary was ripened. One of the Councilmen, a tailor by trade, took out his shears, and followed the Secretary as he ran about in the tumult like a long-tailed rat. In a jiffy, the tail was separated from his head, without the least misgiving on his part until it gave him a stroke in the face. Some one had borne away the trophy from the malicious tailor, and as it was about a yard long, made use of it as a whip.

When the Secretary saw his pigtail at the mercy of strangers, and by a quick grasp of the back of his neck, concluded that he had lost his treasure for ever, he raised a sorrowful cry, and with eyes full of tears, and hands raised to Heaven, called its avenging thunder down upon the head of the transgressor. He would not have tormented himself as much for the loss of his head itself as he did for the loss of his hair! His howling was so unearthly that he frightened the whole assembly in the height of their fray, all quarrels were forgotten, and suddenly keeping

silence, they surrounded the Miserable One. But when they found out that neither arm nor leg was wanting to him, and that only his illegal and inofficial tail was gone, they all laughed most provokingly, the perukes were restored to their proper owners, and each one regularly resumed his seat on the benches.

The burgomaster shook his head ominously at the recent disorder, which made his rough wig look like the head of Medusa or Titus. Still these lively debates were no unheard-of thing in Lalenburg, and so no fuss was made about this affair. They saw in it only an expression of citizen-like independence and true republican freedom of manners. Each one took his own hair back, and kept his clothes together, wherever they were torn, with his fingers. The Secretary laid his defunct tail near the pot and button on the table, drying his eyes with a colored pocket-handkerchief. All awaited, with renewed reverence, the reading of the princely letter. But this, during the pulling and hauling, had been torn into many pieces. They carefully gathered the scattered particles, laid them on the desk before the burgomaster, and left it to his wisdom to decypher the contents.

This was no easy task, for the pieces were so manifold that a single sentence of the writing could not be made out. The Council were thrown into a great strait and embarrassment. Three times the burgomaster put the question, as to what answer should be sent back to Lynxcrag, and three times the enlightened assembly shook their heads. At last Jack Steam rose up, and proposed that they should announce to His Princely Highness that his message had been received and lost, and that a noble and learned magistrate should entreat him to be good enough to write his commands a second time.

Jack's advice would have been adopted, had not Sulks, who all the while had been collecting the scattered pieces of the letter, begun to read from them the following words,—"*Take*—Jack Steam—the dog—a thousand guilders—the price—of his head"—

Everybody listened with mute astonishment.

"There," cried the Secretary, "there is no longer any doubt. Jack Steam has again been perpetrating some silly trick which will perhaps bring misfortune upon all Lalenburg. The Prince.

as it appears to me, commands us that we should take Jack Steam. He himself calls him a dog outright, and sets a price of a thousand guilders upon his head. This Jack Steam has undoubtedly had his hand again in some forbidden and uncalled for affair, which did not concern him. But it wont do to eat cherries with great lords. Without pretending to dictate, my advice is, that you secure the accused in a prison, until the Prince has been informed that the Council were ready to make every satisfaction, and for that purpose had seized the much offending Jack Steam."

The proposal of the Secretary was adopted with unanimity, as much as Jack protested against it, and averred that he had never in his life had anything to do with the Prince. They ordered the constables, who were reckoned among their partizans, to seize him. The Major pulled his big feather a little further out of his hat, put himself at the head of his troops, and led the condemned, amid a large concourse of people, to the town-jail.

JACK STEAM.

The intelligence of the arrest of the Town-Architect, and of the anger of the Prince of Lynxcrag, caused the most incredible surmises. Every man cudgelled his brains to find out in what respect Jack Steam had offended. Indeed, the perplexity was so absorbing that they did not once miss the yard-long tail lost from the head of the Secretary. They talked only of Jack Steam, the busy-body, and no one seemed to doubt his probable execution. Some conjectured that he would be beheaded, others that he would be hung, and still others that he would only be burnt. Many gave out that the solemnity would not be observed in Lalenburg, but at the princely residence instead, and others rejoiced at this, since it would furnish them a good excuse and pretence for visiting the palace. Several agreed with others that they would make the journey in company so as to save ex-

pense. All the carriages and horses in the town, at that early day, were bespoken and laid under an embargo. The tailor was called in, and measures taken for new clothes.

Still there was mingled with these considerations and early preparations, some Christian piety, when they thought of the delinquent, who now pined in the prison, awaiting his death. Jack Steam, whom everybody knew, who had more or less busied himself in every household; Jack Steam, whom every mother had disposed of, or wished for a son-in-law; whom all the girls looked at askant in the street, but always with the most friendly eyes in private; Jack Steam, a vivacious companion at the table, an elegant speaker in council, a chatterer over his coffee among aunts and cousins, the most zealous respondent in church; Jack Steam, the All in all, the Alcibiades of Lalenburg, in prison!!

The quiet anguish of compassion first seized the daughters, then the mothers, and finally the men. Scarcely had the darkness of evening arrived, when many a pretty young woman, who at other times would fly the presence, and hardly hear the naked name of an unmarried man without blushing, would trip along the street of the jail with moist eyes, to convey something to the "poor sinner," as they now called the Architect. One brought sausages, another sugar-candy, a third little pasties, and a fourth confections and raisins.

"Oh! merciful heaven!" cried the old women, the maid-servants and the little chimney-sweeps, who had remarked this, "already his hangman's mealtime has come." Throughout the entire citizen class, there was now no delay. This hangman's-meal, or farewell meal, that we speak of, was a custom observed of old by the Lalenburgers towards a criminal sentenced to death. Some day before the execution it was their wont to send in all manner of eatables and drinkables, whether he wished them or not. As the prison at this time was on a level with the street, and a hole had been broken in the wicker-work of the window, through which things could be conveyed from without (no one being allowed to open the prison-door without a special permit from the authorities), the place in front of the building was thronged till midnight with givers. Bread and cookies of

all sorts, hams, sausages, roast goose, chickens, ducks, pigeons, pastry, apples, pears, &c., then bottles of beer and wine, flasks of liquor, smelling-bottles, crawled through the hole. The grocer provided the "poor sinner" with salt, pepper, cheese, butter, and smoking and snuffing tobacco, so that the Town-Architect was in danger of being stuck fast in the midst of the enormous quantities of things which were poked through to him. But he did not suffer himself to be seen by the philanthropic donors, and never answered a word to their expressions of condolence. "He is so ashamed," they said with great tenderness of feeling, "that he keeps himself back there in the dark."

For once this tenderness was in error, for the Town-Architect was not in the town-prison. When the Major about midday had led him forth, he found the prison in the best condition, but badly preserved. The door could neither be locked nor bolted, inasmuch as both lock and bolt had rusted away the mouldy wood. But this was not a consequence of any neglect of duty on the part of the worthy magistrates of the republic, but because of a forty year old lawsuit between the town and the county (*i. e.* several neighboring villages) relating to the question, whether the expense of the prisoners should be borne by the town, which possessed the right to imprison, or by the county, the inhabitants of which had the privilege of being imprisoned. It had never entered into the thought of man that a citizen of the town should be condemned to jail. This lawsuit had been conducted by the Great Council of the republic for forty years, and was not yet terminated. Every year the administration of the town or the administration of the county gave a reconciliation feast, on the strength of the so called "undetermined expenses," and thereby the contending parties were happily moderated and harmonized. But although the wine and roast meat of the said reconciliation feast tasted very nicely to both parties, the reconciliation itself was never brought about, partly because they feared they might lose the prospect of new feasts for the future, and partly because they feasted at the cost of the one that was in the wrong, yet neither of them would be in the wrong.

The Major immediately perceived, by means of his charac-

teristic sagacity, the little deficiency in the door, so that instead of locking it, he nailed it fast, covering the nail, at the instigation of the Secretary, with the public seal. A watchman, one of their partizans, was placed outside to remain all the while. The captive, as soon as he was in, put this cogent question to the watchman :—"How a prisoner was to comport himself in certain straits which naturally happen to everybody?" The watchman considering the question, thought it important enough to run after the Major and Secretary, who were not far distant, to procure their solution of the difficulty. During his absence, the Architect examined the construction of the door, and as the hinge, where it was not nailed and sealed, easily came out of the worm-eaten posts, he walked forth, and then putting the hinge back in its place, slipped out of a side door, without being remarked.

The faithful watchman returned with the unfeeling command of the Major, that the prisoner might deport himself in the circumstances alluded to, in the best way he could. Thereupon the sentinel disclosed his sincere compassion ; and as the prisoner did not answer a syllable, he continued a quarter of an hour comforting him, and giving him good advice, when he ceased, contenting himself from time to time with inspecting the nail and the seal.

THE BUSY-BODY.

It was a very masterpiece of travelling which the architect performed from the prison, through the town, to his own dwelling. He reached the back court of the Town-house by means of a spacious pen, which had an outlet to the next street. In this pen the hogs belonging to the government were fatted, which hogs Jack took occasion to give the liberty to come out into the open air. Then he sprung into a bakery that communicated by means of a gate near the top, with the houses standing upon the further street. He flew nimbly up the stairs, found the gate barricaded by a parcel of meal sacks, shoved the sacks off into the

street with all his might, and before the sixth sack had reached the ground, was on the other side of the gate, down into the street, and over the way to the house of the Major, from which, fuming and blowing, he found a path to the place where not long before Mr. Crackle had had his singular misfortune with his crockery. Here was a new obstruction. The Major had built a new goose-pen across the path, in which, since he had taken to the feather-business, he confined immense flocks of geese. Fortunately the pen was not built in the massive order; and the wooden slats flew right and left, under the hands of the Architect, so that he was safe in his own house, before the geese, screaming and fluttering, for having gained their freedom, could testify their joy to the town.

So deeply absorbed were the Lalenburgers with the occurrences of the morning, that they seemed to have no thought about anything else than the arrest of the Architect, the courier of the Prince, and the tearing of the despatch which had been sent to the council. Yet it must have occasioned some unusual remark when suddenly they saw the hogs of the beloved Council, burnt with a big L (for Lalenburg) wandering over the town; or when the air was darkened with clouds of meal from the falling and bursting sacks, or when at last the Major's flocks of geese flew screaming round the gable-ends of the houses. No one could make out why these wonders should happen all in the same neighborhood, and about the same time. One person, a politician, suggested that the adherents of the condemned Architect designed to create a public uproar, and Secretary Sulks gave out that he would have believed it to be Jack Steam himself at his old tricks, if he had not nailed and sealed him in almost the very moment that the hogs, the meal sacks, and the geese had made their first appearance in public.

On the following morning as the more thoughtful revolved the great deeds of their country, particularly the expected solemn execution, and all the accompanying circumstances, a courier rushed full gallop into the town with new despatches for the government. Instantly the town bell was sounded. The burgomaster and the Councilmen, in their gowns and swords, hastened to the extraordinary session with countenances full of profundity

and seriousness. Many people ran inquisitively into the public park, and many more did so when they saw the coach of the Prince drive up, for the purpose, no doubt, of carrying away the prisoner.

The session was opened. The burgomaster laid out the letter, broke the great seal in the presence of the assembly, and began to read in a loud voice the following—

"We, Nicodemus, Prince of Lynxcrag, Count of Crowburg, Baron of Dockfield, Lord of Sowwinkle and Foxtown, to the enlightened Burgomaster and Council of the noted town and republic of Lalenburg, send greeting. Most honorable, beloved, and true! We are sorry to learn that our message to you was lost—for it was to this effect—Whereas one of your accomplished citizens, named Jack Steam, told one of our courtiers, that if he should only undertake it, he could teach a dog to speak, which would be particularly pleasing to us, so that no price would be too dear, if he succeeded in bringing our favorite dog, *Fidele*, to a knowledge of human speech, which is a very difficult matter, notwithstanding his natural aptness, seeing that the dog already comprehends the German fully, and has a smattering of Italian and French, we invite the aforesaid Jack Steam, for a time, to our court, sending him a thousand guilders for his first experiment, and should this come to a head, should he succeed, we will make him High Counsellor, and Instructor to our princes, as soon as they grow big enough. And now we expect from you, most honorable, beloved and true! that you send this Jack Steam to us directly and without delay. Hereof fail not."

With mute signs of astonishment, the whole assembly listened to this annunciation. Not a soul, from the Secretary and First Councillor down to the doorkeeper, who did not keep his mouth wide open for two minutes after there was nothing more to be heard. Even the presiding burgomaster, when he laid down the letter, did not close his lips, and stared quite vaguely into the air.

Some wondered at the favorite dog of his Highness, which was already accomplished in three languages; others over the till now unknown skilfulness of Jack Steam in teaching dogs to speak, others reverentially considered the dignity and offices to

which the Architect had been suddenly raised just when he expected a contrary elevation ; and others dreaded the revenge of the great man, translated from a prison to the neighborhood of a throne, when he should once get the town and republic in his power. The dead silence of astonishment was soon changed into tumult, as each one wished to proclaim how that yesterday he had protested against the arrest of the Architect. No one was concerned in that, but Secretary Sulks. In the midst of all, some broke out in lofty praises of the godlike Jack Steam, whom they called the Pride and Ornament of his native country, whilst others enumerated how, the evening before, from pure attachment, they had poked costly spices and drinks into the little hole in the lattice of the prison. Sulks chewed his pen in ignominy, and stood as the scapegoat of the nation. Even he was anxious to reconcile himself to his great enemy.

Accordingly he was the first to propose that a deputation of the Council be sent to fetch the distinguished High-Counsellor from the prison, and carry him in triumph to the town-house ; then they must formally ask his pardon for the misunderstanding of yesterday, set him in the place of honor by the side of the presiding burgomaster, when the letter should be read to him ; and lastly, would he, as he, *i. e.* the Secretary ought, crave his mercy, and commend his native land and his fellow citizens to his affection, so that Jack Steam might never turn against Lalenburg, as Coriolanus once did against Rome.

Let no one wonder at this sudden change of opinion. Circumstances among them so easily altered principles, friendships, hatreds, oaths and inclinations, that he whom they would have yesterday trodden under foot, because of his misfortunes, to-day they would crawl upon all fours to propitiate. They call it the Way of the World, Politics, Prudence, and they find the practice of it profitable, so that it is diligently pursued.

JACK STEAM.

Jack Steam, who knew his fellow citizens very well, sat fearless and contented in his own house, where his old housekeeper sup-

plied him with food. He knew that in a few days everything would be changed; that his dear Lalen burgers, great in words, but little in deeds, even if he should be discovered, would not touch a hair of his head. He moreover comforted himself in the certain knowledge that he had never hurt a flea of the Prince of Lynxcrag.

But when his faithful housekeeper, who went out from time to time to get the news of the town and the proceedings of the council, told him the singular story that he had been dubbed High-Counsellor by the Prince in order to instruct the favorite dog in the German grammatics; that a deputation of the Council had waited upon him in vain at the town jail; that the whole town was in an extraordinary amazement, both on account of his disappearance, and as to the mode in which it was effected, especially when it was shown, after the narrowest scrutiny, that neither wall nor window, neither nail nor seal, had been injured—Jack, we say, quite regretted his flight. But to bring the matter in its proper track, he dressed himself in his showiest, lighted his tobacco pipe, stationed himself conspicuously at the open window, smoked in comfort, and accosted in a friendly way everybody that passed. By this he hit his mark; for each one stopped and gaped at him in surprise, the report flew swift as lightning over the town that the mysteriously-disappearing High-Counsellor was smoking his pipe at his window; and all ran thither to convince themselves of the truth of the report. In less than half an hour, the street was thronged with people from one end to the other, the *honorables* of the town hastened to the neighborhood of his acquaintances and friends, head crowded upon head out of the windows, while the chimney-sweeps, masons, carpenters and more daring boys, chose places on the roofs of the opposite houses, to see the new-made High-Counsellor, who regarded the multitude with curiosity and pleasure, as though we were quite astounded by their respect.

With unwearied courage, the deputation from the Council worked their way to his house through the throng in the streets. He received them with condescending kindness. The burgomaster had placed himself at their head, and opened his address with the words, "Mighty and well-born Lord High-Counsellor of the Prince! How shameful is it that our dear native town should

prove what was said in the Scriptures to be true, 'that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.'" Upon this text the speaker spun out a long salutatory discourse, which in the midst of flattering compliments, and excuses for the mistake of yesterday, ended with some wise advice. Thereupon the message of the Prince was disclosed. All the councillors wept tears of joy. The potential Architect made an exquisite reply, which lasted so long that the people had almost deserted the streets, and the deputation ceased to shed their tears of joy. Then appeared the coach of the Prince, and the High-Counsellor was informed that he was expected that very evening at the royal residence. There was now no delay. Jack jumped into the royal carriage, and drove away, amid the mingled sobs and shouts of the population which had nourished so great a man.

Jack Steam was obliged to go that same evening to His Highness. Prince Nicodemus was a very nice gentleman, who only needed an empire to make him one of the greatest of monarchs; he was, however, a very small monarch, with a great many debts. He very properly considered hunting as the noblest enjoyment, and from that you may guess that more dogs lived at his court than men. Other society did not please him. Though he was no misanthrope, he would sometimes intimate to his confidential friends, that with the exception of the hunters, he would give a great deal if his true and beloved subjects could be changed into stags and roes, wild boars, hares, wild geese, ducks, snipes, partridges, and so forth. He thought they would then give him more pleasure, and be of more use.

"Listen!" said the Prince to his newly created Court-Counsellor, who was kissing his coat tail with humble submission: "Are you the one who can teach dogs to speak? Here is Fidele. What a pity that the poor beast cannot express itself in words; but, upon my honor, she comprehends every syllable I say to her." Nicodemus then commanded the dog in French, German and Italian, to do various things; and the dog executed his orders with wonderful precision.

"Hey, what do you say to that?" asked the Prince, pleasure beaming from his eyes.

"As your Highness commands!" answered the Lalenburger.

"Do you think you can teach Fidele to talk?"

"If you let us have time enough —"

"There shall be no difficulty about that. Listen; begin with German; French can be taken up afterwards when the beast has made some progress in the mother-tongue. You can live here in the castle with me. The steward will show you a room, but you must attach the dog to you first, so that she will remain willingly with you. If you do your business well, you shall be handsomely rewarded. Now and then I shall inquire how she gets on with her lessons. Do you understand French?"

"Your Highness, I understand it sufficiently well to instruct the amiable Fidele; but it was always difficult for me to speak French, owing to a malformation of my tongue. It sometimes happens that I cannot pronounce the word which I wish to speak."

"And Italian?"

"Your Highness, I began to learn it at the University, but unfortunately it is a long time since."

"Well, well, then let it alone, *mon cher*."

"Your Highness, I am very sorry, but I have not got them."

"What?"

"The shears."

"Why, what shears? What a stupid reply! I did not speak of any shears. But *n'importe*."

"Thank your Highness, I am fond of *port*, but I prefer sausages and Madeira."

The Prince laughed at Jack's mistake.

"Now go! Tell them to show you a room, and to bring you some good sausages from my kitchen, for Fidele is fond of them. You will quickly win her heart with them."

The Court-Counsellor observed that the door was pointed out to him, and approached it backwards with many bows, not wishing to show the Prince such a want of respect as to turn his back upon him. But Fidele, a strong hunting dog, ran unexpectedly between his legs, and he fell down in such a clownish way, that his feet were elevated high above his head. Jack Steam heaved a deep sigh, the dog yelled with fright, and

Nicodemus almost laughed himself sick. "Well, you are beginning to get acquainted already!" cried the Prince, and the Court-Counsellor ran out of the door, making a thousand apologies.

THE BUSY-BODY.

In the course of four weeks, and with the aid of the court-cook, Jack Steam won the entire affection and confidence of the Prince's favorite dog. From this time the Prince often inquired if he advanced any in teaching. The cunning Court-Counsellor remarked to his Highness that it takes a child four or five years to learn to speak, and that it could scarcely utter single syllables at the end of one year. Nicodemus thought this was very reasonable, and restrained his impatience. Jack Steam, however, whose life at court was very comfortable, took the matter quite quietly. Now and then he was a little uneasy, when, after having repeated the same word a thousand times to the dog, he found he had produced no impression. The dog would look attentively at her teacher, but seemed quite too bashful to pronounce the words after him.

Jack Steam fortunately remembered a wag whom he had known among the students of the University, who was in the habit of secretly squeezing and pinching his poodle's snout, to make him snarl and growl. If he relaxed his hold at the proper time, the pressure on the open mouth of the dog would make him in anger pronounce distinctly Mama. Jack Steam tried it with Fidele, and succeeded beyond his expectations. At the end of six months, when Nicodemus asked the Court-Counsellor rather peevishly how Fidele came on, this gentleman praised his pupil extravagantly, and offered to give a proof of her first childish stammering. The Prince assembled his confidentials, and the Court-Counsellor, with his scholar, entered the circle in a most assured manner.

The Court-Counsellor, in a long and excellent speech—full

of the pedagogue—observed, that in teaching he closely followed the course of Nature, as that was the best. That bringing up and instructing a child scientifically was nonsense, weakening to its intellect, and hurtful, not only to the present generation, but to all posterity. That the misfortunes of kingdoms, the fall of great nations, and all the evil in the world, were owing to bad management in the first lessons. In connexion with these remarks, he gave hopes that philanthropy might yet induce him to teach the secret of his new method of spelling for one hundred and twenty thousand gulden, and mentioned a great project —a new primer, full of copper plates, to be published according to his own ideal, and dedicated to His Highness Prince Nicodemus, the patron and protector of scientific and literary men.

From this he proceeded to an explanation of the process of Nature in teaching mankind. "Who," said he, "who does the child first recognize and learn to love? It is its mother. And its mother's tenderness is most touchingly rewarded by its first stammering. The sweet name of mother is the first word which passes the tender unpractised lips of childhood! And thus I have commenced with the talented and amiable Fidele. Now, Fidele, come here, be good and tell the noble company the name of thy mother."

With these words he took the dog coaxingly in his arms, held her nose, and pinched and punched her behind until she bellowed out, "Mama!" in a deep, bass voice.

Everybody present broke into loud and almost inextinguishable laughter, giving evidence thereby either of their approbation or their astonishment. The Court-Counsellor's learning, and Fidele's bass voice, made the thing irresistibly funny. The Court-Counsellor was cheered by the merriment, and caused the favorite to repeat his performance, until the laughter changed into screaming, and the Prince begged him for peace sake to make Fidele stop.

His Highness was so delighted, that he kissed the dog, and pressed her to his heart, and in his joy he even forgot himself so far as to embrace the Court-Counsellor, who received the compliments of the court with modest self-possession. The Prince

gave his dog some sweet biscuit, and encouraged her to continue her application. He presented the Court-Counsellor with a golden snuff-box containing a miniature of the Sovereign. Jack Steam, excited by gratitude, exclaimed, "Oh, I will answer for it, the dog shall soon say papa to your Highness!"

"Then you shall have an additional salary," answered the Prince; and took leave of the counsellor in the most gracious manner.

But Jack Steam did not succeed so quickly with the word papa. When Nicodemus inquired again after the dog, the counsellor remarked that Fidele would unquestionably be soon confined, and that in her situation it was best to avoid all mental exertion.

To this the Prince agreed, and Jack Steam thus gained time and peace, or might have done so, had he had the desire.

He was well known all about the palace, was trusted, and his opinion asked about matters great and small; he talked with everybody, was sarcastic, impudent or consequential, just as he pleased, knew all that was going on, decided everything, arranged everything.

Every day he rose in the estimation of the Prince, and therefore in that of the inmates of the palace, and with the courtiers, who called him merely the Favorite. The town-counsellors of Lalenburg sent a deputation regularly every month, to inquire after the health of their noble citizen; they honored him by naming the narrow lane where his father's house stood, "The Steamy Lane," and even went so far as to hang up his silhouette in the council chamber, as they possessed neither likeness nor bust of him.

Even the privy-counsellors of the Prince courted him, that they might through him influence his Highness, particularly as Nicodemus was determined to collect a land tax, that he might continue his praiseworthy expenses. As the privy-counsellors were against the proclamation of this tax, the people being already sufficiently burdened with duties of all kinds, they turned to Jack Steam, and begged him, in the name of his oppressed country, to persuade the Prince to refrain from these exactions.

"Nothing easier than that, gentlemen!" said the Court-Coun-

sellor, with his peculiarly consequential manner, and went to the Prince.

"But listen," said Nicodemus to him, "I must have the money. Only procure the money, and then I need not collect taxes."

"Nothing easier than that!" returned the Court-Counsellor. "How much does your Highness require?"

"The more the better."

"Very well. Your Highness need only set up a small traffic in the way of ribbons,—that will bring in enormous sums of money."

"A ribbon-store? Listen! You are not Jack Steam, but Jack Fool. I am no Jew."

"Your Highness will only please to sell half a yard of ribbon for one hundred *Nicodemus d'or, and* —— —

"Who will pay me that?"

"If your Highness would create a new order of knighthood, for instance, in honor of the Saint of the Hunters ——— say—St. Nimrod's order. Every Nimrod Knight who has the cross of the order, the knightly strike, and a hanger, pays one hundred Nicodemus d'or; but for the great order, when every knight receives a green ribbon for his button-hole, with a golden image attached to it of a handsome fowling-piece and a bugle laid across it—you must have a thousand Nicodemus d'or duly registered. If you institute all kinds of festivities to accompany the installation—I know how much effect that had in my university days—"

"Listen," said the Prince, interrupting him. "You are truly not a Jack Fool. We will think of the thing. You may order the ribbon instantly at the manufactory, and let the jeweller make the other contrivances. I will make you Chancellor of this Order of Nimrod."

No tax, in fact, ever brought so much money into the princely coffers as this same ribbon-traffic; as the Lalenburger very improperly called it. For scarcely was it known that the Prince, his half brother, the Count of Crowburg, and Jack Steam, the Chancellor of the Order, had appeared with the Nimrod ribbon, and could become Nimrod's Knights by paying rather

a high price for being registered, than they all crowded to the Chancellor's. Each exchanged his Nicodemus d'or for a half yard of ribbon, for none would be behind the rest in rank. In a short time even the wig-makers wore the little green ribbon. This aroused the proper pride of the nobility and wealthy men of the land. How could they stand on a level with common people? They would rather sell house and land, that they might wear the broad ribbon with the golden Nimrod's Horn. The whole country was full of green ribbons and of debts. Prince Nicodemus was overjoyed, but his faithful ministers cursed the inventive faculties of the new Chancellor, and learned from experience, that no Jack Steam should be made the minister of Finances, any more than a stork should be turned into a gardener.

JACK STEAM.

Jack Steam had neither too much nor too little conscience, as it should be with a great minister, who would rather have a province perish, than have one of his whims miscarry; and who is not discouraged even when a whole nation suffers from his administration. One day when a faithful minister was pointing out the sad effects of the Nimrod rage, he answered, "As true as my name is Jack Steam, everything good has its evil, and all evil has its good. If a minister was obliged by law to prevent all complaints, and a physician to cure all his patients, who would be either a minister or a doctor? Therefore, my dear friends, be encouraged. God has so well regulated the world, that we may go bungling about for a long time without actually spoiling anything!"

In truth this great maxim was nowhere better observed than among the Lynxcragers, for all possible and impossible theories had been successively tried for the last hundred years, without making it a desert, or extinguishing the race. Each new prince or minister made new regulations, and repealed the old ones. One builds convents, the next turns them into dairies; one

erects manufactories on the credit of the State, the next stops the manufactories, and sells regiments of young men like any other product of the soil; one wishes to turn the State into a great hareem, the next wants it to be a single large park. It is remarkable, however, in this as in other cases of oppression, that the people increased, and fed themselves just as before, as soon as they had reflected and become accustomed to the great truth, that they were created for their master's pleasure, and afterwards their own.

Of course they were obliged to conform to the newest system; to-day to the left, to-morrow to the right; to-day forwards, to-morrow backwards. All the mischief done by the order of Nimrod did not diminish the respect, esteem, love or admiration with which the Chancellor was greeted wherever he went; for he was the right hand of a prince whom the people idolized.

Envious people were not wanting, but he scarcely noticed them. He was so secure in the good graces of his master, that he did not even fall in his estimation when Fidele was taken sick and died. Without doubt he was the victim of court intrigue or a conspiracy, for the doctor found traces of poison in his body. A report was officiously brought to his highness, that the Chancellor had probably sent his pupil out of the world to avoid teaching him to speak; as he would be obliged finally to confess that he was a mere boaster, and had never understood the art. But the tears which Jack Steam had shed were too sincere, and the whole court had shown too open an indifference at the death of the noble beast, for Nicodemus to be deceived by malicious calumnies. A marble obelisk, which had been ordered from one of the most celebrated Italian sculptors, was erected to "the incomparable dog," and placed in the Castle garden under weeping willows and cypresses.

It could not be said that Jack Steam had friends, for who has friends at a court or in the great world? and who would be the friend of a man who belonged to all the world as did Jack Steam? But the Chancellor did not lose by this; he was the confidant of all, even of the Prince and his half-brother, the Count of Crowburg, who called him his Indispensable. Every

one smiled upon him, and he returned the smiles. Even the pretty female Lynxcrageresses smiled on him, for he was an amiable man, who never took anything amiss, and who found all his happiness in increasing the pleasure of others.

To be sure he did not always succeed, and then he had to put up with bitter vexation and ingratitude for his pains. I will take the history of a single day as an instance.

THE BUSY-BODY.

The Count of Crowburg had cherished a little love affair for some time at the Capital. Miss Sabina, a pretty little brunette, felt much flattered by the Count's adoration, and very willingly gave him a private meeting now and then; when they admired each other without spectators. Her father got wind of the matter, was very much vexed, and gave the beautiful coral lips of his daughter some very prosaic slaps. Herr von Tasseltuft, as he was called, was but a common nobleman, though of very ancient family, and thought it outrageous that the grand-daughter of that hero (who was groom of the chamber to the Emperor Karl the Great), should condescend to be the object of a temporary passion, or perhaps the mistress of a larking gentleman. And from that time he carefully watched his daughter,—who had less ancestral pride,—so that the lovers could only cast stolen glances at each other once a week in church.

The Count very naturally fell into the proper state of despair, discovered his sorrows to the Chancellor, and promised him mountains of gold if he would only procure him one interview with his beloved.

"Nothing easier than that!" said Jack Steam, and immediately sought Miss Sabina at a party. Blushing, she remarked to the trusty confidant of her lover, that she dared not move one step without her father's knowledge, but that if he could persuade her stern father——

"Nothing easier than that!" said Jack Steam, and went the next day to Herr von Tasseltuft, and spoke so touchingly of the Count's love for Sabina, and made such earnest representations of the dangerous effects of his severity on the unfortunate lovers, that the proud old gentleman could not do otherwise than approve of their love; that is, if the Count would promise his daughter marriage in the presence of her parents.

"Nothing easier than that!" said the ambassador: "but arrange that yourself with the Count. I will write to him immediately—for since yesterday he has been at Crowburg—that this evening at eight o'clock, all obstacles being removed, he may pay his respects to Miss Sabina."

Pleased with having accomplished his undertaking, he immediately wrote to the Count not to fail coming. It did not occur to him, that far from thinking of a festive betrothal, the Count only wanted to chat for an hour alone with his *inamorata* in her boudoir. Herr von Tasseltuft, on the contrary, understood it to be a formal wooing of Sabina by the brother of the Prince, and therefore invited the entire Tasseltuft family to a magnificent entertainment. Sabina in full dress, amidst a circle of forty cousins, aunts, and other female relations, awaited her lover in triumph, whilst he only aspired to passing a modest pastoral hour with her.

In the evening he entered the Tasseltuft house as quietly and secretly as a thief, half disguised in a coarse great coat. He secretly cursed the blazing lights, and hid himself in an angle of the stairs because so many servants were running about, and there he peeped until he saw the well-known and trusty maid of Sabina. In answer to the whispered question, "In which room is the young lady," the servant conducted him thither. But when the door opened, who can describe the amazement of the Count, when instead of flying into the arms of his beloved, he stumbled into the large brilliant state-room full of people, who expected him and surrounded him with bows and curtsies!

Jack Steam certainly might have spared this cruel dilemma to the confused noble, had he given a verbal account of his mission, instead of writing a few lines. But the Chancellor had a

little love affair of his own on hand, and had laid a plan for surprising his beloved that same day, in the most agreeable manner. His charmer was truly a very pretty girl, and a countrywoman besides. Her name was Joanna, the daughter of the Apothecary Twirl, of Lalenburg, who had come to live with a rich old aunt in Lynxcrag, and was expected to be her heiress. The old aunt was an ill-natured aunt, who was always praying, and instead of taking her to concerts, balls, and plays, only took her to the prayer-meetings of the pious and godly people. And the old aunt did not seem to like it, when the boasting peasant, as she called Jack Steam, talked too often to his pretty countrywoman. This gave him great sorrow, and he therefore made use of every opportunity to see Joanna.

He saw her that morning, though only for a few moments, as he passed her in the street, and spoke of his wish to visit her in the evening. She shrugged her shoulders, but regretted that she was to spend the evening in a company of young ladies, who were in the habit of having weekly meetings at a certain place. Her vanity prevented her from owning that she was going to a prayer meeting with her aunt. "And where is it?" asked the Court-Counsellor. She designated the house. "Will they dance?" She smiled, blushed and said: "Unfortunately they do not! The utmost will be singing." He continued: "Would they allow an uninvited friend to enter? For if I can but see you, I should be happy wherever it was." She blushed again, stammered, "I do not know!" and slipped away. Jack Steam, however, like a good Lalenburger, took the blushes and smiles of the Lalenburgeress for an invitation, and the mute expression of her secret wishes.

He immediately called around himself several young gentlemen of the city, for the purpose of embellishing the party of young ladies by their presence. If they could not justify the intrusion, they could compensate for it in a measure by some attentions of another kind. They would privately order some music, and the young gentlemen (who would, without doubt, find many of their amiable acquaintances among the ladies), should then appear in ball masquerade. "And then," said Jack Steam, delighted with his plan: "when the young ladies

are sitting at their tea-tables, or at cards, or talking over some tiresome nonsense; and suddenly hear a lovely waltz at the door, and we enter in masks and invite the beauties to dance—they will none of them resist, and all will be forgiven and forgotten. Of course we can make our excuses afterwards."

They were all pleased with the idea of this entertaining adventure. Music and the most elegant masquerades were ordered with the greatest secrecy, and also the place and time of meeting at dusk agreed upon. When the long desired moment came, Jack Steam was the first on the spot. The musicians assembled; the dancers dressed themselves, and being wrapped in cloaks, slid into the house, which was easily distinguished for some distance by the row of well lighted windows, that indicated the assembly-room. The door-keeper, when asked in what room the assembly were, pointed the way, though not a little astonished at seeing the musicians who accompanied them; for the pious of either sex had never made use of flutes, fiddles, or bugles, in their edifying sessions. They approached the door of the hall on their toes, threw off their cloaks, drew down their masks, and made ready in the deepest silence.

In the mean time the small community of chosen believers were sitting together in blessed devotion, and listened to an edifying statement by their deacon, of the joy and blessedness of the heavenly Jerusalem, where the lambs sit on the throne with the banner of victory. The good old mothers were ranged along the walls with clasped hands, and the lay-brothers also, with their heads hanging between their shoulders; and now and then a quiet sigh of longing for the Heavenly Zion would escape from their lips. The younger women were not affected until the speaker painted the beauty of the angels, the floating of the Cherubim around the throne of glory, the festive Hallelujahs, and the music of the spheres.

At that moment the musicians before the door began a merry waltz, first very softly, then with increasing sound. At first the godly assemblage thought they heard the music of the spheres in reality, and the preacher became more ardent and seemed filled with rapture. The younger Christians, though spiritually in the Heavenly Zion, tapped the time with their feet, as will

happen even to the most pious girls, on hearing the very worst dancing music. But when the bugles sounded, and the tones from the spheres became more earthly, the speaker stopped, and the community of the elect could not comprehend the cause of this worldly vanity nor what would be its effect.

Suddenly the doors of the meeting-room were thrown open, and six or eight light-footed masks entered, the musicians fiddling and blowing behind them. Whilst these were placing themselves, the masks raced about, bowing joyfully through the room, and the whole assemblage of devout worshippers sat as if turned into statues at the sight of their performance! Jack Steam and his companions who came there to dance, took no notice of their surprise, or that almost all of them had prayer-books in their hands. The last thing they would have thought of was the occupation, or the sacred objects of this religious meeting.

But one thing displeased them; they could find but two or three young ladies, all the rest being respectable matrons. Jack Steam took Joanna, the other young ladies were invited, and as a virtue must be made of necessity, the rest of the dancers caught hold of the old ladies. They thought it very natural that the young ladies should resist a little, but they drew them along, the music became brisker, and they made them waltz, whether they would or not. All this took place so quickly that no one had time to deliberate, and the remainder of the congregation could neither move nor speak in their astonishment.

There was but one of the ladies of a certain age, who absolutely would not be drawn into the whirling eddies of the waltz, and who took the whole phenomenon for a regular temptation on the part of Beelzebub, and protested against the performances in a very noisy and decided manner. It was the widowed High Court-cook, a pious, broad, robust lady. She had been seized by the merriest, wildest fellow among the dancers, and though she worked hard to loosen herself from him, he clung to her like a burr, skipping around her as he tugged her on. Enraged she finally pressed towards him, and with one blow felled him to the earth, though not without keeping him company. Her shocking screams excited the rest of the good to a revolt against the profaners of their sanctuary. Men and women

grasped their prayer-books, and marched in solid columns against the dancers and musicians. The dancers, surprised at being treated so uncivilly and ungratefully, let their partners go, and began to offer excuses. It was not so with the orchestra; some one threw a singing book with massive silver clasps into a corner, as a random shot, but it walked into the belly of a base viol, and the angry musician did not delay revenging the death of his growling friend, but handled his fiddle-bow unmercifully on his assailant. The rest of the musicians saw themselves obliged, from necessity, to change their violins, bass-viols, and bugles, into defensive armor.

It was with great difficulty that the more reasonable of both parties could put an end to the strife. The dancers explained that their intentions were good, and begged pardon for their mistake, and Jack Steam, who turned out the author of the mischief, had to be so kind as to pay the entire damages. They were generous enough to dispense with the payment of a dole-bote, notwithstanding that they all suffered from smarts and bruises.

JACK STEAM.

Next day, the affair made quite a noise in the city. To this was added the vexatious fate of the Count of Crowburg in the Tasseltuft family, for they also came to explanations, and all the blame fell on Jack Steam. Everybody abused him but Prince Nicodemus, who laughed loudly. The Count cursed and swore at his awkward negotiator, would have nothing to do with him, and forbad his entering the house. The pious aunt of Joanna Twirl did the same, and immediately sent her niece back to her father in Lalenburg.

All this did not disturb the Court-Chancellor. Conscious of his own innocence and good intentions, he joyfully went on his way, consoling himself with the saying, that ingratitude is the reward of the world, and that the works of great men are generally unappreciated by their contemporaries. Besides, so long as

he stood in the favor of the Prince, he was considered a very estimable man, both in court and city, whose words were oracles, and whom every bodyflattered.

His Highness, the Prince, put such confidence in the Chancellor, that he appointed him one of the Embassy, which was destined to fetch, from the court of her father, the Princess of Mousehome, the future wife of the Lord of Lynxcrag. As the rest of the Ambassadors were almost all old gentlemen, the Princess was very gracious to Jack Steam, for youth is sometimes a great virtue. The favor of the Princess was not an easy purchase, for she had many strange whims, which are very becoming things in a beautiful Princess. As she was in the habit of having a new whim every day—for a habitual whim is no whim at all—her attendants often found it difficult to ascertain which was the right one. She was very charming, had very weak nerves, and therefore loved everything soft and gentle, particularly cats. She always had in her suite some of the most beautiful and friendly of these dear creatures, of all colors and all sizes. Each of her maids of honor had two or three cats to take care of.

Now as the Prince had the same affection for dogs that the Princess possessed for cats, it was feared that, according to the old proverb about dogs and cats, the approaching marriage would not be one of the most blessed in the world. In spite of that, numberless flattering poems were written about the high nuptials; and they very properly made speeches, and painted allegories full of prophecies of a golden age, where strength and loveliness, wisdom and beauty, were united—just as they always do on such occasions. A great many good things in this world are mere figures of speech.

The respect shown to the Chancellor by the Princess of Mousehome—whose nuptials were to be celebrated at the Border-Castle—increased the public estimation of noble Jack Steam. Therefore, whatever he chose to say or to write, was eagerly caught up and repeated by all listeners, reporters, readers, or hearers, and even printed in the newspapers. Now, as Jack Steam had the delightful gift of being a great talker, and very fluent, it was always his mind, or his word, which swayed public opinion. At the palace, his descriptions of the charms of the future sove-

reign Princess, and her tender love for cats, were read with rapture. In her triumphal entrance into the Capital, besides the illumination, he said they must think especially of making a fine display of cats. The hint was taken, and every one would have the prettiest of these little beasts, white, spotted, black, brown, grey, and tin-colored, in order to recommend themselves to the Princess. Cats were ordered from far and near, and, although many came, still the prices of cats were raised for ten miles around.

THE BUSY-BODY.

The entrance of the young couple into the Capital was very magnificent. Numbers of triumphal arches almost darkened the streets, and very tasteful pictures of cats were not only put in every arch to delight the eyes of the Princess, but one of the triumphal arches was ingeniously made of a concatenation of stuffed cats, that looked as if they were chasing each other. There were cats in all the windows, but generally these behaved very badly and squalled, probably from a very unnecessary fear of falling down. This universal *miauling* was so remarkably piercing and loud, that the little children were terribly frightened, and added their screams to the prevailing melodies. The royal pointers, greyhounds and watch-dog, that ran forward of the carriages, and the dogs of the citizens who were attracted by curiosity into that street like other spectators, saw and heard this countless number of their natural enemies with the greatest amazement, and fell into a strong commotion. Some sprang barking to the right and left, others dashed against the walls of the houses in their rage, and the rest yelped in imitation, or from sympathy.

This obstreporous conversation between the dogs and cats, made it exceedingly difficult to understand a single human word. Some spectators who wished to restore the former respectful silence, cried: "Away with the dogs!" others, on the contrary, cried: "Away with the cats!" And their zeal helped

to raise such a tumult of discords, that even the horses began to shy. They were obliged to hold them, particularly under the principal arch in the middle of the city, where a magistrate *en corps* (meaning bodily) was to give an excellent speech, of his own preparation, upon the rapture of the people.

He placed himself opposite the princely pair, who sat in the state carriage, and began his speech. But the screaming, barking, mewing and halloing were such, that he perceived he must exert his organs of speech to the utmost, or all his fine remarks, and extraordinary similes about flowers, and so forth, would all be lost. Fortunately, he was a very strong man, and not wanting in voice, it having been exercised for twenty years in the Council-Hall. He actually did out-scream the dreadful racket, though it turned his face the color of a cherry. The nervous Princess in the carriage, in anguish of soul, put her fingers in her ears, and Nicodemus swore to the right and left out of the boot. As not a word of this was heard in the universal outcry, the people thought that the Prince was expressing his thanks for the love of his faithful subjects, and there arose a joyful huzza, and cries of "Long life to the Pair." In the papers and journals of that day was written an account of the enthusiasm of the people, the warm acknowledgments of the Father of the Country, and the deep emotion manifested by the Princess, who did in fact begin to cry, finding she could obtain no relief. This declaiming, or rather screaming, civil officer took the greater part of these precious tears as a consequence of his very affecting speech, and addressing himself especially to the Princess, inserted a comparison between herself and the goddesses of high Olympus, and did not stop until he had arrived happily at the end of the last phrase.

Then the princely carriage rolled off to the Castle at a full gallop. Everybody's ears rung for two hours afterwards, particularly those of the nervous Princess. Her ears were so sensitive that no one dared to speak aloud to her, or make use of more than whispers; and her great sorrow was the being obliged to be present that evening at a concert in the Court-Chapel. Out of a tender regard for his young wife, Nicodemus had forbidden the Chapel-Master to use any wind instruments, even

a flute. Yet this did not quiet her, and she told the Chancellor in confidence, that if the concert must take place, she would be much obliged to him if he would persuade the Chapel-Master to play so low that it could scarcely be heard.

Jack Steam was ready to do it, but the Chapel-Master made a strong resistance to a constant *Pianissimo;* and everybody knows that artists have their peculiarities. He promised to have the instruments tuned before the princely pair appeared, that their Highnesses' ears might be spared all unavoidable and disagreeable discords. He also promised to make another selection of pieces which might be soft enough, but he would not give up a rather noisy and brilliant overture, which was of his own composition, and from which Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Bassoons, Clarionets, and other Wind Instruments, had already been excluded.

This determination on the part of the immovable Chapel-Master, naturally put the serviceable Chancellor into great embarrassment; but he yet hoped to find some expedient, and did find it. To mitigate the sharp, piercing sounds from the violins, he stealthily went into the orchestra before the arrival of the Court, and rubbed all the fiddle-bows with soap. The Court arrived. The artists of the Chapel entered the orchestra from an ante-room, took their proper places, the Master at the head. He raised his paper wand, and at the first tap, the harmonies of the brilliant orchestra were to be poured forth.

But this time Jack Steam was right; for at the first tap all the fiddle-bows worked actively up and down the violins, but no sound came—a deathlike silence prevailed. The Chapel-Master cast a furious glance at his colleagues, raised his arm again, and signed to them to begin anew, by a deep bend of his body. The violins put themselves in motion, but the second manœuvre was as fruitless as the first. The princely auditory feared that they were struck with deafness, and the suspicion of the Master that he was not obeyed from envy must be forgiven. Full of suppressed rage, he exclaimed in an under tone to the orchestra, "Well! are you going to begin?" And he turned round to look at the fiddlers, raised his arm, made a sign for the third time, whilst the amazed artists, nearly frightened to death

worked away at their violins. And now the Chapel-Master nearly fainted when he saw that the fiddlers were impotent, and that the whole Court were laughing, all but the Prince, who thought a great deal of his choir, and wished to win some honor thereby from his wife. He was quite angry at the speechlessness of the instruments, told the Chapel-Master to go to the devil, and left the Hall with the Princess and the whole Court. The cause of the three fruitless attempts on the brilliant overture could not long remain a secret. Jack Steam had blabbed himself. Perhaps the Princess with weak nerves would have been his grateful intercessor, had she not learned at the same time that the influence of Jack Steam had raised the triumphal arches and cat-gates; and also, that he was the principal cause of the dreadful cat-squalling, for which she asserted she never could forgive him in her life. Therefore, the fall of the Chancellor was unavoidable. The Princess, in one of her caprices, requested him to leave the Court, and the Prince, to satisfy both himself and his wife, ordered him out of the country.

Jack Steam, whose evil genius was now uppermost, scratched his head, and sighed, "Ingratitude is the reward of the world!" packed his things, and, wrapped in his virtues, travelled on to Lalenburg.

JACK STEAM.

A GREAT man is great even in his fall. His descent makes kingdoms tremble. When Alexander died, his immense sway from the mouth of the Danube and the Nile, to the Indus and the Ganges, disappeared in a stream of blood: and the Empire of Charles the Great was scattered when its creator died. And thus did all traces of the state of Lynxcrag disappear, after the fall of the great Jack Steam, for a great war both by land and sea between England and France was a consequence of the resignation of the Chancellor of the order of St. Nimrod. This will be easily seen and proved by the private histories of the

several Courts at that time, but they are too long and tiresome to print here.

The Ex-Chancellor had scarcely left the Capital, when a French extra courier arrived inquiring for Jack, as he wished to deliver him a package. This attracted some attention, as Germany was not on good terms with France at that time. Prince Nicodemus was informed of the arrival of the extra courier, and the enemies of the banished Jack Steam intimated that very possibly he had a treacherous correspondence with the French crown. Nicodemus thought it very probable—for he well understood the character of Jack Steam, the busy-body, and gave orders for the arrest of the extra courier, who had already departed; but he was caught and brought back again. He did not deny his being acquainted with Jack Steam; but no one would believe that the package which he had brought for him, was, as he asserted, a peruke of the newest fashion, bought at a great city, to oblige Jack Steam, and now sent on to Lalenburg.

A request was therefore transmitted to the magistrate of that city, that he should forward the box and forthwith arrest the Chancellor, for there were probably traces of a great conspiracy against the Holy Roman Empire within the package. The Magistrate of Lalenburg eagerly obeyed; but his curiosity forced him to open the box, that he might see himself the traces of this tremendous conspiracy. The majestic Algonquin-Peruke set the wits of the Councillors on a stretch, to ascertain in what dangerous relations this hairy creation stood to the Holy Roman State. A long debate ensued.

The extra courier might make as much noise as he liked about the haste and importance of his commission; wait he must, until the matter was concluded. They found nothing on him but a package of most beautiful sables and ermine, with a letter from the Keeper of the Wardrobe to his Majesty, the King of France. But the King had personally ordered the costly ermine and sable which he had promised his mistress, on New Year's day, for it was the most recent Parisian fashion for ladies. Until then the wife of the English ambassador had had the pleasure of wearing the finest ermine before the eyes of the whole Court. New Year's day came, and no extra courier. It was in vain that the King

put the Keeper of the Wardrobe into the Bastile to justify himself in the eyes of his capricious mistress. She cried with rage, that on New Year's day the proud Englishwoman would surpass her in magnificence, and would not grant the monarch the least favor. The King was in the greatest consternation, but received no hope of mercy, until he promised to make the haughty Englishwoman leave France. Opinions had been equally divided in the Cabinet on the question of war with England, on account of some unanswered claims. The King now decided for "War," and the English Ambassador had to leave Paris immediately, and of course the lady with costly furs went also. Blood flowed in streams, both by land and by sea. States were lost and won in battle; some were even annihilated, as was the case with Lynxcrag; for, when the courier had justified himself, he arrived too late at Paris: but, having explained the cause of his detention, the fall of the house of Lynxcrag was sworn—and the oath kept.

These tears, wars, streams of blood and unsettling of kingdoms, were solely caused by the fall of the great Jack Steam. Had he remained the favorite of the Prince, he would have explained the origin of the peruke, without being suspected and accused of bearing no love to his Fatherland.

THE BUSY-BODY.

Jack Steam, as I said before, took his way to Lalenburg, but thousand-tongued rumor had announced his disgrace even before his arrival. The worldly-wise burgomasters immediately took down the silhouette of the Ex-Chancellor from the Assembly Hall, and came to the conclusion of never giving the surname of Great to a mortal in his life-time, or to erect memorials of him, such as obelisks, statues, silhouettes, pyramids, and so forth. No Lalenburger would now own that he had ever courted Jack Steam; all the city-councillors denied having sent deputations to him; every one declared that their relations with him had never been friendly; they wrote libels and satiri-

cal songs about the "Ex-Great Man." Now they all called him the small man, and many found him so small, that they could not remember whether they had ever known him or not.

Jack Steam must have been really surprised at the short memory of the Lalenburgers, for on arriving at his native town, everybody stared at him as if they knew nothing of him, and he were an utter stranger to them. This did not annoy him, particularly as he noticed that the damsels had the longest memories. He therefore said something sweet to all of them, and promised each that she should be the lady-mayoress when he became mayor, and a girl does not forget that so easily. He mentioned the mayoralty because the officiating officer had shortly previous broken his neck one night by falling into a grave-pit, to which he had delayed putting a new balustrade instead of the old rotten one which stood on its steep sides. The "blessed dead" had strongly opposed a renewal of the balustrade, partly upon the ground of economy, and partly for the reason that from as long ago as could be remembered no one had ever fallen into the grave.

Without doubt, in the choice of chief-burgomaster,* they would have proceeded as usual, had not the command arrived from Lynxcrag to arrest the Ex-Chancellor, and deliver up the treacherous peruke. For greater safety they bound poor Jack Steam with chains and cord, and had him watched day and night in his own house, by fifty-seven men, armed with long spikes; two or three of these were placed wherever there were holes in the wall; for instance, at the window or door—even at those of the cellar and roof. This was a lucky thought of Secretary Sulks, and it took up the entire time of the assembled citizens, so that all else was forgotten.

In the mean time Prince Nicodemus was fully persuaded of the innocence of the Ex-Chancellor when he saw the Peruke. His old liking for him revived, and he not only sent back the massive curly head-piece with an obliging note, but left him free to choose any boon as an indemnification for his imprisonment.

Soon as this was rumored in Lalenburg a new difficulty

* Chief-burgomaster and mayor are the same.

arose, for they all feared that Jack Steam would, out of revenge, request the heads and necks of those who had used him harshly, if not the destruction of all Lalenburg. The fifty-seven guards ran away spear in hand; the smiths, locksmiths, and riveters on the contrary, rushed with hammers, nippers, and crowbars, that they might be the first to loosen the prisoner. Five and twenty virgins declared without secrecy, that they were the affianced brides of the princely favorite; a deputation arrived from the Council with excuses for their proceedings: the decree against great men was repealed—the Steamian silhouette replaced in the Council Chamber; and Secretary Sulks, strongly supported by Town-Major Knoll, was the first who recommended himself to the favor of the great man, by publicly proposing him for Mayor.

Fickleness among the people, who to-day shout Hosanna! and to-morrow crucify him! was indigenous in Lalenburg, as it is in all ages, and in all nations. With the mass it arises from ignorance,—from thoughtlessness in some; and in others, who have not yet been aroused to better feelings, or in whom these feelings have perished—from egotism and selfishness. It must be owned that the Republic of Lalenburg was neither composed of Greeks, nor of capricious French; but of a respectable, knowing, inflexible, and pedantic race. Where there was a question of property, money-making or bargaining, you could say of the Lalenburgers that they were very wise in such things —though they knew nothing else. Selfishness was, therefore, the principal cause of their fickleness, instead of arising as it does with other people, from heroism, pride, insolence, or even humility and cowardice.

Jack Steam was the greatest man of his century in Lalenburg, because he was an entire exception to all their rules, for he understood the people, and knew how to manage them. In quiet times the gentlemen of the Council would swell with importance, nor step aside for any big ox—they thought themselves almost immortal; but if there was the smallest aspect of danger, they mistook gnats for elephants, and would humble themselves, and fawn, even doing mean things—when they could be done safely. Jack Steam understood them, and took measures accordingly.

JACK STEAM.

His first measure was hanging the broad and great order of Nimrod about him, as the bell rung for the meeting of the Council voters. He knew that in well-constituted Republics—at least in that of Lalenburg, a piece of ribbon in the button-hole has quite as much effect as in a Monarchy. A man with the ribbon could not be allowed to sit in any but the best places, for otherwise they would offend the prince of Lynxcrag His second measure was to don the immense Algonquin Peruke, which rolled down like a cloud from his crown to his breast, and far down his back, turning half of his agreeable person into a head-piece.

As he walked towards the Council-Hall with studied steps, all the windows flew open, chatterers stopped talking, and hats and caps were respectfully taken off. He inspired such universal reverence that none of the councillors dared to walk beside him, but in their great politeness went about one step behind him. They also gave to his ribbon, his state peruke, and himself—the most distinguished seat on the first bench, and with so many ceremonies, bows and foot scrapings, that three chairs were thrown down, and several members of the Council had their corns violently trodden upon, which increased the universal emotion, particularly in the last mentioned gentlemen. He who was then officiating in the capacity of Mayor asked Jack Steam to offer his opinions upon the present important choice for that office.

After taking several very modest attitudes, Jack Steam made a low bow and said: "He felt exceedingly sorry that they had put him in such an embarrassing situation as that of first speaker, for he was wanting in knowledge, eloquence, and experience. It was better for him to be silent in this assembly, that he might hear and learn. There was not a soul there who did not surpass him in the necessary qualifications for discoursing, and therefore he begged leave to decline the honor of speaking first." But the Lalenburgers overwhelmed him with praise, regretted naught but his extreme modesty, and seven times begged

him to speak because he had six times begged to be excused. This see-sawing of compliments; this humble refusal of an offer which a man is glad to get, was a mere piece of formality in Lalenburg, or rather of genuine good-breeding.

Now the tongue of the noble Jack Steam began to run. Ten minutes he occupied in giving them their titles, ten minutes more in declaring his incompetency to speak; then dilated upor the virtues of the "blessed dead" whose place was now to be filled, and of the qualities which the first magistrate of a Republic should possess.

"To rule," said he, "is a great art, and that art consists in destroying nothing! Can man better that which God has already made? The watch goes of itself when it is wound up, but touch not the wheels! Does the peasant sow the field?—the seed will come up of itself if he does not inconsiderately dig the ground over. The love of novelty has ruined the oldest states;—he who runs must some time come to an end, he who would not come to an end, had better keep quiet. Thus did our glorious ancestors, O Lalenburgers, and thus must we do.

"All this nonsense of the ministers and metaphysicians of the present day is of no use. Are thrones any the more secure? No, they totter the more. Therefore stick to old customs. New customs are like new wine, they need fermenting, but old customs are like old wine, strong, sweet, and clear. Therefore the most stupid of old customs is better than the wisest of new customs. Let us now remain as we are, in spite of them; like the very beasts. Mankind die as much where there are doctors and an apothecary, as where neither is to be found. In fact they die sooner, for the doctor and the apothecary seek to better and mend the natural order of things for money's sake. Beware of the faculties! Blessed are the poor in spirit, for in their simplicity they see more than those who are blinded by wisdom.

"Thus thought our ancestors. Rome and Greece have perished, and Lalenburg yet stands. It is with states as with man—bright children do not live long—and the minister causes their downfall. But everything will finally go well if we do not advance too quickly, for Nature likes no leaping. What does

not happen to-day may happen to-morrow. If the apple is ripe, it falls to the ground, and needs no plucking from the tree.

"Things that are forgotten are new, and a novelty excites zeal, especially when that novelty has been an old friend. Running does not aid one's progress. He who does the least, has in fact accomplished the most. Preserve us from too much government! Whom God loves is known by his sleep. The principal duty of Rulers is to create respect for all the laws, even the worst of them, and if you would have men look with honor on your laws, you must make yourselves respected. From this arises the necessity of outward display, pomp and magnificence with which Kings, Emperors, Princes, and ministers surround themselves. A serious imposing demeanor is more necessary in a Republic than wisdom itself, and a good peruke more effective than a good head. For this reason it has been said in the common law of Lalenburg, from time immemorial, that burgomasters and secretaries must wear perukes, —and all. Dress makes the man!

"In free states, the most efficient mode of action is secrecy or mystery. It increases a man's own importance, a proper respect for the office and the honor of the state. A wise minister will always have his head and his heart full of secrets—or at least the appearance of it, since a bucket of water falls to the ground when it contains nothing. There is no harm done by telling the whole in confidence, if it only seems as if the best part were reserved. We are all masters in this art, and thence the fame of Lalenburg.

"Talking and chattering about state secrets, must of course be allowed in the Council Hall; but no blabbing in print. God created a mouth for man, but no printing-press. Nothing is more injurious to our reputation than this wicked instrument which exhibits our ——— and our misdeeds to the whole world. Wise Princes have nearly cracked their skulls over the censorship of the press; we will be yet wiser, and forbid the printing of books or newspapers in our Republic, unless it be a prayer-book or a hymn-book, a new year's ode, or an occasional marriage poem. It is certain that the more severity we show all impious publications, the sooner will riots be driven from our

country, and the less we print about ourselves, I am sorry to say —for we are very modest,—the more will be written and printed abroad in praise of the Lalenburgers. This cannot be helped and therefore must be endured; we will therefore play the press-gang a trick and not read their publications: thus we shall keep our self-respect."

Jack Steam continued in the same strain for some time. As the others knew it all by heart, they yawned until their eyes closed, but when their turn came to speak, they were inexhaustible in their praises of the great man who had spoken first, praised his deep understanding, and added the modest remark, that he had spoken exactly what they were going to say.

THE BUSY-BODY.

And that same day Jack Steam was nominated and elected Consul of the Republic. He begged the councillors with tears to take back their votes and elect a more worthy man. But they paid no attention to this, for they all knew, that these tears and this humility were only a part of the usual ceremonies of the inauguration.

Now began the most brilliant epoch in the life of the great Jack Steam, or Jack Steam the Busy-Body as his contemporaries preferred calling him. For he was the life of all Lalenburg, was everywhere in a twinkling, and settled everything whether it would or not. In all love affairs, there was Jack Steam; in all quarrels, there was Jack Steam; in all mistakes, there was Jack Steam; and if a secret became known to the whole world, Jack Steam was first in the business.

On the day of the election, he was invited to twenty-five places as the guest of as many betrothed damsels, he was————but the historian shrinks from the gigantic undertaking of becoming the Plutarch of this hero. The reader must at least allow the Plutarch to take fresh breath, that he may write with greater vigor hereafter.

FLORETTA:

OR

THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.

FLORETTA,

OR

THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.

I.—THE YOUNG PRINCE OF BEARN.

At Nerac, a graceful little place in Gascony, there was a grand feast, or rather a general festival, inasmuch as the King of France, Charles IX., with the whole of his magnificent retinue, was there on a visit to the Court of Navarre. At least it is so written down at this very day in the old chronicle of Nerac, and was about the year of our Lord 1566.

There was good ground for the visit. For the King of France brought to the Queen of Navarre her young son Henry, who, until now, had been reared at the Court of Paris. The Queen wished him henceforth to be with her. One may easily imagine with what joy the mother once more clasped the child to her breast. The Queen, as we know, was named Joanna, and was not only a tender mother, but a true heroic woman. Indeed the whole world knows how she comported herself when this dearly beloved child Henry, was born. At that time, her father, Henry of Albret, King of Navarre, stepped to her bed-side, carrying in his hand a gold box, attached to a long gold chain, and said, "Look now, daughter mine! Sing me at thy lying-in a right cheerful Gascon song, and this with all that is in it shall be thine." And she sang as soon as the child appeared. Then he immediately placed the gold chain round her neck and gave her the box. "But," said he, and took the

new-comer in his arms, "on that account I hold *him* here;" the mother, on the other hand, would not allow the child to be taken.

Now, Henry was larger; in fact, though only fifteen years old, we might have easily mistaken him for eighteen, he had shot up so tall. The flax was scarce on his chin, and his face was like milk and blood, but his heart was like a well tried sword, and his hands were hard and strong from the use of weapons and every vigorous labor. In fact, he was a mettlesome fellow, a right roving blade, who could run, hunt, fight, dance, and clamber about the hills and rocks like a Chamois. His tutor and master, the sage Lagaucherie, had as much as he could do with him; yet the young Prince was so loveable, so intellectual, so good-hearted, they could not do otherwise than humor him. And when a little impetuous, if he was reminded of Duty and Honor, those two little words would make him as gentle as a lamb. This is saying a great deal of a young man who had a kingdom for an inheritance. For in these days the two words Duty and Honor will scarcely bring the son of an ordinary tradesman into obedience.

The people at Nerac for this reason preferred the wild, handsome, good Henry, to the pomp and majesty of the King of France. For what is it after all to see horses and coaches, and gilded outriders, and guards, and footmen and lackies with all their pride? We might rather run after the saddlers, the tailors, the wheel-wrights, the lace-makers, and other people of that sort, for one might possibly learn something of their trades. People who are themselves respectable, look with the most pleasure upon him *who deserves the most honors;* not upon him *who wears the most.* The respectable people of Nerac consequently looked with greater pleasure upon the promising Prince of Bearn, the young Henry, than on the King. This one went along always very seriously and majestically, and scarcely thanked them when they greeted him; but Henry smiled kindly on all sides, and cheerfully returned their greetings. And his smile was uncommonly full of fascination. At least so testified all the young ladies and maidens of Nerac unanimously and with knowing looks. In such matters young ladies without contro-

versy, are the most accomplished connoisseurs, or rather natural judges.

In the train of the King also were many young lords, beautiful, spirited and brave men: for example, the young Duke of Guise, three years older than the Prince of Bearn. Everybody liked the Prince, however, because he made himself agreeable to them. This the young Duke well knew; it often mortified him, and he was, probably, not the best disposed in the world towards the son of the King of Navarre. They had grown up together play and school companions; still they did not take much to each other. The King of France was continually called upon to settle their little difficulties. It was well, therefore, that they should be separated, and Henry remain with his mother. Even before his absence from Nerac he had given some trouble in this respect.

II.—THE CROSS-BOW SHOOTING.

Among other sports a shooting with the cross-bow was held. The King himself was a good shot. With sorrow be it said that he was so. For men know how, six years after the festival at Nerac, at the bloody marriage in Paris, he shot at his own Huguenot dependents. At Nerac, he tried his skill more innocently. For a pomegranate, fastened up at a distance which had been measured off, was the mark.

When a king or prince takes pleasure in being the best in any act, men do not lightly presume to prove that they are better in it than he. It so happened here. No courtier ventured to hit the golden fruit with his arrow, lest he should rob the King of the honor, or rather the delusion, that he was the best shooter under the sun. Thus great lords, poor fellows, are always deceived, and men secretly laugh at them behind their backs. The Duke of Guise was also an excellent shot; but not the less a most excellent courtier. Naturally his shaft flew far aside from the beautiful pomegranate. Many spectators, both male and female, came from the castle as well as from the village to see

the sport; all gracefully drest. The good people believed in real earnest that the King was a master at cross-bow shooting, for he had *almost* hit the pomegranate with his arrow. But they did not yet understand the courtly mode of handling the bow.

Now they cried out; "The Prince of Bearn!" Then came young Henry with his cross-bow, aimed, and cleft the golden mark in two with his arrow at the first stroke. The spectators murmured simultaneous applause; the beautiful spectatresses, smiling, whispered in each other's ears, I know not what. But the King was not altogether satisfied: he looked dark and almost gloomy.

According to the rules of the game, Henry should now begin again and shoot first at the new pomegranate. On the contrary, the King thought, I am yet King! and would not give up the honor of the first shot, and said: "We must proceed in regular order." Henry said: "By all means, according to rule!" But Kings, particularly when they are a little angry, are not in the rule of keeping any rules. Then, as Henry would have taken his place and aim, the King pushed him back quite rudely. This ought not to be thought evil in him, for he was young, and indeed only about the age of the Prince of Bearn. But Henry, by nature a hot-headed creature, sprang back a few steps from the enclosure, stretched the sinew of his bow, laid a bolt upon it, and aimed at the King.

His majesty, greatly frightened, ran quickly back, and placed himself behind the thickest of his courtiers. The stout man, who in imagination already felt the arrow in his paunch, cried murder! and drew his hands, as far as he could, before his belly. Henry, although he was somewhat irritated, could not, at the sight of the stout man, who stood like a tottering wall before the King, keep from laughing, and he laughed aloud. The maidens of Nerac, when they saw the young Prince laughing so immeasurably, began to giggle, and the old ladies did the same. Laughter, like crying, is among females exceedingly contagious. And as Eve formerly seduced Adam to a little dainty indulgence, she now seduced the men to laugh. All laughed; but the courtiers knew hardly what face they ought properly to assume on the occasion. The King, however, was

disposed to laugh, quite as little as his stout bulwark and defender. "Take away the Prince of Bearn!" he cried.

Fortunately the wise Lagaucherie, Henry's tutor, was present. He took his pupil by the arm and led him into the castle. Henry's laugh was heard until he was lost in the distance.

This little spat between Charles and Henry was settled as soon as they understood themselves, and so it led to no subsequent contests. Henry was a thoughtless youngster who must make an apology and let the matter drop.

III.—THE ROSE ON THE ARROW.

On the following day there was another shooting with the crossbow, at gold pomegranates. All the archers came, all the maidens came, all the wives came, also the men. The spectators were now more numerous than before. For they hoped they would be able to laugh all day long. But he who came not was the King. He remained under some pretence at the palace; probably he had important public business.

This time they all shot better than they had done yesterday. The people of Nerac could not comprehend how the court had become altogether so skilful in a night. All the pomegranates were struck. The mark was set up at a greater distance. Even there the same fortune attended them. Especially the Duke of Guise showed himself a master. He aimed at the farthest pomegranate and split it.

It was vexatious to Henry that there were no more pomegranates. He would gladly have had another trial for mastery with his young competitor. He looked on every side to find something that would do for a mark. He saw among the spectators a young maiden about as old or as young as himself, a beautifully formed child of fifteen. She stood there in simple dress, her sweet face half shaded by her hat, charming as love, harmless as innocence.

Henry sprang hastily towards the little Venus of Nerac. He would not indeed have chosen her as the mark for his arrow;

but the rose which she wore in her breast. It was a rose like the maiden herself, its charms but half-unfolded, and its deep red mouth delicately fringed with the pale leaves. Henry begged the flower, and stretched forth his hand to the youthful bosom which it adorned. The little Venus reddened, and smiling gave him her image. He ran with it to the mark, placed the rose there, and then back to the shooting place.

"Now, Duke, you are conqueror. There is a new mark. To you belongs the first shot!" Thus cried Henry breathlessly, and sucked the blood from his wounded finger, which he had pricked with a thorn from the rose. The finger pained him not half so much as—he knew not himself what or why! Then looked he sidewise to the lowly original of the rose, from whom his sweet sorrow had come.

Guise drew, aimed—the arrow flew—and failed. Then Henry advanced, bent his bow, aimed, and glancing first sidewise over his arm, whence his sorrow came, and then at the rose, let the missive fly. The arrow pierced the heart of the flower.

"You have won!" said Guise. But the young Prince of Bearn wished to examine closely, and ran to the mark. He drew the arrow from the plank. The pierced rose sat as fast there as if it had been on its own stalk. He flew with it to the artless maiden, to return her the plundered flower. With a gentle bow he offered to his Beauty, the rose and the victorious arrow also.

"Your gift gave me fortune," said he.

"But your fortune was the misfortune of the poor rose," replied the little one, while she sought with her tender fingers to free the flower from the arrow.

"I willingly leave you, as an atonement, the guilty arrow!"

"I have no need of that!" replied the maiden.

"I believe it truly! You wound with a sharper arrow than this," added Henry, and looked upon the beautiful innocent who stood abashed before him, and as she raised her eyes to him, faltered and blushed. He blushed as well as she, and unconsciously held his hand before his breast, as if he would preserve that from the

misfortune of the Rose. He could not muster a single word more, and therefore bowed and went back to the archers.

The play was over. The shooters returned to the palace which lay in the dark green plain that sloped gradually down to the shores of the Blaize. The spectators separated. The young maiden, with the pierced rose on the arrow which had been given her, also went away, attended by her companions. Her playmates prattled a good deal, and even envied the little one on account of the arrow. The little one was very dumb and observed only the pierced flower; and in it she saw her own heart pierced.

As the archers stood upon the steps of the castle, Henry looked again at the assemblage, who were now rapidly disbanding. And among the spectators he sought one person. But she was not to be recognized.

"Who is that little pretty maiden from whom I stole the rose?" said he to a nobleman of his mother, the Queen Johanna.

"She is the daughter of the castle gardener," answered the nobleman, "and does honor to the vocation of her father as well as herself by her name."

"What is she called?"

"Floretta is her name now, but when she is older, it will be Flora."

"Floretta!" said Henry, scarcely knowing what he said. He once more looked round, although he knew there was nothing to be seen.

IV.—THE SPRING OF LA GARENNE.

Henry had often in his lifetime heard the word *love*, and how, without being deaf, could he have escaped hearing it at the court of Paris? But he understood it as little as he understood Arabic or Chaldee, of which he had probably been informed that there were such things extant in the world. Meanwhile he learned love more easily than Arabic, and in later years was more versed therein than was often advantageous to his fame. It is well known that the battles and the victories, by which he

afterwards gained the crown of France, are not so hard to be numbered as his intrigues and their consequences. Even at the present day they sing of the beautiful Gabrielle D'Estres, of the enchanting Henriette De Balzac D'Entragues, of Jacqueline De Beuil, of Charlotte des Essarts and others, who scattered roses along the thorny path of Henry the Great. Yet of all whom he ever loved, none was like Floretta of Nerac; none more beautiful? No, I could not say that without giving pain to poets and other women, for every one has liberty of conscience in this article of faith. No, none was more lovely, if loveliness is raised in degree in proportion as it becomes worthy of the sincerest affection.

Such was Floretta. With the pierced rose her heart was pierced; and as Henry gave her the arrow, the flaming look of her dark, beautiful eyes, full of sweet revenge, threw another arrow into his unprotected breast.

Thus misfortune began with these children, though neither of them yet knew what had happened to them. Floretta, during the whole day, could not awake from the dream of the moment when he stood before her with the arrow, and the whole night she could not sleep. Henry, as soon as he was free from the castle, ran round the garden and observed all the flowers with great care and attention, in order to discover by their beauty whether Floretta had planted or watered any of them. One might have fancied that he would become a botanist, when he was seen standing thoughtfully before the flower beds, with his hands locked in each other. He would much rather, however, have become a gardener at the side of Floretta. Or if we had seen him sauntering slowly, with his head sunk and his eyes turned towards the ground, along the wide walks between the flower beds, one might reasonably have conjectured that he was some young chemist in search of the Philosopher's stone. He was seeking, however, in the sands of the garden walks the light foot-prints of the artless child.

It made him tremble when, at the end of the garden, near the spring of La Garenne, he discovered footsteps which could only belong to her. He had not, it is true, seen Floretta's feet, much less measured them; but Henry had a nice eye and fine com-

parison, as in after years he proved on many a battle field. And as he followed the trace he went through the bushes to a wooden bridge across the quiet brook of Blaize. On the other side of the water stood a little white elegant house. Now he very much wanted to inquire who this house belonged to or who lived in it. But there was no one there to tell him,—except his arrow with the rose which stood at the window, in one of the rooms of the little house. He started as if there was something terrible at the window, and turning round quickly ran back into the garden, his heart beating all the while, though he was followed by nobody.

In the evening he went again to the garden. Twilight had already come on, but he kept a sharp look-out. And he saw in the distance, at the spring of Garenne, a maiden neither larger nor smaller than Floretta. She drew a bucket of water, and heaving it on her head, carried it through the bushes and over the bridge of the Blaize to the little house.

Then he was haunted all the evening by an image before his eyes. At the palace in the evening an informal ball was given, and the princesses, ladies and lords all danced. But no young woman danced so beautifully as in Henry's imagination danced the garden-maid, with the bucket on her head, through the bushes along the steep rocks. And when he himself took part in the dance he looked less upon his partner than upon the door, where the spectators were gathered. But he looked there quite in vain.

V.—THE GARDENER.

THE next day Henry went very early to the castle garden. He wandered with his spade upon his shoulder, to the spring of Garenne. For it was rude and uncultivated about the spring, probably because no one went there, except such as wished to draw water. The spring was too remote, and only convenient to the house of the gardener. On that account, perhaps, it was particularly pleasant to the young Prince of Bearn.

He dug and dug, a broad circle in the green sod about the spring. The sweat rolled from his brow. And when he became weary and thirsty, he went to the spring, which ever sparkled silver bright, to drink. When his lips were wet by the cool water, he thought to himself that no wine had ever tasted so pleasant. Without a doubt, Floretta must some time have drunk from the same fountain. He returned from his labor to the castle; and there he sat down dejectedly in his dark-green chamber to look out of the narrow and high-pointed window.

Now, if he had remained where he was a quarter of an hour longer, he would have had an observer of his toils, for Floretta came to the spring. And as she descried the broad circle dug in the grass, with the borders for new flower-beds, she thought—"Father must have been up very early; or has he suffered his workmen to do this?"

When she returned home and asked old Lucas about it, he was greatly surprised, and knew nothing of the matter. He betook himself to the spring of Garenne, and saw the work, and said with some anger, "My men have done that without my orders." And he called the workmen and scolded them. But no one would own to having done it. This puzzled old Lucas's brains, for he could not conceive who would dare to usurp his function in the garden of the castle. He resolved, therefore, to stand upon the watch. He watched faithfully all day, but he did not watch to any purpose.

For the royal family had gone to a neighboring castle, and did not get back till late in the evening. The next morning there was a little festival from which the young prince did not dare to be absent. Therefore, he took advantage of the earliest hour after sunrise for gardening; he dug and raked over the beds; he took the flower-stalks, where they stood too thick, and planted them around the Garenne spring. Nobody saw him, but what was sadder, he saw nobody,—at least, that he wanted to see. He returned, therefore, by the nearest path to the castle. But strange to say, this nearest path led him a long circuit around the castle, past a certain pretty little house. Then he peeped towards a certain window, merely to see a certain arrow. Oh! how it terrified him to the heart; for by the window stood a certain little

maiden, and the window was open, and the whole Heaven was open !

Floretta stood at the open window, and bound the long tresses of her black beautiful curls about her head. Her young bosom was uncovered, her white neck glittered like snow beneath the dark locks of her silken hair. In the window lay flowers, with which she probably designed to deck her hair, or her hat, or her breast. Henry hailed the window in a friendly voice, and Floretta sent down a friendly reply. Henry jumped up upon a bench, and in that way was almost as tall as Floretta, before whom close to the window he stood.

A deep red flushed her angel-face and her alabaster neck. He asked, " can I help you dress ?" She asked, " are you up so early, young Lord." He considered that it was not so very early, and she considered that she had no need of his help. He thought particularly that she needed no other ornament than her own self to be very beautiful ; and she thought that he was a great joker, which was not at all civil in him just then. He observed that he had never in his life spoken a truer word than now ; for since she had given him the rose, he had not forgotten her for one moment. She observed that it was rather a cheap price whereby to render one's self unforgetable. He regretted that he had given back the rose ; rather would he have kept it as an amulet ; and she regretted that the flowers lying before her were so poor ; still she would give him all, willingly, if that would yield him any pleasure. He maintained, whilst he stuck some of the flowers in his breast, that the poorest were made worthy by the giver. And she now maintained, that the flowers were in reality right beautiful, since he had disposed them there.

Thus they considered, and thought and observed, and regretted and maintained, these two little people, about a great many things, till old Lucas called Floretta to the next chamber. The maiden bowed with a sweet smile to the young prince and vanished. Henry went from there to the castle. But he did not tread upon the earth. And when he came into the castle, he found that they had already been asking after him ; but he was utterly indifferent to that.

VI.—THE WATCHING.

At noon, when old Lucas came from the castle garden to his dinner, he said, "Who plays me these tricks? The strange gardener has been at work again, the beds are well laid out, levelled and enclosed, and some are set out with flowers. I have watched the whole morning, but as before to no purpose. There is something wrong in the business. He must labor at night by the light of the stars."

In the evening, as Floretta went to the spring, with her pail, it occurred to her that perhaps the young prince was the gardener: for it was nearly from that quarter that Henry had come when he approached her from the garden that morning as she stood at the window.

In the evening, too, when the Court returned from its sports, nothing was more agreeable to Henry than to wander about in every part of the garden. He came to the spring—there he found Floretta's hat. He took it, he pressed it to his breast, he kissed it. He plucked in the twilight the most beautiful flowers as he could find them, brought from the castle a handsome sky-blue ribbon, and bound the flowers in an artificial wreath around the hat. Then he sped to the house of the gardener; the windows were closed; all were asleep. He hung the bonnet upon the window.

The next morning, against the custom of the house, and against her own heart, Floretta was up earlier than the sun. For she had concluded in her own mind to give her father pleasure, and discover and unmask the nightly gardener. Moreover, she might have been a little curious on her own account, though this is by no means usual with young maidens. And perhaps there was another thought in her mind, which, as she told it to nobody, nobody ought to know.

When she had dressed herself with the stillest stillness, and opened the window, she saw the hat with the sky-blue ribbon, and the great flower wreath tied round it. Now she first recollected that she had the evening before left her bonnet lying near the

fountain. First she laughed at the ribbon and the wreath, but then her countenance lowered.

"Ah," she sighed, "he has been up earlier than I. He has already been here."

Whom she meant particularly by this *He*, she did not say. She looked again at the flowers, loosened them, stuck them in a vessel of fresh water, rolled the sky-blue ribbon together, and put it away with the rest of her simple ornaments. Thereupon she stepped up into the window, out of the window down upon the little bench, and from the little bench upon the hard ground. It was true, the building had a very palpable door to it, but this was locked, and could not be opened without considerable noise.

And she went over the bridge, and remained standing quite undecided. "I have certainly come too late. He works by star-light, as father guessed. And the stars have already gone and the sun is near his rising. The bushes begin to glow with the red streaks of dawn. Yes, I have come too late." So she thought and determined to return, but she still went slowly forwards from the border of the Baize to the garden.

"But if he should be really here! What would he think of me, coming here so early! Must he not believe that it is on his account? But he shan't believe that! He might—no, I will go home, get my pail as if I came to draw water, and so he shan't think that I have come on his account." So she thought, and again determined to return, but again went slowly forwards towards the spring of Garenne.

Soon she heard the bubbling of the water. Soon she saw the freshly dug garden-beds drawn around the fountain, through the bushes. Yes, she discerned with pleasing surprise a spade in the earth of one of the beds.

"Surely, he can't be far, when his implements are all here. He himself is no more there, else I should see him. Perhaps he has gone to dig up some flowers, in order to transplant them here! I will conceal myself; I will watch him." So thought Floretta, and tripped lightly, gently over the dewy grass behind a high green bank of elms, through the leaves of which, all unobserved herself, she could observe whatever approached the spring.

And as she stood hid, her heart beat violently. For when the

morning breeze gently waved the trees, she believed she saw the motion of some one coming. If a bird hopped or fluttered on the branches, she thought she perceived a walk. But she was always alarmed to no purpose. For she saw no one approach, as sharply and keenly as she threw her eyes about.

VII.—THE SURPRISE.

THEREUPON two hands were laid softly over her eyes, and held them shut; yet they were strange hands, not her own. The poor child was very much frightened. And a voice whispered in her ear, "Now guess, Floretta, who it is?"

She could have guessed very well; for on the strange hands which had been laid over her eyes from behind, she felt a finger-ring. Yet she did not say what she thought, but cried out laughing, "I know you. Thou art Jacqueline, and on this very finger is the ring which Lubin gave you!"

"Thou art wrong!" whispered the voice again behind her: "and as thou hast not guessed, I have the right to punish you." And the lips which whispered that, imprinted a kiss upon Floretta's beautiful neck. The punishment seemed to her in fact to be very irritating, for she wished to release herself suddenly. But she was so encircled, that she could not move.

When she saw her labor in vain, she cried out: "Let me loose, Minette, you bad girl; now I know you. You want to repay me for holding your eyes, when three weeks ago you were in an interesting conversation with Colas."

"Thou art wrong again!" whispered the voice, and the punishment was exchanged this time for three kisses on her gently bowed neck.

Floretta started at every kiss and begged for liberty, but received it not. Yet her liberty was not so important a matter, for why did she not name him, whom she knew? It could have been only from sheer caprice, and pretty girls are at times very capricious. Enough; she drew upon herself, for the third time, a repetition of the punishment, and said: "So it is then no one

else than Rosine Valdes, the worst, most mischievous creature in the whole village or neighborhood, at whom I yesterday threw almonds, through the open window into her room, as she was sitting alone, thinking of, Heaven knows who. How you were frightened at the shower of almonds, as if you supposed Heaven were falling in!"

"Far from the mark!" whispered the voice, and now the kisses on the neck could no more be counted; they followed each other, like the shower of almonds. All of a sudden, Floretta stepped backwards and got her little head loose from her confinement. She turned round. There stood Henry. There stood Floretta. Each smiled at the other. She, however, threatened with her finger, yet modestly and playfully said: "Could I believe that you would have been so rude? Before you, my young lord, we must be on our guard."

He now begged pardon for his boldness: had he not done so, the crime would have been forgiven. But now because he asked for mercy, she quickly concluded that he did not deserve any favor. Then one should have heard what touching words he spoke to soften her heart; then one should have seen how serious and frowning she was, and how she turned herself half away from him, and uttered her sharp words to one side. Then one should have seen how submissively he came a step nearer, and how she retreated a step back: how he clasped his hands, as if to pray to her, and she, with her head bent down, and her fingers on the elm leaves, tore off the buds. At last tears rushed into Floretta's eyes, so deeply grieved was she by his boldness, her voice trembled and seemed to be lost in sobs. Nevertheless he spoke a great deal, and she nevertheless very little, and pretended not to hear him; plucked all the foliage from the nearest tree, and pressed all the leaves which she pulled off in her hands.

When he saw that it was all in vain, he said: "I will go, if my presence is so disagreeable to you, beautiful Floretta! I will go, if you are so unforgiving and cannot pardon a joke. I will go and never come before your presence again. Farewell. But do not let me go, without the consolation that you are not angry with me. Say only the one word, I am not angry!" he sighed, and dropped on his knee before her.

She looked down through her tears, sweetly smiling, at the fine handsome youth; quite dumb but thoughtful. Then the kneeling one, with clasped hands, became too respectful. She could not but laugh, and taking her two hands full of leaves, threw them upon his head, so that he was entirely covered, and then ran quickly away.

He hastened after her. Both were now merry again. "Now, confess to me," said Floretta, "that you have supplanted my father in his office, and made a new garden here."

He readily confessed. "When Floretta comes to the fountain, she shall think of me even against her will. I will surround it with the loveliest flowers, which I can find and buy. Could I buy all the joys of heaven, I would encircle thee with them."

"Very good!" answered Floretta, "but, young sir, my father is not at all pleased with you. You disturb his garden, and transplant the flowers before their time, so that they die. You have not even once watered them."

"Had I only an instrument!"

"That you have twenty steps from here,—there, where the door is open in the grotto, you would have found one, if you had only looked for it a little."

With that they both sprang forward, and found the watering pot. One after the other they watered the flowers, and consulted how the circle around the spring might be beautified.

Thus the time flew, and Floretta hastened again to the house of her father.

VIII.—THE EVENING.

Now the Prince labored every day at his garden plots. It gave him great delight. Lucas helped him. Floretta was also accustomed to walk up and down, give her advice, and in the evening, water the new flowers. Even the Queen Johanna came, and saw what her son was doing. The King of France found little in it to his taste, the Duke of Guise still less; so much the more the Prince of Bearn himself.

In after years indeed he had more various, more brilliant, more luxurious, and more famous amusements: but never sweeter ones than in the simplicity and quiet of his gardener's life, illuminated by the magic of first love. Floretta and Henry regarded each other with the spontaneous joy of innocence. They played with each other like children: and were intimate as brother and sister. They enjoyed the present without seeking to penetrate the future, and their guileless passion knew no bounds. Floretta indeed never thought that she had won the love of the son of a queen. He was her equal. She saw in him only a blooming, strong, spirited youth. In his grey doublet, and simple dress, which he wore in common with the other people of the country, nothing reminded her of his descent nor his elevated destiny. Henry, on the other hand, troubled himself little for the great or the beautiful of the Court. Near Floretta nothing else was beautiful, and in the quiet delight of seeing her, nothing great. His look ever rested upon her finely formed figure, even while he toiled, so that his work was often slack or never came to an end. But who can refrain from admiring the graces? Every limb of her body was a peculiar beauty; every movement and motion was easy; every word full of inexpressible power.

One thing only was wrong to either of them; the days *in* the garden were shorter than the days *out* of the garden. In order to lengthen them, they must call the evening to their help. True, by moonlight or starlight they could not work; but then they could rest, and while resting, pleasantly prattle and chat.

"I shall come at nine o'clock, a little after supper, to the spring!" said Henry softy to Floretta, while he knelt down and planted, "And thou, Floretta?"

"But my father will by that time have gone to bed," she replied.

"And thou, Floretta?" he whispered again, and looked up with an imploring look.

She smilingly nodded her head. "If it is a clear bright evening." At nine o'clock Henry was at the spring of Garenne. But the sky was clouded. Floretta was not there. "If it is a clear, bright evening," she said. "She will not now come," he thought. There was a rustling through the shrubbery. Flo-

retta came with the water pail on her head to the spring. It is always clear and bright to happy love. He took down the bucket. He thanked her, and said a thousand tender words to her; they forgot that the sky was overcast. It was clear in both their bosoms.

Several large drops of rain fell from the clouds. They observed them not. The warm May rain wet them at length more thoroughly, and drove them for refuge to the rock grotto behind the fountain. There they were obliged to remain about half an hour. They bore this little mischance without complaint. As the moon broke through the clouds, they came forward, hand in hand. Henry took the pail full of water upon his head. Floretta walked by his side leaning upon his arm. Thus they went to the house of old Lucas. He was already asleep. Henry gave the bucket to Floretta, who thanked him for his trouble. "Good night, thou sweet Floretta!" he lisped. "Good night, dear friend," lisped she.

IX.—THE WET CAP.

The evenings at the spring never seemed tedious to them. With clear or clouded sky, they never failed to be there at the ninth hour. Thus four weeks of a beautiful spring fled away. Every evening the Prince carried the pail of his love to her house.

Floretta's father never remarked that his daughter, since that first evening, had had such a desire to make her customary visit to the fountain quite late. The wise Lagaucherie, on the other hand, perceived that his royal pupil regularly vanished at a certain hour when darkness approached, and that the top of his cap was wet every evening, let the evening be as dry as it could be. For a long time he could not solve the riddle. The young Prince never spoke of his doings; and Lagaucherie had never asked him. Still the fact impressed him as rather singular, and the wet cap of the young Prince excited his curiosity.

To gratify this, he one evening secretly pursued the night-

wanderer. He followed Henry at such a distance, that he could not easily be discovered by him. He saw him at the spring of Garenne, where he also saw a female form. Both suddenly disappeared. A part of the riddle was solved to the Court tutor. Yet how the cap of the Prince became wet, was still a very great mystery. He had already waited a long time. He drew nearer and nearer; he overheard their whisperings. After a little while, he saw the Prince of Bearn, with a pail full of water on his head, and a girl leaning upon his arm, take his way towards the cottage of the gardener, after which he flew back to the castle.

The Mentor shook his head considerately. He confided his observation privately to the Queen. The mother was embarrassed and indignant. She wished her son to have a severe lecture.

"No, gracious lady," said the wise Lagaucherie, "lectures cannot extinguish a passion. Punishments and reproofs lend them new charms, as obstacles only swell the violence of a stream. Men conquer temptation the easiest by flying from it. We annihilate passions only by removing their nourishment, or supplanting them by nobler."

Thus spake Lagaucherie. The Queen agreed with him in opinion, and discussed the measures that ought to be pursued.

The next morning Lagaucherie went to the Prince, and impressed upon his mind that the world now expected him to become a Doer, that he must prepare himself to rule; and that in all conflicts, whether with the reverses of fate or the propensities of his own mind, he could have but one principle, which was the foundation of all religion and success, *viz. to conquer or die.*

After this introduction Lagaucherie informed him quite accidentally that the Queen with her court would betake themselves the next day to the castle of Pau, where Henry would remain a short time at his birth-place, and then ride over to Bayonne to be a witness of the interview between the King of France and the Queen of Spain.

Henry received the information of his teacher with deep silence. Yet his manner betrayed considerable confusion. Lagaucherie saw this, but made as if he perceived nothing at all of

it. He quietly turned the conversation to other topics, and entertained the Prince with various incidents and narratives, so that he had no time to reflect upon what had frightened him. The Queen, on her side, followed the lead of Lagaucherie. She dwelt upon the magnificent assemblage that there would be at Bayonne; on the festivities that would be observed; and the distinguished personages he would meet. What could Henry reply? That it was not for him to think of such things, but to remain at Nerac. How could he have dared to tell, why the meeting at the spring of Garenne was infinitely more to be prized than the royal interview at Bayonne?

X.—TAKING LEAVE.

No sooner was the evening star in the sky, than the young Prince took his place at the spring of the castle garden. Floretta soon came tripping in: but when he informed her of their near separation, she almost dissolved in grief. Who can picture her despair; or who write down what Henry suffered? Wrapped in each other's arms, they cried and complained, and comforted each other.

"Thou art leaving me now, Henry," said she sobbing. "Now thou wilt forget me. I am alone upon the earth. Now that thou, my sweet life, art gone, nothing remains to me but sweet death."

"But," said he, "I go not for ever. I shall return again. Whose am I, if I am not yours. I am truly not my own, since I am now and for ever thine. What is worth remembrance, if I could forget thee? Thou art the life, of my fondest recollections. When I forget thee, let me forget to breathe."

"Oh Henry, thou returnest never again; and should'st thou return, thou wilt not know Floretta again. I shall fade like the flower without the dew. Thou art my sun; how shall I prosper if thou art vanished?"

"No, Floretta, thou art more fortunate than I. For thee, still remains the play-place of our blessedness—with thee, the spring, with thee, this garden. I live in all these flowers for thee: on

the morrow, when I have lost thee, I shall be driven from Paradise. I shall be in the desert, among thousands of others, but alone. Therefore, shall my longing stretch back to thee more anxiously. Alas! only a single little flower, which has bloomed on the borders of the spring, would transport me when I am far away. When those that are around me shall hate me or only fear, those who are near to thee will love thee. Oh, why art thou so beautiful? Who would not love thee? Others, will idolize thee, others will adore thee, and ah! thou wilt find others more worthy of thy love?"

Thus they talked a long while. Tears, oaths, curses, doubts, consolations followed each other, until the clock in the tower of the castle recalled the Prince, and warned both of them to separate.

Then Floretta grasped the hand of the Prince with deep earnestness, drew it to her heart, and said, "See'st thou this spring of Garenne? There, always there shalt thou find me; always and for ever, as to-day! And, Henry, look; as its unfailing life streams forth from this fountain, so shall my unconquerable love stream forth to thee! Yes, Henry, I can cease to live, but not to love. Thou shalt find me ever, as to-day. Ever there, ever there!"

She fled away. The young Prince tottered through the garden of the castle, sobbing and miserable.

XI.—THE RETURN.

THE distractions of travel had a good effect upon his mind. He conquered his pain. The first fifteen months which followed that last moment at the spring, quite filled his head with other cares. In the tumult of parties which then distracted France, on the field of battle, war awakened the entire activity of his heroic spirit, which afterwards won him so deathless a name. Already, the young hero had become the admiration of brave men, while the noble women at the court of *Catherine de Medicis*

consoled him more perhaps than was necessary, for the loss of Floretta.

The lovely Floretta heard of the fame of her Lover, and how all the world praised him. He was no longer the gardener who planted flowers by her side; he was the warrior, who marched about to earn a laurel-wreath. She had only loved Henry, and not the Prince of Bearn. His brilliant change moved less her admiration than her sorrow. For she heard, too, how the beauties of the court encircled him, while he, all too frivolous, fluttered from one to another.

Floretta had never in the world known or loved but one man; this was Henry. Now she lost, along with her faith in him, her faith in all mankind. But in that she broke her heart. What had come and must come, her reason in vain had foreseen.

Henry, in the midst of his marches, came at last once again to Nerac. Once only Floretta saw the Prince of Bearn with the beautiful Lady of Ayelle, taking a pleasure walk through the gardens and shrubberies of Garenne. She could not resist the desire to meet them on their way.

The sight of Floretta, who, though pale and sorrowful, was even more beautiful in her sorrow than she had been in the flush of her gladness, suddenly revived in the young Prince all the memory of his first love. He was disturbed. The lady at his side, and the nearness of the courtiers, prevented him from yielding to his wishes. The following morning, when he saw old Lucas in the garden, he glided to his house. He found Floretta alone; but the speedy return of her father hindered him from having a long interview with her. He begged for one short hour at the spring of Garenne. She answered, without taking her eyes from her work, "At eight o'clock I shall be there!"

He hastened home. He felt as of old. His whole soul burned for Floretta. He could hardly wait the hour of appointment.

It was dark: the clock had struck eight hours. In order that he might not meet anybody, he went out by a private gate of the town, and sought a foot-path through the bushes, which he well knew. He arrived at the spring. His heart beat violently. Floretta was not yet to be seen. He waited for some time. The rustling of the leaves in the night air several times startled him

with a pleasant alarm. He stretched forth his arms to fly to meet her, and clasp her to his heart. But it was not she. Impatiently he walked back and forth. Then, at a little distance from the spring, he saw something white in the darkness, like a piece of a dress. He ran to it. It was a strip of white paper, tied to an arrow, and a rose which had been pierced. The paper was inscribed, but the darkness of the night prevented him from reading it.

Alarmed, disquieted, in strong agitation, he flew back to the castle and sighed, "Ah! comes she not again? Sends she the arrow back to me, because she loves me no more?"

He read the writing—only these words: "I have promised thee, that thou should'st find me at the spring. Perhaps thou may'st pass by, without seeing me. Look again; thou wilt certainly find me. Thou lovest me no more; therefore I live no more! Oh my God, forgive!"

Henry grasped the meaning of the words. The palace re-echoed with his calls. All hurried in at the cries of the Prince. Several servants with lighted torches went with him to the spring of Garenne.——— ———

Why prolong the sad tale? The corpse of the beautiful maiden was found in the small lake formed by the waters of the spring. It was buried between two young trees. The grief of the Prince knew no bounds.

Henry IV. is still a demigod among the people of France. He accomplished great things. He lived to see a great deal of life; he won much, and he lost much. But a heart, he never again won, so pure and lovely and true as the heart of Floretta; and the painful memory of that angel was what he never lost.

That was the First Love of Henry IV.; that, the only Love. So loved he never again.

NEW YEARS' EVE.

ADVENTURES OF A NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

I.

Mother Kate, the watchman's wife, at nine o'clock on New-Year's eve opened her little window, and put out her head into the night air. The snow was reddened by the light from the window as it fell in silent heavy flakes upon the street. She observed the crowds of happy people, hurrying to and fro from the brilliantly lighted shops with presents, or pouring out of the various inns and coffee-houses, and going to the dances and other entertainments with which the New Year is married to the Old in joy and pleasure. But when a few cold flakes had lighted on her nose she drew back her head, closed the window, and said to her husband, "Gottlieb, stay at home, and let Philip watch for thee to-night; for the snow comes as fast as it can from Heaven, and thou knowest the cold does thy old bones no good. The streets will be gay to-night. There seems dancing and feasting in every house, masqueraders are going about, and Philip will enjoy the sport."

Old Gottlieb nodded his assent. "I am willing, Kate," he said. "My barometer, the old wound above my knee, has given me warning the last two days of a change of weather. It is only right that my son should aid me in a service, to which he will be my successor."

We must give the reader to understand, that old Gottlieb had been a sergeant of cavalry in one of the king's regiments, until he was made a cripple for life by a musket ball, as he was the

first mounting the walls of a hostile fort in a battle for his fatherland. The officer who commanded the attack received the cross of honor on the battle field for his heroism, and was advanced in the service; while Gottlieb was fain to creep homewards on a pair of crutches. From pity they made him a schoolmaster, for he was intelligent, liked to read, and wrote a good hand. But when the school increased they took it away from him to provide for a young man who could do none of these as well as he, merely because he was a godson of one of the trustees. However, they promoted Gottlieb to the post of watchman, with the reversion of it to his son Philip, who had in the mean-time bound himself to a gardener. It was only the good housewifery of Mistress Katharine, and the extreme moderation of old Gottlieb, that enabled them to live happily on the little they possessed. Philip gave his services to the gardener for his board and lodging, but he occasionally received very fine presents when he carried home flowers to the rich people of the town. He was a fresh handsome young fellow, of six-and-twenty. Noble ladies often gave him sundry extra dollars for his fine looks, a thing they would never have thought of doing for an ugly face. Mrs. Kate had already put on her cloak to go to the gardener's house to fetch her son, when he entered the apartment.

"Father," said Philip, giving a hand to both father and mother, "it's snowing, and the snow won't do you much good. I'll take the watch to-night, and you can get to bed."

"You're a good boy," said old Gottlieb.

"And then I've been thinking," continued Philip, "that as to-morrow is New Year's day, I may come and dine with you and make myself happy. Mother perhaps has no joint in the kitchen, and"——

"No," interrutped the mother, "we've no joint, but then we have a pound and a half of venison; with potatoes for a relish, and a little rice with laurel leaves for a soup, and two flasks of beer to drink. Only come, Philip, for we shall live finely to-morrow! Next week we may do better, for the New Year's gifts will be coming in, and Gottlieb's share will be somethin! Oh! we shall live grandly."

"Well, so much the better, dear mother," said Philip; "but have you paid the rent of the cottage yet?"

Old Gottlieb shrugged his shoulders.

Philip laid a purse upon the table.

"There are two-and-twenty dollars that I have saved. I can do very well without them; take them for a New Year's gift, and then we can all three enter on the new year without a debt or a care. God grant that we may end it in health and happiness. Heaven in its goodness will provide for both you and me!"

Tears came into Mother Katharine's eyes as she kissed her son; old Gottlieb said, "Philip, you are the prop and stay of our old age. Continue to be honest and good, and to love your parents, so will a blessing rest on you. I can give you nothing for a New Year's gift, but a prayer that you may keep your heart pure and true—this is in your power—you will be rich enough—for a clear conscience is a Heaven in itself."

So said old Gottlieb, and then he wrote down in an account-book, the sum of two-and-twenty dollars that his son had given him.

"All that you have cost me in childhood is now nearly paid up. Your savings amount to three hundred and seventeen dollars which I have received."

"Three hundred and seventeen dollars!" cried Mistress Katharine, in the greatest amazement—and then turning to Philip with a voice full of tenderness, "Ah, Philip," she said, "thou grievest me. Child of my heart! Yes, indeed thou dost. Hadst thou saved that money for thyself thou might have bought some land with it, and started as gardener on thy own account, and married Rose. *Now* that is impossible. But take comfort, Philip. We are old, and thou will not have to support us long."

"Mother," exclaimed Philip, and he frowned a little; "what are you thinking of? Rose is dear to me as my life, but I would give up a hundred Roses rather than desert you and my father. I should never find any other parents in this world but you, but there are plenty of Roses, although I would have none but Mrs. Bittner's Rose, were there even ten thousand others."

"You are right, Philip," said Gottlieb; "loving and marrying

are not in the commandments—but to honor your father and mother is a duty and commandment. To give up strong passions and inclinations for the happiness of your parents is the truest gratitude of a son. It will gain you the blessing from above:—it will make you rich in your own heart."

"If it were only not too long for Rose to wait," said Mrs. Katharine, "or if you could give up the engagement altogether! For Rose is a pretty girl, that can't be denied; and though she is poor, there will be no want of wooers. She is virtuous and understands housekeeping."

"Never fear, mother," replied Philip; "Rose has solemnly sworn to marry no man but me; and that is sufficient. Her mother has nothing to object to me. And if I was in business and had money enough to keep a wife with, Rose would be my wife to-morrow. The only annoyance we have is, that her mother will not let us meet so often as we wish. She says frequent meetings do no good; but I differ from her, and so does Rose—for we think meeting often does us both a great deal of good. And we have agreed to meet to-night, at twelve o'clock, at the great door of St. Gregory's church, for Rose is bringing in the year at a friend's house; and I am to take her home."

In the midst of such conversation the clock of the neighboring tower struck three quarters, and Philip took his father's great-coat from the warm stove where Katharine had carefully laid it, wrapped himself in it, and taking the lanthorn and staff, and wishing his parents good night, proceeded to his post.

II.

Philip stalked majestically through the snow-covered streets of the Capital, where as many people were still visible as in the middle of the day. Carriages were rattling in all directions, the houses were all brilliantly lighted. Our watchman enjoyed the scene, he sang his verses at ten o'clock, and blew his horn lustily in the neighborhood of St. Gregory's church, with many

a thought on Rose, who was then with her friend. "Now, she hears me," he said to himself; "now she thinks on me, and forgets the scene around her. I hope she won't fail me at twelve o'clock at the church door." And when he had gone his round, he always returned to the dear house and looked up at the lighted window. Sometimes he saw female figures, and his heart beat quick at the sight; sometimes he fancied he saw Rose herself; and sometimes he studied the long shadows thrown on the wall or the ceiling to discover which of them was Rose's and to fancy what she was doing. It was certainly not a very pleasant employment to stand in frost and snow and look up at a window; but what care lovers for frost and snow? And watchmen are as fiery and romantic lovers as ever were the knights of ancient ballads.

He only felt the effects of the frost when, at eleven o'clock, he had to set out upon his round. His teeth chattered with cold; he could scarcely call the hour or sound his horn. He would willingly have gone into a beer-house to warm himself at the fire. As he was pacing through a lonely by-street, he met a man with a black half-mask on his face, enveloped in a fire-colored silken mantle, and wearing on his head a magnificent hat turned up at one side, and fantastically ornamented with a number of high and waving plumes.

Philip endeavored to escape the mask, but in vain. The stranger blocked up his path and said—"Ha! thou art a fine fellow; I like thy phiz amazingly. Where are you going, eh? I say, where are you going?"

"To Mary Street," replied Philip. "I am going to call the hour there."

"Enchanting!" answered the mask. "I'll hear thee: I'll go with thee. Come along! thou foolish fellow, and let me hear thee, and mind thou singest well, for I am a good judge. Canst thou sing me a jovial song?"

Philip saw that his companion was of high rank and a little tipsy, and answered—"I sing better over a glass of wine in a warm room, than when up to my waist in snow."

They had now reached Mary Street, and Philip sang, and blew the horn.

"Ha! that's but a poor performance," exclaimed the mask who had accompanied him thither. "Give me the horn! I shall blow so well, that you'll half die with delight."

Philip yielded to the mask's wishes, and let him sing the verses and blow. For four or five times all was done as if the stranger had been a watchman all his life. He dilated most eloquently on the joys of such an occupation, and was so inexhaustible in his own praises, that he made Philip laugh at his extravagance. His spirits evidently owed no small share of their elevation to an extra glass of wine.

"I'll tell you what, my treasure, I've a great fancy to be a watchman myself for an hour or two. If I don't do it now, I shall never arrive at that honor in the course of my life. Give me your great-coat and wide-brimmed hat, and take my domino. Go into a beer-house and take a bottle at my expense; and when you have finished it, come again and give me back my masking-gear. You shall have a couple of dollars for your trouble. What do you think, my treasure?"

But Philip did not like this arrangement. At last, however, at the solicitations of the mask, he capitulated as they entered a dark lane. Philip was half frozen; a warm drink would do him good, and so would a warm fire. He agreed for one half-hour to give up his watchmanship, which would be till twelve o'clock. Exactly at that time the stranger was to come to the great door of St. Gregory's and give back the great coat, horn, and staff, taking back his own silk mantle, hat, and domino. Philip also told him the four streets in which he was to call the hour. The mask was in raptures: "Treasure of my heart, I could kiss thee if thou wert not a dirty miserable fellow! But thou shalt have naught to regret, if thou art at the church at twelve, for I will give thee money for a supper then. Joy! I am a watchman!" The mask looked a watchman to the life, while Philip was completely disguised with the half-mask tied over his face, the bonnet ornamented with a buckle of brilliants, on his head, and the red silk mantle thrown around him. When he saw his companion commence his walk, he began to fear that the young gentleman might compromise the dignity of the watchman. He therefore addressed him once more, and said:

"I hope you will not abuse my good nature and do any mischief or misbehave in any way, as it may cost me the situation."

"Hallo!" answered the stranger. "What are you talking about? Do you think I don't know my duty? Off with you this moment, or I'll let you feel the weight of my staff. But come to St. Gregory's church and give me back my clothes at twelve o'clock. Good-bye. This is glorious fun!"

The new guardian of the streets walked onward with all the dignity becoming his office, while Philip hurried to a neighboring tavern.

III.

As he was passing the door of the Royal palace, he was laid hold of by a person in a mask who had alighted from a carriage. Philip turned round, and in a low whispering voice asked what the stranger wanted.

"My gracious lord," answered the mask, "in your reverie you have passed the door. Will your Royal Highness———"

"What? Royal Highness?" said Philip, laughing. "I am no highness. What put that in your head?"

The mask bowed respectfully, and pointed to the brilliant buckle in Philip's hat. "I ask your pardon if I have betrayed your disguise. But, in whatever character you assume, your noble bearing will betray you. Will you condescend to lead the way? Does your Highness intend to dance?"

"I? To dance?" replied Philip. "No—you see I have boots on."

"To play, then?" inquired the mask.

"Still less. I have brought no money with me," said the assistant watchman.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the mask. "Command my purse—all that I possess is at your service!" Saying this, he forced a full purse into Philip's hand.

"But do you know who I am?" inquired Philip, and rejected the purse.

The mask whispered with a bow of profound obeisance—"His Royal Highness, Prince Julian."

At this moment Philip heard his deputy in an adjoining street calling the hour very distinctly, and he now became aware of his metamorphosis. Prince Julian, who was well known in the capital as an amiable, wild, and good-hearted young man, had been the person with whom he had changed his clothes. "Now, then," thought Philip, "as he enacts the watchman so well, I will not shame his rank; I'll see if, for one half hour, I can't be the prince. If I make any mistake, he has himself to blame for it." He wrapped the red silken mantle closer round him, took the offered purse, put it in his pocket, and said,—"Who are you, mask? I will return your gold to-morrow."

"I am the Chamberlain Pilzou."

"Good—lead the way—I'll follow." The chamberlain obeyed, and tripped up the marble stairs, Philip coming close behind him. They entered an immense hall lighted by a thousand tapers and dazzling chandeliers, which were reflected by brilliant mirrors. A confused crowd of maskers jostled each other, sultans, Tyrolese, harlequins, knights in armor, nuns, goddesses, satyrs, monks, Jews, Medes, and Persians. Philip for a while was abashed and blinded. Such splendor he had never dreamt of. In the middle of the hall the dance was carried on by hundreds of people to the music of a full band. Philip, whom the heat of the apartment recovered from his frozen state, was so bewildered with the scene that he could scarcely nod his head as different masks addressed him, some confidentially, others deferentially.

"Will you go to the hazard table?" whispered the Chamberlain, who stood beside him, and who Philip now saw was dressed as a Brahmin.

"Let me get unthawed first," answered Philip; "I am an icicle at present."

"A glass of warm punch?" inquired the Brahmin, and led him into the refreshment-room. The pseudo-prince did not wait for a second invitation, but emptied one glass after the other in short time. The punch was good, and it spread its genial warmth through Philip's veins.

"How is it you don't dance to-night, Brahmin?" he asked of his companion, when they returned into the hall. The Brahmin sighed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no pleasure now in the dance. Gaiety is distasteful to me. The only person I care to dance with—the Countess Bonau—I thought she loved me; our families offered no objection—but all at once she broke with me." His voice trembled as he spoke.

"How?" said Philip, "I never heard of such a thing."

"You never heard of it?" repeated the other, "the whole city rings with it. The quarrel happened a fortnight ago, and she will not allow me to justify myself, but has sent back three letters I wrote to her, unopened. She is a declared enemy of the Baroness Reizenthal, and had made me promise to drop her acquaintance. But, think how unfortunate I was! When the Queen-mother made the hunting party to Freudenwald, she appointed me cavalier to the Baroness. What could I do? It was impossible to refuse. On the very birthday of the adorable Bonau I was obliged to set out. . . . . She heard of it. . . . . She put no trust in my heart!"

"Well, then, Brahmin, take advantage of the present moment. The new year makes up all quarrels. Is the Countess here?"

"Do you not see her over there—the Carmelite on the left of the third pillar beside the two black dominos. She has laid aside her mask. Ah, Prince! your intercession would"——

Philip thought: now I can do a good work! and, as the punch had inspired him, he walked directly to the Carmelite. The Countess Bonau looked at him for some time seriously, and with flushed cheeks, as he sat down beside her. She was a beautiful girl; yet Philip remained persuaded that Rose was a thousand times more beautiful.

"Countess," he said,—and became embarrassed when he met her clear bright eye fixed upon him.

"Prince," said the Countess, "an hour ago you were somewhat too bold."

"Fair Countess, I am therefore at this present moment the more quiet."

"So much the better. I shall not, then, be obliged to keep out of your way."

"Fair lady, allow me to ask one question. Have you put on a nun's gown to do penance for your sins?"

"I have nothing to do penance for."

"But you have, Countess!—your cruelties—your injustice to the poor Brahmin yonder, who seems neglected by his God and all the world?"

The beautiful Carmelite cast down her eyes, and appeared uneasy.

"And do you know, fair Countess, that in the Freudenwald affair the Chamberlain is as innocent as I am?"

"As you, Prince?" said the Countess, frowning—"what did you tell me an hour ago?"

"You are right, dear Countess, I was too bold. You said so yourself. But now I declare to you the Chamberlain was obliged to go to Freudenwald by command of the Queen-mother—against his will was obliged to be cavalier to the hated Reizenthal"—

"Hated—by him?"—interrupted the Countess with a bitter and sneering laugh.

"Yes—he hates,—he despises the Baroness. Believe me, he scarcely treated her with civility, and incurred the Royal displeasure by so doing. I know it; and it was for your sake. You are the only person he loves—to you he offers his hand, his heart—and you!—you reject him!"

"How comes it, Prince, that you intercede so warmly for Pilzou? You did not do so formerly."

"That was because I did not know him, and still less the sad state into which you have thrown him by your behavior. I swear to you he is innocent—you have nothing to forgive in him—he has much to forgive in you."

"Hush!" whispered the Carmelite, "we are watched here; away from this." She replaced her mask, stood up, and placing her arm within that of the supposed Prince, they crossed the hall and entered a side-room. The Countess uttered many bitter complaints against the Chamberlain, but they were the complaints of jealous love. The Countess was in tears, when

the tender Brahmin soon after came timidly into the apartment. There was a deep silence among the three. Philip, not knowing how to conclude his intercession better, led the Brahmin to the Carmelite, and joined their hands together, without saying a word, and left them to fate. He himself returned into the hall.

IV.

Here he was hastily addressed by a Mameluke—"I'm glad I have met you, Domino. Is the Rose-girl in the side-room?" The Mameluke rushed into it, but returned in a moment evidently disappointed. "One word alone with you, Domino," he said, and led Philip into a window recess in a retired part of the hall.

"What do you want?" asked Philip.

"I beseech you," replied the Mameluke, in a subdued yet terrible voice, "where is the Rose-girl?"

"What is the Rose-girl to me?"

"But to me she is everything!" answered the Mameluke, whose suppressed voice and agitated demeanor showed that a fearful struggle was going on within. "To me she is everything. She is my wife. You make me wretched, Prince! I conjure you drive me not to madness. Think of my wife no more?"

"With all my heart," answered Philip, drily; "what have I to do with your wife?"

'Oh, Prince, Prince!" exclaimed the Mameluke, "I have made a resolve which I shall execute if it cost me my life. Do not seek to deceive me a moment longer. I have discovered everything. Here! look at this! 'tis a note my false wife slipt into your hand, and which you dropt in the crowd, without having read."

Philip took the note. 'Twas written in pencil, and in a fine delicate hand—"Change your mask. Everybody knows you. My husband watches you. He does not know me. If you obey me I will reward you."

"Hem!" muttered Philip. "As I live, this was not written to me. I don't trouble my head about your wife."

"Death and fury, Prince! do not drive me mad! Do you know who it is that speaks to you? I am the Marshal Blankenswerd. Your advances to my wife are not unknown to me, ever since the last route at the palace."

"My Lord Marshal," answered Philip, "excuse me for saying that jealousy has blinded you. If you knew me well, you would not think of accusing me of such folly. I give you my word of honor I will never trouble your wife."

"Are you in earnest, Prince?"

"Entirely."

'Give me a proof of this?"

"Whatever you require."

"I know you have hindered her until now from going with me to visit her relations in Poland. Will you persuade her to do so now?"

"With all my heart, if you desire it."

"Yes, yes! and your Royal Highness will prevent inconceivable and unavoidable misery."

The Mameluke continued for some time, sometimes begging and praying, and sometimes threatening so furiously, that Philip feared he might make a scene before the whole assembly that would not have suited him precisely. He therefore quitted him as soon as possible. Scarcely had he lost himself in the crowd, when a female, closely wrapped in deep mourning, tapped him familiarly on the arm, and whispered:

"Butterfly, whither away? Have you no pity for the disconsolate Widow?"

Philip answered very politely, "Beautiful widows find no lack of comforters. May I venture to include myself amongst them?"

"Why are you so disobedient? and why have you not changed your mask?" said the Widow, while she led him aside, that they might speak more freely. "Do you really fancy, Prince, that every one here does not know who you are?"

"They are very much mistaken in me, I assure you," replied Philip.

"No, indeed," answered the Widow, "they know you very well, and if you do not immediately change your apparel, I shall not speak to you again the whole evening: I have no desire to give my husband an opportunity of making a scene."

By this Philip discovered who he was talking with. "You were the beautiful Rose-girl; are your roses withered so soon?"

"What is there that does not wither? not the constancy of man? I saw you when you slipt off with the Carmelite. Acknowledge your inconstancy—you can deny it no longer."

"Hem,"—answered Philip drily, "accuse me if you will, I can return the accusation."

"How,—pretty butterfly?"

"Why, for instance there is not a more constant man alive than the Marshal."

"There is not indeed!—and I am wrong, very wrong to have listened to you so long. I reproached myself enough, but he has unfortunately discovered our flirtation."

"Since the last route at Court, fair Widow"—

"Where you were so unguarded and particular—pretty butterfly!"

"Let us repair the mischief. Let us part. I honor the Marshal, and, for my part, do not like to give him pain."

The Widow looked at him for some time in speechless amazement.

"If you have indeed any regard for me," continued Philip, "you will go with the Marshal to Poland, to visit your relations. 'Tis better that we should not meet so often. A beautiful woman is beautiful—but a pure and virtuous woman is more beautiful still."

"Prince!" cried the astonished Widow, "are you really in earnest? Have you ever loved me, or have you all along deceived?"

"Look you," answered Philip, "I am a tempter of a peculiar kind. I search constantly among women to find truth and virtue, and 'tis but seldom that I encounter them. Only the true and virtuous can keep me constant—therefore I am true to none; but no! I will not lie—there is one that keeps me in her chains—I am sorry, fair Widow, that that one—is not you!"

"You are in a strange mood to-night, Prince," answered the Widow, and the trembling of her voice and heaving of her bosom showed the working of her mind.

"No," answered Philip, "I am in as rational a mood to-night as I ever was in my life. I wish only to repair an injury; I have promised to your husband to do so."

"How!" exclaimed the Widow, in a voice of terror, "you have discovered all to the Marshal?"

"Not everything," answered Philip, "only what I knew."

The widow wrung her hands in the extremity of agitation, and at last said, "Where is my husband?"

Philip pointed to the Mameluke, who at this moment approached them with slow steps.

"Prince," said the Widow, in a tone of inexpressible rage,—"Prince,—you may be forgiven this, but not from me! I never dreamt that the heart of man could be so deceitful,—but you are unworthy of a thought. You are an impostor! My husband in the dress of a barbarian is a prince; you in the dress of a prince are a barbarian. In this world you see me no more!"

With these words she turned proudly away from him, and going up to the Mameluke, they left the hall in deep and earnest conversation. Philip laughed quietly, and said to himself, "My substitute, the watchman, must look to it, for I do not play my part badly; I only hope when he returns he will proceed as I have begun."

He went up to the dancers, and was delighted to see the beautiful Carmelite standing up in a set with the overjoyed Brahmin. No sooner did the latter perceive him, than he kissed his hand to him, and in dumb show gave him to understand in what a blessed state he was. Philip thought "'Tis a pity I am not to be prince all my life-time. The people would be satisfied then: to be a prince is the easiest thing in the world. He can do more with a single word than a lawyer with a four hours' speech. Yes! if I were a prince, my beautiful Rose would be —lost to me for ever. No! I would not be a Prince." He now looked at the clock, and saw 'twas half past eleven. The Mameluke hurried up to him and gave him a paper. "Prince," he exclaimed, "I could fall at your feet and thank you in the

very dust; I am reconciled to my wife. You have broken her heart; but it is better that it should be so. We leave for Poland this very night, and there we shall fix our home. Farewell! I shall be ready whenever your Royal Highness requires me, to pour out my last drop of blood in your service. My gratitude is eternal. Farewell!"

"Stay!" said Philip to the Marshal, who was hurrying away, "what am I to do with this paper?"

"Oh, that,—'tis the amount of my loss to your Highness last week at hazard. I had nearly forgotten it; but before my departure, I must clear my debts. I have endorsed it on the back." With these words the Marshal disappeared.

V.

Philip opened the paper, and read in it an order for five thousand dollars. He put it in his pocket, and thought, "Well, it's a pity that I'm not a prince." Some one whispered in his ear,

"Your Royal Highness, we are both discovered; I shall blow my brains out."

Philip turned round in amazement, and saw a negro at his side.

"What do you want, mask?" he asked, in an unconcerned tone.

"I am Colonel Kalt," whispered the negro. "The Marshal's wife has been chattering to Duke Herman, and he has been breathing fire and fury against us both."

"He is quite welcome," answered Philip.

"But the King will hear it all," sighed the negro. "This very night I may be arrested and carried to a dungeon; I'll sooner hang myself."

"No need of that," said Philip.

"What! am I to be made infamous for my whole life? I am lost, I tell you. The Duke will demand entire satisfaction. His back is black and blue yet with the marks of the cudgelling

I gave him. I am lost, and the baker's daughter too! I'll jump from the bridge and drown myself at once!"

"God forbid!" answered Philip; "what have you and the baker's daughter to do with it?"

"Your Royal Highness banters me, and I am in despair!—I humbly beseech you to give me two minutes' private conversation."

Philip followed the negro into a small boudoir dimly lighted up with a few candles. The negro threw himself on a sofa, quite overcome, and groaned aloud. Philip found some sandwiches and wine on the table, and helped himself with great relish.

"I wonder your Royal Highness can be so cool on hearing this cursed story. If that rascally Salmoni was here who acted the conjuror, he might save us by some contrivance, for the fellow was a bunch of tricks. As it is, he has slipped out of the scrape."

"So much the better," interrupted Philip, replenishing his glass; "since he has got out of the way, we can throw all the blame on his shoulders."

"How can we do that? The Duke, I tell you, knows that you, and I, and the Marshal's wife, and the baker's daughter, were all in the plot together, to take advantage of his superstition. He knows that it was you that engaged Salmoni to play the conjuror; that it was I that instructed the baker's daughter (with whom he is in love) how to inveigle him into the snare; that it was I that enacted the ghost, that knocked him down, and cudgelled him till he roared again. If I had only not carried the joke too far, but I wished to cool his love a little for my sweetheart. 'Twas a devilish business. I'll take poison."

"Rather swallow a glass of wine—'tis delicious," said Philip, taking another tart at the same time. "For to tell you the truth, my friend, I think you are rather a white-livered sort of rogue for a colonel, to think of hanging, drowning, shooting, and poisoning yourself about such a ridiculous story as that. One of these modes would be too much, but as to all the four—nonsense. I tell you that at this moment I don't know what to make out of your tale."

"Your Royal Highness have pity on me, my brain is turned.

The Duke's page, an old friend of mine, has told me this very moment, that the Marshal's wife, inspired by the devil, went up to the Duke, and told him that the trick played on him at the baker's house, was planned by Prince Julian, who opposed his marriage with his sister ; that the spirit he saw was myself, sent by the Princess to be a witness of his superstition ; that your Highness was a witness of his descent into the pit after hidden gold, and of his promise to make the baker's daughter his mistress, and also to make her one of the nobility immediately after his marriage with the Princess. 'Do not hope to gain the Princess. It is useless for you to try!' were the last words of the Marshal's wife to the Duke."

"And a pretty story it is," muttered Philip ; "why, behavior like that would be a disgrace to the meanest of the people. I declare there is no end to these deviltries."

"Yes indeed. 'Tis impossible to behave more meanly than the Marshal's lady. The woman must be a fury. My gracious lord, save me from destruction."

"Where is the Duke ?" asked Philip.

"The page told me he started up on hearing the story, and said, 'I will go to the King.' And if he tells the story to the King in his own way—"

"Is the King here, then ?"

"Oh yes, he is at play in the next room with the Archbishop and the Minister of Police."

Philip walked with long steps through the boudoir. The case required consideration.

"Your Royal Highness," said the negro, "protect me. Your own honor is at stake. You can easily make all straight ; otherwise, I am ready at the first intimation of danger, to fly across the border. I will pack up, and to-morrow I shall expect your last commands as to my future behavior."

With these words the negro took his leave.

VI.

"It is high time I were a watchman again," thought Philip. "I am getting both myself and my substitute into scrapes he will find it hard to get out of—and this makes the difference between a peasant and a prince. One is no better off than the other. Good heavens! what stupid things these court lords are doing which we do not dream of with our lanthorns and staff in hand, or when at the spade! We think they lead the lives of angels without sin or care. Pretty piece of business! Within a quarter of an hour I have heard of more rascally tricks than I ever played in my whole life. And"—but his reverie was interrupted by a whisper.

"So lonely, Prince! I consider myself happy in having a minute's conversation with your Royal Highness."

Philip looked at the speaker; and he was a Miner, covered over with gold and jewels.

"But one instant," said the mask. "The business is pressing, and deeply concerns you."

"Who are you?" inquired Philip.

"Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, at your Highness's service," answered the Miner, and showed his face, which looked as if it were a second mask with its little eyes and copper-colored nose.

"Well, then, my lord, what are your commands?"

"May I speak openly? I waited on your Royal Highness thrice, and was never admitted to the honor of an audience; and yet—Heaven is my witness—no man in all this court has a deeper interest in your Royal Highness than I have."

"I am greatly obliged to you," replied Philip; "what is your business just now? But be quick."

"May I venture to speak of the house of Abraham Levi?"

"As much as you like."

"They have applied to me about the fifty thousand dollars which you owe them, and threaten to apply to the King. And you remember your promise to his Majesty when last he paid your debts."

"Can't the people wait?" asked Philip.

"No more than the Brothers, goldsmiths, who demand their seventy-five thousand dollars."

"It is all one to me. If the people won't wait for their money, I must"——

"No hasty resolution, my gracious Lord! I have it in my power to make everything comfortable, if"——

"Well, if what?"

"If you will honor me by listening to me one moment. I hope to have no difficulty in redeeming all your debts. The house of Abraham Levi has bought up immense quantities of corn, so that the price is very much raised. A decree against importation will raise it three or four per cent. higher. By giving Abraham Levi the monopoly, the business will be arranged. The house erases your debt, and pays off your seventy-five thousand dollars to the goldsmiths, and I give you over the receipts. But everything depends on my continuing for another year at the head of the Finance. If Baron Griefensack succeeds in ejecting me from the Ministry, I shall be unable to serve your Royal Highness as I could wish. If your Highness will leave the party of Griefensack, our point is gained. For me, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether I remain in office or not. I sigh for repose. But for your Royal Highness, it is a matter of great moment. If I have not the mixing of the pack, I lose the game."

Philip for some time did not know what answer to make. At last, while the Finance Minister, in expectation of his reply, took a pinch out of his snuff-box set with jewels, Philip said,

"If I rightly understand you, Sir Count, you would starve the country a little in order to pay my debts. Consider, sir, what misery you will cause. And will the King consent to it?"

"If I remain in office, I will answer for that, my gracious Lord! When the price of corn rises, the King will, of course, think of permitting importation, and prevent exportation by levying heavy imposts. The permission to do so is given to the house of Abraham Levi, and they export as much as they choose. But as I said before, if Griefensack gets the helm nothing can be done. For the first year he would be obliged to attend strictly to his duty, in order to be able afterwards to feather his nest at the ex-

pense of the country. He must first make sure of his ground. He is dreadfully grasping!"

"A pretty project," answered Philip; "and how long do you think a finance minister must be in office before he can lay his shears on the flock to get wool enough for himself and me?"

"O, if he has his wits about him, he may manage it in a year."

"Then the King ought to be counselled to change his finance minister every twelve months, if he wishes to be faithfully and honorably served."

"I hope, your Royal Highness, that since I have had the Exchequer, the King and court have been faithfully served."

"I believe you, Count, and the poor people believe you still more. Already they scarcely know how to pay their rates and taxes. You should treat us with a little more consideration, Count."

"Us!—don't I do everything for the Court?"

"No! I mean the people. You should have a little more consideration for them."

"I appreciate what your Royal Highness says; but I serve the King and the court, the people are not to be considered. The country is his private property, and the people are only useful to him as increasing the value of his land. But this is no time to discuss the old story about the interests of the people. I beg your Royal Highness's answer to my propositions. Shall I have the honor to discharge your debts on the above specified conditions?"

"Answer,—no—never, never! at the expense of hundreds and thousands of starving families."

"But, your Royal Highness, if in addition to the clearance of your debts, I make the house of Abraham Levi present you with fifty thousand dollars in hard cash? I think it may afford you that sum. The house will gain so much by the operation, that—

"Perhaps it may be able to give *you* also a mark of its regard."

"Your Highness is pleased to jest with me. I gain nothing by the affair. My whole object is to obtain the protection of your Royal Highness."

"You are very polite!"

"I may hope then, Prince?"

"Count, I will do my duty; do you yours."

"My duty is to be of service to you. To-morrow I shall send for Abraham, and conclude the arrangement with him. I shall have the honor to present your Royal Highness with the receipt for all your debts, besides the gift of fifty thousand dollars."

"Go, I want to hear no more of it."

"And your Royal Highness will honor me with your favor? For unless I am in the Ministry, it is impossible for me to deal with Abraham Levi so as"—

"I wish to Heaven you and your ministry and Abraham Levi were all three on the Blocksberg! I tell you what, unless you lower the price of corn, and take away the monopoly from that infernal Jew, I'll go this moment and reveal your villany to the King, and get you and Abraham Levi banished from the country. See to it—I'll keep my word!" Philip turned away in a rage, and proceeded into the dancing-room, leaving the Minister of Finance petrified with amazement.

VII.

"When does your Royal Highness require the carriage?" whispered a stout little Dutch merchant in a bobbed wig.

"Not at all," answered Philip.

"'Tis after half-past eleven, and the beautiful singer expects you. She will tire of waiting."

"Let her sing something to cheer her."

"How, Prince? Have you changed your mind? Would you leave the captivating Rollina in the lurch, and throw away the golden opportunity you have been sighing for two months? The letter you sent to-day, inclosing the diamond watch, did wonders. The proud but fragile beauty surrenders. This morning you were in raptures, and now you are as cold as ice! What is the cause of the change?"

"That is my business, not yours," said Philip.

"I had your orders to join you at half-past eleven. Perhaps you have other engagements?"

"Perhaps."

"A *petit souper* with the Countess Born? She is not present here; at least among all the masks I can't trace her out. I should know her among a thousand by that graceful walk and her peculiar way of carrying her little head—eh, Prince?"

"Well, but if it were so, there would be no necessity for making you my confident, would there?"

"I will take the hint, and be silent. But won't you at any rate send to the Signora Rollina to let her know you are not coming?"

"If I have sighed for her for two months, she had better sigh a month or two for me. I shan't go near her."

"So that beautiful necklace which you sent her for a new year's present was all for nothing?"

"As far as I am concerned."

"Will you break with her entirely?"

"There is nothing between us to break, that I know of."

"Well, then, since you speak so plainly, I may tell you something which you perhaps know already. Your love to the Signora has hitherto kept me silent; but now that you have altered your mind about her, I can no longer keep the secret from you. You are deceived."

"By whom?"

"By the artful singer. She would divide her favors between your Royal Highness and a Jew."

"A Jew?"

"Yes! with the son of Abraham Levi."

"Is that rascal everywhere?"

"So your Highness did not know it; but I am telling you the exact truth; if it were not for your Royal Highness, she would be his mistress. I am only sorry you gave her that watch."

"I don't regret it at all."

"The jade deserves to be whipped."

"Few people meet their deserts," answered Philip.

"Too true, too true, your Royal Highness. For instance, I have discovered a girl—oh Prince, there is not such another in this city or in the whole world! Few have seen this angel—Pooh! Rosalina is nothing to her. Listen—a girl tall and slender as a palm-tree—with a complexion like the red glow of

evening upon snow—eyes like sunbeams—rich golden tresses—in short, the most beautiful creature I ever beheld—a Venus—a goddess in rustic attire. Your Highness, we must give her chase."

"A peasant girl?"—

"A mere rustic; but then you must see her yourself, and you will love her. But my descriptions are nothing. Imagine the embodiment of all that you can conceive most charming—add to that, artlessness, grace, and innocence. But the difficulty is to catch sight of her. She seldom leaves her mother. I know her seat in church, and have watched her for many Sundays past, as she walked with her mother to the Elm-Gate. I have ascertained that a handsome young fellow, a gardener, is making court to her. He can't marry her, for he is a poor devil, and she has nothing. The mother is the widow of a poor weaver."

"And the mother's name is?"

"Widow Bittsier, in Milk-street; and the daughter, fairest of flowers, is in fact called Rose."

Philip's blood boiled at the sound of the beloved name. His first inclination was to knock the communicative Dutchman down. He restrained himself, however, and only asked,

"Are you the devil himself?"

"'Tis good news, is it not? I have taken some steps in the matter already, but you must see her first. But perhaps such a pearl has not altogether escaped your keen observation? Do you know her?"

"Intimately."

"So much the better. Have I been too lavish of my praises? You confess their truth? She shan't escape us. We must go together to the widow; you must play the philanthropist. You have heard of the widow's poverty, and must insist on relieving it. You take an interest in the good woman; enter into her misfortunes; leave a small present at each visit, and by this means become acquainted with Rose. The rest follows of course. The gardener can be easily got out of the way, or perhaps a dozen or two dollars slipt quietly into his hand may"—

Philip's rage broke forth.

"I'll throttle you"——

"If the gardener makes a fuss?" interposed the Dutchman. "Leave me to settle this matter. I'll get him kidnapped, and sent to the army to fight for his country. In the meantime you get possession of the field; for the girl has a peasant's attachment for the fellow, and it will not be easy to get the nonsense out of her head, which she has been taught by the *canaille*. But I will give her some lessons, and then"—

"I'll break your neck."

"Your Highness is too good. But if your Highness would use your interest with the King to procure me the Chamberlain's key"——

"I wish I could procure you"——

"Oh, don't flatter me, your Highness. Had I only known you thought so much of her beauty, she would have been yours long ago."

"Not a word more," cried the enraged Philip in a smothered voice; for he dared not speak aloud, he was so surrounded by maskers, who were listening, dancing, talking, as they passed him, and he might have betrayed himself: "not a word more!"

"No, there will be more than words. Deeds shall show my sincerity. You may advance. You are wont to conquer. The out-posts will be easily taken. The gardener I will manage, and the mother will range herself under your gilded banners. Then the fortress will be won!"

"Sir, if you venture," said Philip, who now could hardly contain himself. It was with great difficulty he refrained from open violence, and he clutched the arm of the Dutchman with the force of a vice.

"Your Highness, for Heaven's sake, moderate your joy. I shall scream—you are mashing my arm!"

"If you venture to go near that innocent girl, I will demolish every bone in your body."

"Good, good," screamed the Dutchman, in intense pain; "only let go my arm."

"If I find you anywhere near Milk-street, I'll dash your miserable brains out. So look to it."

The Dutchman seemed almost stupified; trembling he said,

"May it please your Highness, I could not imagine you really loved the girl as it seems you do."

"I love her! I will own it before the whole world!'

"And are loved in return?"

"That's none of your business. Never mention her name to me again. Do not even think of her, it would be a stain upon her purity. Now you know what I think. Be off!"

Philip twirled the unfortunate Dutchman round as he let go his arm, and that worthy gentleman slunk out of the hall.

VIII.

In the meantime Philip's substitute supported his character of watchman on the snow-covered streets. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this was none other than *Prince Julian*, who had taken a notion to join the watch—his head being crazed by the fire of the sweet wine. He attended to the directions left by Philip, and went his rounds, and called the hour with great decorum, except that, instead of the usual watchman's verses, he favored the public with rhymes of his own. He was cogitating a new stanza, when the door of a house beside him opened, and a well wrapped up girl beckoned to him, and ran into the shadow of the house.

The Prince left his stanza half finished, and followed the apparition. A soft hand grasped his in the darkness, and a voice whispered—

"Good evening, dear Philip. Speak low, that nobody may hear us. I have only got away from the company for one moment, to speak to you as you passed. Are you happy to see me?"

"Blest as a god, my angel;—who could be otherwise than happy by thy side?"

"I've some good news for you, Philip. You must sup at our house to-morrow evening. My mother has allowed me to ask you. You'll come?'

"For the whole evening, and as many more as you wish.

Would we might be together till the end of the world! 'Twould be a life fit for gods!"

"Listen, Philip; in half an hour I shall be at St. Gregory's. I shall expect you there. You won't fail me? Don't keep me waiting long—we shall have a walk together. Go now—we may be discovered." She tried to go, but Julian held her back and threw his arms round her.

"What, wilt thou leave me so coldly?" he said, and tried to press a kiss upon her lips.

Rose did not know what to think of this boldness, for Philip had always been modest, and never dared more than kiss her hand, except once, when her mother had forbidden their meeting again. They had then exchanged their first kiss in great sorrow and in great love, but never since then. She struggled to free herself, but Julian held her firm, till at last she had to buy her liberty by submitting to the kiss, and begged him to go. But Julian seemed not at all inclined to move.

"What! go? I'm not such a fool as that comes to! You think I love my horn better than you? No, indeed!"

"But then it isn't right, Philip."

"Not right? why not, my beauty? there is nothing against kissing in the ten commandments."

"Why, if we could marry, perhaps you might—but you know very well we can't marry, and"——

"Not marry! why not? You can marry me any day you like."

"Philip!—why will you talk such folly? You know we must not think of such a thing."

"But *I* think very seriously about it—if you would consent."

"You are unkind to speak thus. Ah, Philip, I had a dream last night."

"A dream—what was it?"

"You had won a prize in the lottery; we were both so happy! you had bought a beautiful garden, handsomer than any in the city. It was a little Paradise of flowers—and there were large beds of vegetables, and the trees were laden with fruit. And when I awoke, Philip, I felt so wretched—I wished I had not dreamed such a happy dream. You've nothing in the lottery, Philip,

have you? Have you really won anything? The drawing took place to-day."

"How much must I have gained to win you too?"

"Ah, Philip, if you had only gained a thousand dollars, you might buy such a pretty garden!"

"A thousand dollars! And what if it were more?"

"Ah, Philip—what? is it true? is it really! Don't deceive me! 'twill be worse than the dream. You had a ticket! and you've won!—own it! own it!"

"All you can wish for."

Rose flung her arms around his neck in the extremity of her joy, and kissed him.

"More than the thousand dollars? and will they pay you the whole?"

Her kiss made the Prince forget to answer. It was so strange to hold a pretty form in his arms, receive its caresses, and to know they were not meant for him.

"Answer me, answer me!" cried Rose, impatiently. "Will they give you all that money?"

"They've done it already—and if it will add to your happiness, I will hand it to you this moment."

"What! have you got it with you?"

The prince took out his purse, which he had filled with money in expectation of some play.

"Take it and weigh it, my girl," he said, placing it in her hand and kissing her again. "This then makes you mine!"

"Oh not *this*—nor all the gold in the world, if you were not my own dear Philip!"

"And how if I had given you twice as much as all this money, and yet were not your own dear Philip?"

"I would fling the purse at your feet, and make you a very polite curtsey," said Rose.

A door now opened; the light streamed down upon the steps, and the laughing voices of girls were heard. Rose whispered—

"In half an hour, at St. Gregory's," and ran up the steps, leaving the Prince in the darkness. Disconcerted by the suddenness of the parting, and his curiosity excited by his ignorance of the name of his new acquaintance, and not even having had a full

view of her face, he consoled himself with the rendezvous at St. Gregory's church-door. This he resolved to keep, though it was evident that all the tenderness which had been bestowed on him was intended for his friend the watchman.

IX.

The interview with Rose, or the coldness of the night, increased the effect of the wine to such an extent that the mischievous propensities of the young Prince got the upper hand of him. Standing amidst a crowd of people, in the middle of the street, he blew so lustily on his horn that the women screamed, and the men gasped with fear. He called the hour, and then shouted, at the top of his lungs—

> The bus'ness of our lovely state
> Is stricken by the hand of fate—
> Even our maids, both light and brown,
> Can find no sale in all the town;
> They deck themselves with all their arts,
> But no one buys their worn-out hearts.

"Shame! shame!" cried several female voices from the window at the end of this complimentary effusion, which, however, was crowned with a loud laugh from the men. "Bravo, watchman," cried some; "encore! encore!" shouted others. "How dare you, fellow, insult ladies in the open street?" growled a young lieutenant, who had a very pretty girl on his arm.

"Mr. Lieutenant," answered a miller, "unfortunately watchmen always tell the truth, and the lady on your arm is a proof of it. Ha! young jade, do you know me? do you know who I am? Is it right for a betrothed bride to be gadding at night about the streets with other men? To-morrow your mother shall hear of this. I'll have nothing more to do with you!"

The girl hid her face, and nudged the young officer to lead her away. But the lieutenant, like a brave soldier, scorned to retreat from the miller, and determined to keep the field. He therefore made use of a full round of oaths, which were returned with

interest, and a sabre was finally resorted to, with some flourishes; but two Spanish cudgels were threateningly held over the head of the lieutenant by a couple of stout townsmen, while one of them, who was a broad-shouldered beer-brewer, cried—"Don't make any more fuss about the piece of goods beside you—she ain't worth it. The miller's a good fellow, and what he says is true, and the watchman's right, too. A plain tradesman can hardly venture to marry now. All the women wish to marry above their station. Instead of darning stockings, they read romances—instead of working in the kitchen, they run after comedies and concerts. Their houses are dirty, and they are walking out, dressed like princesses: all they bring a husband as a dowry, are handsome dresses, lace ribbons, intrigues, romances, and idleness! Sir, I speak from experience; I should have married long since, if girls were not spoilt."

The spectators laughed heartily, and the lieutenant slowly put back his sword, saying peevishly, "It's a little too much to be obliged to hear a sermon from the canaille."

"What! *Canaille!*" cried a smith, who held the second cudgel. "Do you call those *canaille* who feed you noble idlers by duties and taxes? Your licentiousness is the cause of our domestic discords, and noble ladies would not have so much cause to mourn if you had learned both to pray and to work."

Several young officers had gathered together already, and so had some mechanics; and the boys, in the meantime, threw snow-balls among both parties, that their share in the fun might not be lost. The first ball hit the noble lieutenant on the nose, and thinking it an attack from the *canaille*, he raised his sabre. The fight began.

The Prince, who had laughed amazingly at the first commencement of the uproar, had betaken himself to another region, and felt quite unconcerned as to the result. In the course of his wanderings, he came to the palace of Count Bodenlos, the Minister of Finance, with whom, as Philip had discovered at the masquerade, the Prince was not on the best terms. The Countess had a large party. Julian saw the lighted windows, and still feeling poetically disposed, he planted himself opposite the balcony, and blew a peal on his horn. Several ladies and gentle-

men opened the shutters, because they had nothing better to do, and listened to what he should say.

"Watchman," cried one of them, "sing us a New Year's greeting!"

This invitation brought a fresh accession of the Countess's party to the windows. Julian called the hour in the usual manner, and sang, loud enough to be distinctly heard inside—

Ye who groan with heavy debts,
And swift approaching failure frets,
Pray the Lord that he this hour
May raise you to some place of power;
And while the nation wants and suffers,
Fill your own from the people's coffers.

"Outrageous!" screamed the lady of the minister—"who is the insolent wretch that dares such an insult?"

"Pleashe your exshellenshy," answered Julian, imitating the Jewish dialect in voice and manner, "I vash only intendsh to shing you a pretty shong. I am de Shew Abraham Levi, vell known at dish court. Your ladyship knowsh me ver' well."

"How dare you tell such a lie, you villain?" exclaimed a voice, trembling with rage, at one of the windows—"how dare you say you are Abraham Levi! I am Abraham Levi! You are a cheat!"

"Call the police!" cried the Countess! "Have that man arrested!"

At these words the party confusedly withdrew from the windows. Nor did the Prince remain where he was, but quickly effected his escape through a cross street. A crowd of servants rushed out of the palace, led by the Secretaries of the Finance, and commenced a search for the offender. "We have him!" cried some, as the rest eagerly approached. It was in fact the real guardian of the night, who was carefully perambulating his beat, in innocent unconsciousness of any offence. In spite of all he could say, he was disarmed and carried off to the watch-house, and charged with causing a disturbance by singing libellous songs. The officer of the police shook his head at the unaccountable event, and said—"We have already one watchman in custody, whose verses about some girl caused a very serious affray between the town's-people and the garrison."

The prisoner would confess to nothing, but swore prodigiously at the tipsy young people who had disturbed him in the fulfilment of his duty. One of the secretaries of the Finance repeated the whole verse to him. The soldiers standing about laughed aloud, but the ancient watchman swore with tears in his eyes that he had never thought of such a thing. While the examination was going on, and one of the secretaries of the Finance Minister began to be doubtful whether the poor watchman was really in fault or not, an uproar was heard outside, and loud cries of, "Watch, Watch!"

The guard rushed out, and in a few minutes the Field-Marshal entered the office, accompanied by the captain of the guards on duty. "Have that scoundrel locked up tight," said the Marshal, pointing behind him—and two soldiers brought in a watchman, whom they held close prisoner, and whom they had disarmed of his staff and horn.

"Are the watchmen gone all mad to-night?" exclaimed the chief of police.

"I'll have the rascal punished for his infamous verses," said the Field Marshal angrily.

"Your excellency," exclaimed the trembling watchman, as true as I live, I never made a verse in my born days."

"Silence, knave," roared the Marshal. "I'll have you hanged for them! And if you contradict me again, I'll cut you in two on the spot."

The police officer respectfully observed to the Field-Marshal that there must be some poetical epidemic among the watchmen, for three had been brought before him within the last quarter of an hour, accused of the same offence.

"Gentlemen," said the Marshal to the officers who had accompanied him, "since the scoundrel refuses to confess, it will be necessary to take down from your remembrance, the words of his atrocious libel. Let them be written down while you still recollect them. Come, who can say them?"

The officer of police wrote to the dictation of the gentlemen who remembered the whole verses between them:—

"On empty head a flaunting feather,
A long queue tied with tape and leather;

Padded breast and waist so little,
Make the soldier to a tittle;
By cards and dance, and dissipation,
He's sure to win a Marshal's station.

"Do you deny, you rascal," cried the Field-Marshal, to the terrified watchman—"Do you deny that you sang these infamous lines as I was coming out of my house?"

"They may sing it who like, it was not me," said the watchman.

"Why did you run away, then, when you saw me?"

"I did not run away."

"What?" said the two officers who had accompanied the Marshal—"not run away? Were you not out of breath when at last we laid hold of you there by the market?"

"Yes, but it was with fright at being so ferociously attacked. I am trembling yet in every limb."

"Lock the obstinate dog up till the morning"—said the Marshal—"he will come to his senses by that time!" With these words the wrathful dignitary went away. These incidents had set the whole police force of the city on the *qui vive*. In the next ten minutes two more watchmen were brought to the office on similar charges with the others. One was accused of singing a libel under the window of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which it was insinuated that there were no affairs to which he was more foreign than those of his own department. The other had sung some verses before the door of the Bishop's Palace, informing him that the "lights of the church" were by no means deficient in tallow, but gave a great deal more smoke than illumination. The Prince, who had wrought the poor watchmen all this wo, was always lucky enough to escape, and grew bolder and bolder with every new attempt. The affair was talked of everywhere. The Minister of Police, who was at cards with the King, was informed of the insurrection among the hitherto peaceful watchmen, and as a proof of it, some of the verses were given to him in writing. The King laughed very heartily at the doggrel verse about the miserable police who were always putting their noses into other people's family affairs, but could never

smell anything amiss in their own, and were therefore lawful game, and ordered the next poetical watchman who should be taken to be brought before him. He broke up the card-table, for he saw that the Minister of Police had lost his good humor.

X.

In the dancing-hall next to the card-room, Philip had looked at his watch, and discovered that the time of his appointment with Rose at St. Gregory's had nearly come. He was by no means sorry at the prospect of giving back his silk mantle and plumed bonnet to his substitute, for he began to find high life not quite to his taste. As he was going to the door, the Negro once more came up to him, and whispered, "Your Highness, Duke Herrman is seeking for you everywhere."—Philip shook his head impatiently and hurried out, followed by the Negro. When they got to the ante-chamber, the negro cried out, "By Heaven, here comes the Duke!"—and slipped back into the hall.

A tall black mask walked fiercely up to Philip, and said, "Stay a moment, sir—I've a word or two to say to you—I've been seeking for you long."

"Quick then," said Philip, "for I have no time to lose."

"I would not waste a moment, sir—I have sought you long enough; you owe me satisfaction, you have injured me infamously."

"Not that I am aware of."

"You don't know me, perhaps," said the Duke, lifting up his mask—"now that you see me, your own conscience will save me any more words. I demand satisfaction. You and the cursed Salmoni have deceived me!"

"I know nothing about it," said Philip.

"You got up that shameful scene in the cellar of the baker's daughter. It was at your instigation that Colonel Kalt made an assault upon me with a cudgel."

"There's not a word of truth in what you say."

"What?—you deny it? The Lady Blankenswerd, the Mar-

shal's lady was an eyewitness of it all, and she has told me every circumstance."

"She has told your grace a fancy tale—I have had nothing to do with it—if you made an ass of yourself in a baker's cellar, that was your own fault."

"I ask, once more, will you give me satisfaction? If not, I will expose you. Follow me instantly to the King. You shall either fight with me, or—go to his Majesty."

Philip was *non-plused.* "Your grace," he said, "I have no wish either to fight with you, or to go to the King."

This was indeed the truth, for he was afraid he should be obliged to unmask, and would be punished, of course, for the part he had played. He therefore tried to get off by every means, and watched the door to seize a favorable moment for effecting his escape. The duke, on the other hand, observed the uneasiness of the prince (as he thought him), and waxed more valorous every minute. At last he seized poor Philip by the arm, and was dragging him into the hall.

"What do you want with me?" said Philip, sorely frightened, and shook off the Duke.

"To the King. He shall hear how shamefully you insult a guest at his court."

"Very good," replied Philip, who saw no hope of escape, except by continuing the character of the Prince. "Very good. Come, then, I am ready. By good luck I happen to have the agreement with me between you and the baker's daughter, in which you promise"—

"Nonsense! stuff!" answered the Duke, "that was only a piece of fun, which may be allowed surely with a baker's daughter. Show it if you like, I will explain all that."

But it appeared that the Duke was not quite so sure of the explanation, for he no longer urged Philip to go before the King. He, however, insisted more earnestly than ever on getting into his carriage, and going that moment—Heaven knows where—to decide the matter with sword and pistol, an arrangement which did not suit our watchman at all. Philip pointed out the danger and consequences of such a proceeding, but the Duke over-

ruled all objections. He had made every preparation, and when it was over he would leave the city that same night.

"If you are not the greatest coward in Europe, you will follow me to the carriage—Prince!"

"I—am—no—prince,"—at last stuttered Philip, now driven to extremities.

"You are!—Everybody recognized you at the ball—I know you by your hat. You shan't escape me."

Philip lifted up his mask, and showed the Duke his face.

"Now, then, am I a prince?"

Duke Herrman, when he saw the countenance of a man he had never seen before, started back, and stood gazing as if he had been petrified. To have revealed his secrets to a perfect stranger! 'Twas horrible beyond conception!—But before he had recovered from his surprise, Philip had opened the door, and effected his escape.

XI.

The moment he found himself at liberty he took off his hat and feathers, and wrapping them in his silk mantle, rushed through the streets towards St. Gregory's, carrying them under his arm. There stood Rose already, in a corner of the high church door, expecting his arrival.

"Ah Philip, dear Philip," she said, pressing his hand, "how happy you have made me! how lucky we are! I was very uneasy to get away from my friend's house, and I have been waiting here this quarter of an hour, but never cared for the frost and snow—my happiness was so great: I am so glad you're come back."

"And I too, dear Rose, thank God that I have got back to you. May the eagles fly away with these trinkum-trankums of great people. But I'll tell you some other time of the scenes I've had. Tell me now, my darling, how you are, and whether you love me still!"

"Ah! Philip, you've become a great man now, and it would be better to ask if you still care anything for me."

"Thunder! How came you to know so soon that I've been a great man?"

"Why you told me yourself. Ah! Philip, Philip, I only hope you won't be proud, now that you've grown so rich. I am but a poor girl, and not good enough for you now—and I have been thinking, Philip, if you forsake me, I would rather have had you continue a poor gardener. I should fret myself to death if you forsook me."

"What are you talking about, Rose? 'Tis true that for one half hour I have been a prince, 'twas but a joke, and I want no more of such jokes in my life. Now I am a watchman again, and as poor as ever. To be sure I have five thousand dollars in my pocket, that I got from a Mameluke—that would make us rich, but unfortunately they don't belong to me!"

"You're speaking nonsense, Philip," said Rose, giving him the purse of gold that the Prince had given her—"Here, take back your money, 'tis too heavy for my bag."

"What should I do with all this gold? Where did you get it, Rose?"

"You won it in the lottery, Philip."

"What! have I won? and they told me at the office my number was not yet out—I had hoped and wished that it might come to give us a setting up in the world—but gardener Redman said to me as I went a second time towards the office, "Poor Philip—a blank"—Huzza! I have won! Now I will buy a large garden and marry you. How much is it?"

"Are you crazy, Philip, or have you drunk too much? You must know better than I can tell you how much it is. I only looked at it quietly under the table at my friend's, and was frightened to see so many glittering coins, all of gold, Philip. Ah! then I thought, no wonder Philip was so impertinent—for, you know, you were very impertinent, Philip,—but I can't blame you for it. O, I could throw my own arms round your neck and cry for joy."

"Rose, if you will do it I shall make no objections. But here's some misunderstanding here. Who was it that gave you

this money, and told you it was my prize in the lottery ? I have my ticket safe in my drawer at home, and nobody has asked me for it."

"Ah ! Philip, don't play your jokes on me ! you yourself told me it half an hour ago, and gave me the purse with your own hand."

"Rose—try to recollect yourself. This morning I saw you at mass, and we agreed to meet here to-night, but since that time I have not seen you for an instant."

"No, except half an hour ago, when I saw you at Steinman's door. But what is that bundle under your arm ? why are you without a hat this cold night ? Philip ! Philip ! be careful. All that gold may turn your brain.—You've been in some tavern, Philip, and have drunk more than you should. But tell me, what is in the bundle ? Why—here's a woman's silk gown.—Philip—Philip, where have you been ?"

"Certainly not with you half an hour ago ; you want to play tricks on me, I fancy ;—where have you got that money, I should like to know ?"

"Answer me first, Philip, where you got that woman's gown. Where have you been, sir ?"

They were both impatient for explanations, both a little jealous—and finally began to quarrel.

XII.

But as this was a lover's quarrel, it ended as lover's quarrels invariably do. When Rose took out her white pocket-handkerchief, put it to her beautiful eyes, and turned away her head as the sighs burst forth from her breast, this sole argument proved instantly that she was in the right, and Philip decidedly in the wrong. He confessed he was to blame for everything, and told her that he had been at a masked ball, and that his bundle was not a silk-gown, but a man's mantle and a hat and feathers. And now he had to undergo a rigid examination. Every maiden knows that a masked ball is a dangerous maze for unprotected

hearts. It is like plunging into a whelming sea of dangers, and you will be drowned if you are not a good swimmer. Rose did not consider Philip the best swimmer in the world—it is difficult to say why. He denied having danced, but when she asked him he could not deny having talked with some feminine masks. He related the whole story to her, yet would constantly add: "The ladies were of high rank, and they took me for another." Rose doubted him a little, but she suppressed her resentment until he said they took him for Prince Julian. Then she shook her little head, and still more when she heard that Prince Julian was transformed into a watchman while Philip was at the ball. But he smothered her doubts by saying that in a few minutes the Prince would appear at St. Gregory's church and exchange his watchcoat for the mask.

Rose, in return, related all her adventure; but when she came to the incident of the kiss—

"Hold there!" cried Philip; "I didn't kiss you, nor, I am sure, did you kiss me in return."

"I am sure 'twas *intended* for you, then," replied Rose, whilst her lover rubbed his hair down, for fear it should stand on end.

"If 'twas not you," continued Rose anxiously, "I will believe all that you have been telling me."

But as she went on in her story a light seemed to break in on her, and she exclaimed, "And after all, I do not believe it was Prince Julian in your coat!"

Philip was certain it was, and cried: "The rascal! He stole my kisses—now I understand! That's the reason why he wanted to take my place and gave me his mask!" And now the stories he had heard at the masquerade came into Philip's head. He asked if anybody had called at her mother's to offer her money—if any gentleman was much about Milk Street; if she saw any one watching her at church; but to all his questions her answers were so satisfactory, that it was impossible to doubt of her total ignorance of all the machinations of the rascally courtiers. He warned her against all the advances of philanthropical and compassionate princes—and Rose warned him against the dangers of a masked ball and adventures with ladies of rank by which many young men have been made unhappy—

and as everything was now forgiven, in consideration of the kiss not having been wilfully bestowed, he was on the point of claiming for himself the one of which he had been cheated, when his designs were interrupted by an unexpected incident. A man out of breath with his rapid flight, rushed against them. By the great-coat, staff, and horn, Philip recognized his deputy. He, on the other hand, snatched at the silk cloak and hat. "Ah! sir," said Philip, "here are your things. I would not change places with you again in this world! I should be no gainer by the operation."

"Quick! quick!" cried the prince, and threw the watchman's apparel on the snow and fastened on his mask, hat, and cloak. Philip returned to his old beaver and coat, and took up the lanthorn and staff. Rose had shrunk back into the door.

"I promised thee a dole, comrade—but it's a positive fact—I have not got my purse."

"I've got it here," said Philip, and held it out to him. "You gave it to my intended there; but, please your Highness, I must forbid all presents in that quarter."

"Comrade, keep what you've got, and be off as quick as you can. You are not safe here."

The Prince was flying off as he spoke, but Philip held him by the mantle.

"One thing, my Lord, we have to settle"—

"Run! Watchman! I tell you. They're in search of you."

"I have nothing to run for. But your purse, here"—

"Keep it, I tell you. Fly! if you can run."

"And a billet of Marshal Blankenswerd's for five thousand dollars"—

"Ha! What the plague do you know about Marshal Blankenswerd?"

"He said it was a gambling debt he owed you. He and his lady start to-night for their estates in Poland."

"Are you mad? how do you know that? Who gave you the message for me?"

"And, your Highness, the Minister of Finance will pay all your debts to Abraham Levi and others if you will use your influence with the king to keep him in office."

"Watchman! you've been tampering with Old Nick."

"But I rejected the offer."

"*You* rejected the offer of the Minister?"

"Yes, your Highness. And, moreover, I have entirely reconciled the Baroness Bonau with the Chamberlain Pilzou."

"Which of us two is a fool?"

"Another thing, your Highness, Signora Rollina is a bad woman. I have heard of some love affairs of hers. You are deceived—I therefore thought her not worthy of your attentions, and put off the meeting to-night at her house."

"Signora Rollina! how did you come to hear of her?"

"Another thing—Duke Herrman is terribly enraged about that business in the cellar. He is going to complain of you to the King."

"The Duke! Who told you about that?"

"Himself. You are not secure yet—but I don't think he'll go to the King, for I threatened him with his agreement with the baker's daughter. But he wants to fight you; be on your guard."

"Once for all—do you know how the Duke was informed of all this?"

"Through the Marshal's wife. She told all, and confessed she had acted the witch in the ghost-raising."

The Prince took Philip by the arm. "My good fellow," he said, "you are no watchman." He turned his face towards a lamp, and started when he saw the face of this strange man.

"Are you possessed by Satan, or . . . Who are you?" said Julian, who had now become quite sober.

"I am Philip Stark, the gardener, son of old Gottlieb Stark, the watchman," said Philip, quietly.

XIII.

"Lay hold on him! That's the man!" cried many voices, and Philip, Rose, and Julian saw themselves surrounded by six lusty servants of the police. Rose screamed, Philip took her

hand, and told her not to be alarmed. The Prince clapped his hand on Philip's shoulder—

"'Tis a stupid business," he said, "and you should have escaped when I told you. But don't be frightened, there shall no harm befall you."

"That's to be seen," said one of the captors. "In the meantime he must come along with us."

"Where to?" inquired Philip; "I am doing my duty. I am watchman of this beat."

"That's the reason we take you. Come."

The Prince stepped forward. "Let the man go, good people," he said, and searched in all his pockets for his purse. As he found it nowhere, he was going to whisper to Philip to give it him, but the police tore them apart, and one of them shouted —"On! We can't stop to talk here."

"The masked fellow must go with us, too, he is suspicious looking."

"Not so," exclaimed Philip, "you are in search of the watchman. Here I am, if you choose to answer for taking me from my duty. But let this gentleman go."

"We don't want any lessons from you in our duty," replied the sergeant; "march! all of them!"

"The damsel, too?" asked Philip, "you don't want her surely!"

"No, she may go; but we must see her face, and take down her name and residence, it may be of use."

"She is the daughter of widow Bittner," said Philip; and was not a little enraged when the whole party took Rose to a lamp, and gazed on her tearful face.

"Go home, Rose, and don't be alarmed on my account," said Philip, trying to comfort her, "my conscience is clear."

But Rose sobbed so as to move even the policemen to pity her. The Prince, availing himself of the opportunity, attempted to spring out of his captors' hands, but one of the men was a better jumper than he, and put an obstacle in his way.

"Hallo!" cried the sergeant, "this fellow's conscience is not quite so clear—hold him firm—march!"

"Whither?" said the Prince.

"Directly to the Minister of Police."

"Listen," said the Prince, seriously but affably, for he did not like the turn affairs were taking, as he was anxious to keep his watchman-frolic concealed. "I have nothing to do with this business. I belong to the court. If you venture to force me to go with you, you will be sorry for it when you are feasting on bread and water to-morrow in prison."

"For heaven's sake, let the gentleman go," cried Philip; "I give you my word he is a great lord, and will make you repent your conduct. He is "——

"Hush; be silent," interrupted Julian, "tell no human being who I am. Whatever happens, keep my name a secret. Do you hear! an entire secret from every one!"

"We do our duty," said the sergeant, "and nobody can punish us for that; you may go to a prison yourself—we have often had fellows speak as high, and threaten as fiercely—forward!"

"Men! take advice, he is a distinguished man at court."

"If it were a king himself he should go with us. He is a suspicious character, and we must do our duty."

While the contest about the Prince went on, a carriage with eight horses, and outriders bearing flambeaux, drove past the church.

"Stop!" said a voice from the carriage, as it was passing the crowd of policemen, who had the Prince in custody.

The carriage stopped. The door flew open, and a gentleman with a brilliant star on the breast of his surtout, leaped out. He pushed through the party, and examined the Prince from head to foot.

"I thought," he said, "I knew the bird by his feathers. Mask, who are you?"

Julian was taken by surprise, for in the inquirer he recognized Duke Herrman.

"Answer me," roared Herrman, in a voice of thunder.

Julian shook his head and made signs to the Duke to desist, but he pressed the question home upon him, being determined to know who it was he had accosted at the masquerade. He asked the policemen—they stood with heads uncovered, and told him they had orders to bring the watchman instantly before the

Minister of Police, for he had been singing wicked verses—they had heard some of them. That the mask had given himself out as some great lord of the court, but that they believed that to be a false pretence, and therefore considered it their duty to take him into custody.

"The man is not of the court," answered the Duke, "take my word for that. He insinuated himself clandestinely into the ball, and passed himself off for Prince Julian. I forced him to unmask, and detected the impostor, but he escaped me. I have informed the Lord Chamberlain—off with him to the palace! You have made a fine prize!"

With these words the Duke strode back to his carriage, and once more urging them not to let the villains escape, gave orders to drive on.

The Prince saw no chance left. To reveal himself now would be to make his night's adventures the talk of the whole city. He thought it better to disclose his incognito to the Chamberlain, or the Minister of Police. "Since it must be so, come on then," he said; and the party marched forward, keeping a firm hand on the two prisoners.

XIV.

Philip was not sure whether he was bewitched, or whether the whole business was not a dream, for it was a night such as he had never passed before in his life. He had nothing to blame himself for except that he had changed clothes with the Prince, and then, whether he would or no, been forced to support his character. He felt pretty safe, for it was the princely watchman who had been at fault, and he saw no occasion for his being committed. His heart beat, however, when they came to the palace. His coat, horn and staff were taken from him. Julian spoke a few words to a young nobleman, and immediately the policemen were sent away: the Prince ascended the stairs, and Philip had to follow.

"Fear nothing," said Julian, and left him. Philip was taken

to a little anteroom, where he had to wait a good while. At last one of the royal grooms came to him, and said, "Come this way, the King will see you."

Philip was distracted with fear. His knees shook so that he could hardly walk. He was led into a splendid chamber. The old King was sitting at a table, and laughing long and loud; near him stood Prince Julian without a mask. Besides these there was nobody in the room.

The King looked at Philip with a good-humored expression. "Tell me all—without missing a syllable—that you have done to-night."

Philip took courage from the condescension of the old King, and told the whole story from beginning to end. He had the good sense, however, to conceal all he had heard among the courtiers that could turn to the prejudice of the Prince. The King laughed again and again, and at last took two gold pieces from his pocket, and gave them to Philip; "Here, my son, take these, but say not a word of your night's adventures. Await your trial, no harm shall come of it to you. Now go, my friend, and remember what I have told you."

Philip knelt down at the King's feet and kissed his hand, as he stammered some words of thanks. When he arose, and was leaving the room, Prince Julian said, "I beseech your Majesty to allow the young man to wait a few minutes outside. I have some compensation to make to him for the inconvenience he has suffered."

The King smiling nodded his assent, and Philip left the apartment.

"Prince!" said the King, holding up his fore-finger in a threatening manner to his son, "'t is well for you that you told me nothing but the truth. For this time I must pardon your wild scrape, but if such a thing happens again you will offend me. There will be no excuse for you! I must take Duke Herrman in hand myself. I shall not be sorry if we can get quit of him. As to the ministers of Finance and Police, I must have further proofs of what you say. Go now, and give some present to the gardener. He has shown more discretion in your character than you have in his."

The Prince took leave of the King, and having changed his dress in an anteroom, sent for Philip to go to his palace with him; there he made him go over—word for word—everything that had occurred. When Philip had finished his narrative, the Prince clapt him on the shoulder, and said, "Philip, listen! You 're a sensible fellow. I can confide in you, and I am satisfied with you. What you have done in my name with the Chamberlain Pilzou, the Countess Bonau, the Marshal and his wife, Colonel Kalt and the Minister of Finance—I will maintain—as if I had done it myself. But, on the other hand, *you* must take all the blame of my doings with the horn and staff. As a penalty for your verses, you shall lose your office of watchman. You shall be my head-gardener from this date; and have charge of my two gardens at Heimleben and Quellenthal. The money I gave your bride she shall keep as her marriage-portion,—and I give you the order of Marshal Blankenswerd for five thousand dollars, as a mark of my regard. Go, now; be faithful and true!"

Who could be happier than Philip! He almost flew to Rose's house. She had not yet gone to bed, but sat with her mother beside a table, and was weeping. He threw the purse on the table, and said, "Rose, there is thy dowry! and here are five thousand dollars, which are mine! As a watchman I have transgressed, and shall therefore lose my father's situation; but the day after to-morrow I shall go, as head-gardener of Prince Julian, to Heimleben. And you, mother, and Rose, must go with me. My father and mother also. I can support you all. Huzza!—God send all good people such a happy New Year!"

Mother Bittner hardly knew whether to believe Philip or not, notwithstanding she saw the gold. But when he told her how it had all happened—though with some reservations—she wept with joy, embraced him, laid her daughter on his breast, and then danced about the room in a perfect ecstasy. "Do thy father and mother know this, Philip?" she said. And when he answered no, she cried: "Rose, kindle the fire, put over the water, and make some coffee for all of us." She then wrapped herself in her little woollen shawl and left the house.

But Rose lay on Philip's breast, and forgot all about the wood and water. And there she yet lay when Mother Bittner returned

with old Gottlieb and Mother Katherine. They surrounded their children and blessed them. Mother Bittner saw if she wanted coffee, she would be obliged to cook it herself.

Philip lost his situation as watchman. Rose became his wife in two weeks, their parents went with them to ——— but this does not belong to the adventures of a New Year's Eve, a night more ruinous to the Minister of Finance than any one else; neither have we heard of any more pranks by the wild Prince Julian.*

* In some parts of this translation, the editor has been assisted by a very spirited, but quite imperfect version of it, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine several years since.

FINIS.

TALES FROM THE GERMAN

OF

HEINRICH ZSCHÖKKE.

BY

PARKE GODWIN.

PART II.

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ILLUMINATION;

OR,

THE SLEEP-WAKER

ILLUMINATION;

OR,

THE SLEEP-WAKER.*

INTRODUCTION.

To the healing of our wounds, received at the battle of Molito —we were four German officers—contributed not a little the charms, beauty and seclusion of the villa, the hospitality and goodness of our wealthy host, AMBROSIO FAUSTINO, and the grace of his very lovely wife; but most of all were we aided by the pleasing discovery, that the open-hearted Faustino, as well as his wife, was of German descent. He had formerly been called Faust, but through a singular chain of events had been induced to make a settlement in Italy, and alter his name. The exquisite pleasure of exchanging words in our mother tongue, far from the Heaven of our native land, inspired us with reciprocal confidence.

I had permission to pass my morning hours in Faustino's library. There I found, amid a splendid collection of well-selected works, some volumes of Italian manuscript, written by Faustino himself. They were "Remarkable Events from his own Life," mingled with observations upon Painting and Sculpture. When I asked

* The title of this story in the German has a beautiful significance, *Die Verklärungen*, or the Clarifications referring to that process in chemistry by which any substance is freed from its grosser ingredients. But the word *clarification* in English has somewhat of an uncouth sound, and does not express the author's meaning so well as *illumination*, which is in common use, when speaking of an exalted spiritual condition of mind. Sometimes, also, we use the word Transfiguration; at others, Trance. P. G.

that I might be allowed to read these, Faustino was not only kind enough to grant the favour, but he even opened one of the bundles, and pointed out with his finger what I should peruse. "Only read it," said he, "and believe me, it is true, as incredible as it all appears. Even to myself, although I have experienced it all, it seems at times a mere illusion of the imagination."

He acquainted me also with several small collateral circumstances. But enough in the way of preliminary. Here follows an extract from Faustino's, or rather Faust's "Remarkable Events."

THE ADVENTURE AT VENZONI.

On the 12th of September, 1771, at Spilemburg, I passed over the river Tagliamento. I approached the borders of Germany, my father-land, which I had not seen in many years, with firm steps. Yet my mind was oppressed with an indescribable dejection. It seemed as if some invisible influence was drawing me back. It cried within me constantly—*Return*—RETURN! In fact, I stopped several times upon that miserable road, and as I looked back upon Italy would have returned to Venice, had I not asked myself, "What wilt thou do? how canst thou live?" and I advanced again toward the dark mountains that towered above amidst clouds and rain.

I had little money in my pocket, scarcely enough to enable me to reach Vienna, unless I begged by the way, or sold my watch, linen, and my best suit, which I carried in my knapsack. The brightest portion of my youth had been passed in Italy, to perfect myself in painting and sculpture, but by the time I became seven and twenty, I had just learned enough to know that I never could produce anything great. It is true that my friends in Rome were often kind enough to encourage me, and occasionally I received very good prices for some of my paintings. But this was slight consolation, since I could not help despising my own unsatisfactory creations. I had a painful consciousness that I was, and must remain, incapable of calling images to life with the brush or with the chisel. This almost made me despair. I did not

desire money, but I longed for the power of art. I cursed the years that were lost, and cursed myself. I longed for a solitude in which I might forget myself, and transformed into a village schoolmaster, or some such thing, I might thus punish the presumptuous pride which had driven me to rivalry with Raphael and Angelo.

The rainy weather, which had lasted several days, increased my uneasiness. Could I but die ! was often my thought.—A fresh shower had diverted me from the road into the refuge of a tree. I sat down upon a rock, and reflected for a long time, and with deep sadness, upon the hopes and plans of life which had been destroyed. I was amidst the solitudes of the wild hills. The cold rain poured down in torrents, and not far from me a swollen mountain brook roared amongst the crags.

" What will become of me ?" sighed I.—I then looked to see if the torrent was deep enough to drown me, and was vexed that I had not already put an end to my sorrows in *Tagliamento*. Suddenly I was seized with inexpressible pain—a death-like agony. I shuddered at my own determinations, or rather wishes. I sprang up and fled onward through the pouring rain, as if I would escape from myself. It was already evening, and somewhat late.

I arrived at a singular-looking large house, standing alone, not far from the town of Venzoni. The gathering darkness, the continued tempest of rain, and my own exhaustion, induced me to enter this building, which displayed a friendly and inviting sign of entertainment to the stranger. As I passed the threshold a violent shuddering seized me, and the same death-like agony came over me which I had experienced as I sat upon the rock in the forest. I stopped in the doorway to recover my breath, but I revived as quickly, and as I entered the innkeeper's warm room, and breathed the atmosphere with living men, I felt calmer than I had been for many previous days. These were doubtless alternations of health caused by physical weakness.

I was made welcome, and cheerfully threw my knapsack down upon the table. They showed me a small ante-chamber where I could exchange my wet clothes for dry ones ; but as I was dressing, I heard hasty steps upon the stairs, the room-door open,

and rapid inquiries made about me, such as, "If I were going to remain over night; whether I came on foot with a knapsack on my back; whether I had light hair," and many other questions of the same sort. The speakers went away, but soon returned, and another voice asked the same questions.—I could not understand all this.

On returning to the public room, all eyes were bent inquisitively upon me, but I behaved as if I had not noticed anything. I was tormented by a curiosity to know why they had asked for me with such earnestness, and turning the conversation, first upon the weather, and next from the weather to travelling, then asked if any strangers were in the house? "Certainly," said they, "there is a noble family from Germany, consisting of an old gentleman, a young lady, who is very sick, but beautiful as a picture, an elderly lady of rank, probably the young lady's mother, a physician, two men-servants, and two ladies'-maids." Their Excellencies had arrived about noon, and been detained, partly by the bad weather, and partly by the weakness of the young lady. I learned, at the same time, that the physician, as well as the old gentleman, had entered the room in haste, and inquired for me with anxiety and astonishment. The host assured me "that their excellencies were well acquainted with me; I ought to go up stairs, for I should certainly find them old friends, since it appeared that they had been expecting me."

I shook my head, convinced that there was some mistake. I had not a single noble acquaintance in the wide world, and they were not likely to be Germans. I was confirmed in my belief by an old servant of the strangers, who came and sat down at the table beside me, and asked for wine, in broken Italian. When I spoke to him in German he seemed pleased to hear his mother tongue, and told me what he knew about the family he served. The gentleman was the Count Von Hormegg, who was taking his daughter to Italy for a change of air.

The more the old man drank, the more talkative he became. He looked quite gloomy when he first sat down beside me, but over the second bottle he was very gay. When I told him that I thought of going to Germany, he sighed deeply, looked towards heaven, and tears rose in his eyes. "Could I but go with you!

Could I but go with you!" he continued with earnestness, but in a low tone; "I can stand it no longer. I believe a curse rests upon this family. Strange things are going on. I dare not say what; and if I did, sir, nobody would believe me."

THE MELANCHOLY TRAVELLING PARTY.

With the third flask of wine, old Sebald, for so he was called, had given himself permission to speak freely.

"Mr. Countryman," said he, looking anxiously around the room—but there was no one else in it, as we sat alone beside two dimly-burning tapers—"Mr. Countryman, they cannot blindfold me. Amidst this overflowing abundance of wealth, there stalks a curse. The Evil Spirit has the mastery here. God be merciful to us! The Count has a mine of gold, but he creeps about like a poor sinner, and seldom speaks. He takes no pleasure in life. The old lady, who is a companion, or housekeeper, or something of the sort, to the Countess Hortensia, acts as if an uneasy conscience kept her in perpetual fear. So, too, the Countess herself, though a child of Paradise could scarcely be more beautiful, I do believe her father has married her to the Devil. Ave Maria! what was that?"

The frightened Sebald jumped up quickly, and became as pale as death. It was only the wind that slammed a shutter violently. When I had quieted my countryman, he continued: "It is no wonder. We live in constant fear of death. One of us must and will die soon. I learned this from the maid Katharine. God be merciful to me! If I could not refresh myself now and then over some wine with comrade Thomas, I should have run away long since; for there is no want of victuals and drink or money here, but cheerful spirits *are* wanting."

I thought that Sebald was romancing, from having drunk too much of the tempting wine.

"Why do you suppose that one of you will die?"

"There is no supposing about it," returned Sebald, "it is but too certain. The Countess Hortensia has said it. and no one

dare gainsay her. Just listen: A fortnight since she made a prediction at Judensburg. The young Countess announced the death of some one of us, but we did not believe her, as we were all well. We were journeying upon the highway. Pop! there goes Mr. Muller, the Count's secretary, and a most amiable man, with his horse and his luggage, from the top of the road down over the cliffs into an abyss, ten times deeper than the church steeple is high! Jesu Maria! that was a sight! I lost my senses. Man and horse lay shattered to pieces below, and if you go through the village where he is buried the people will tell you about it. I cannot bear to think of the thing. Now the only question is, which of us is to be offered up next? But if it does happen, by my poor soul! I will ask the Count on the spot for my dismissal, for there is something wrong going on. My old neck is dear to me, and I do not wish to break it in the service of Satan."

I smiled at his superstitious distress. But he swore long and loudly, and then whispered: "The Countess Hortensia is possessed by a Legion of bad Spirits. About a year since she often ran about the roof of Castle Hormegg in a way that we can scarcely do upon level ground. She prophecies, and at times falls unexpectedly into a trance, and sees heaven open before her. She looks clean into the bodies of men, and Doctor Walter, who is certainly an honest man, is of opinion that she can, not only see through people as if they were made of glass, but look through doors and walls. It is horrible! In her saner moments she is perfectly reasonable. But Gramercy! in her crazy hours, when some one else speaks from her mouth, she rules us all. Why could we not remain upon the broad highway——but no, we must not stop in Villach, but must travel over the most miserable roads, the most frightful mountains, upon pack-horses and mules. And why? because she would have it so! If we had remained upon the highway, Mr. Muller, God bless him! might to-day be drinking his glass of wine."

MAKING A LEVY.

The return of the inn servants to the room, bringing with them my slender supper, interrupted Sebald's gossip. He promised to disclose other secrets to me when we were again alone, and then left. In his place there sat down a small, dark, thin man, whom Sebald in passing called "Doctor." I knew therefore that I had before me another member of that mysterious and sad travelling party.

The physician looked at me for a long time silently as I ate. He seemed to be studying me. Then he began to ask me in French whence I came, and whither I was journeying? On hearing that I was a German he became more friendly, and talked with me in our mother tongue, communicating to me in return that Count Von Hormegg was on his way to Venice with his sick daughter.

"How would you like to keep us company?" said the Doctor: "it seems you are going to Germany without any definite aim or object? You are better acquainted with the Italian language than the rest of us—know the people, the customs, and the most healthy districts—you would be very useful to us. The Count would put you immediately in the place of his deceased Secretary, where you would have your board paid, an easy life, a salary of six hundred guilders, to say nothing of the well-known liberality of the Count."

I shook my head, and remarked that I did not know the Count well enough, nor was he sufficiently acquainted with me, to be certain beforehand that we should suit each other. Upon this the Doctor eulogized the Count. I replied that it would be difficult to say as much in my favour to the Count. "Oh!" he cried hastily, "if that is the only objection, you are already recommended to him. Rely upon that."

"Recommended? by whom?"

The Doctor seemed to be seeking for words to retrieve his hasty indiscretion:—"Well, then, through necessity, I will venture to say that the Count would pay you a hundred Louis d'ors if you—"

"No," answered I, "I never have worked in my life for the superfluous, only for the needful. From childhood up I have been accustomed to independence. I am anything but rich, but I will not sell my freedom."

The Doctor seemed to be annoyed, but I was quite serious in what I had said. Besides, I had absolutely made up my mind not to return to Italy, and thus reawaken my passion for the arts; and I will not deny that the sudden importunity of the Doctor, no less than the character of the travelling party, were both disagreeable to me, although I did not exactly believe that the sick Countess was possessed by a Legion of Evil Spirits.

The physician left me, finding that his entreaties only increased my aversion to joining their party.

I now revolved in my mind many little considerations, weighed my poverty against a comfortable life in the suite of a rich count, and fumbled the few gold pieces in my pocket, which were my whole fortune. But the substance of my decision was this: "Away from Italy! God's world lies open before thee. Be firm! Only peace in thy heart, a village-school, and independence! But I must first be at peace with myself. I have lost all—the whole future plan of my life! Gold cannot recompense that."

NEW ATTEMPTS AT IMPRESSMENT.

My astonishment increased not a little when a servant of the Count appeared, ten minutes after the Doctor's departure, and in the Count's name requested me to call at his room. "What the deuce do these people want of me?" thought I, but I promised to come. At any rate, the adventure excited my curiosity, if it did not amuse me.

I found the Count alone, taking long strides up and down the room. He was a tall, stout, fine-looking gentleman, dignified in appearance, with something pleasing, yet melancholy, in his features. He came to meet me immediately, apologized for having sent for me, and leading me to a chair, repeated what he had heard through the Doctor, and renewed his offers, which I de-

clined, modestly, but firmly. With his hands crossed upon his back, he thoughtfully approached the window, then turning suddenly around, sat down close beside me, took my hand in his, and said, "Friend, I appeal to your heart. My eyes must strangely deceive me if you are not an honourable man. I will speak freely. Stay with me, I beg of you, but two years. Rely upon my most heartfelt gratitude. You shall have all the money that you require, and at the end of that time I will pay you a capital of a thousand *Louis d'ors*, that you may not regret the loss of a couple of years in my service."

He said this in tones of such kindness and entreaty, that I was more touched by them than by his promise of the immense capital, which, with my few wants, would have secured to me an easy and independent life for the future. I would have accepted on these terms, had I not been ashamed to show that I finally gave in for the sake of a contemptible sum of money. On the other hand, this brilliant offer appeared suspicious.

"Gracious sir," answered I, "for such sums you can command greater talents than mine. You are not acquainted with me." I told him freely about my previous occupations and fortune, and thought I could thus put aside his offers and his desire for my company, without giving him offence.

"We must not part again!" cried he, pressing my hand earnestly, "we must not; for you are the one I sought. For your sake—wonder as you may—I have undertaken this journey with my daughter; for your sake did I choose this miserable road from Villach, that I might not miss you; for your sake I entered this inn."

I looked at the Count in amazement, thinking he must have had a fancy to make himself merry at my expense. "How could you seek me, when you did not know me, when none knew the way I was going, when I did not know myself, three days since, that I should travel to Germany upon this road?"

"Is this not as I say?" he continued. "This afternoon you rested in a wood; you were sitting in a wilderness, full of sorrow; you leaned upon a rock, under a great tree; you gazed upon a forest stream; you ran eagerly into the pouring rain! Is it not thus? Acknowledge it to me candidly, was it not so?"

These words made me almost lose my senses. He saw my consternation, and said, "Indeed it is so! you are the man whom I seek."

I will not deny that a superstitious fear crept over me. Withdrawing my hand from his, I cried, "But who has watched me? Who told you this?"

"My daughter," answered he, "my sick daughter. I can well believe that this appears extraordinary to you, but the poor child has both seen and said many more wonderful things in her illness. For four weeks she has declared that she could not be restored to perfect health unless through your mediation. My daughter described you to me four weeks since, as you now stand before me, and about a fortnight since she declared that, sent by God, you were coming to meet us, and that we must leave our abode to seek you; so we set out. She pointed out the direction we should take, or rather what part of the country we must traverse by the compass. With the compass in the carriage and the map in our hands, we travelled on, uncertain whither, like sailors on the sea. At Villach she showed us the nearest way to you, describing even its peculiarities, and we were forced to leave the highway. I learnt from Hortensia's mouth this afternoon how near you were already, and also the little circumstances which I have just mentioned. Immediately after your arrival, Doctor Walter assured me, from the mouth of the host, that you exactly resembled the person whom Hortensia had described a month since, and whom she has mentioned daily from that time. Now I am convinced of this, and as thus much has come to pass, I do not doubt a moment that you, and no other, can save my child, and give me back the happiness of my life."

He was silent, and awaited my reply. In my indecision I sat for a long time without uttering a word. Nothing so extraordinary had ever happened to me before. "What you say to me, Sir Count, is incomprehensible, and, therefore, with your permission, quite incredible. I am, or rather I was, but an artist; I understand nothing about physicking."

"There is much in life that is incomprehensible, but all that is incomprehensible is not incredible, particularly when we cannot deny the reality of appearances, though their causes are hid-

den from us. You are no physician. That may be, yet do not doubt a moment that the power which made known your existence to my daughter, has intended you for her preserver. In my younger days, I was a Freethinker, who scarcely believed in a God; but in my old age, I find it possible to believe in Devils, Witches, Ghosts, and Fairies, as obstinately as any old peasant woman. From this, dear Faust, you will understand the cause of my importunity and my offer. The first is pardonable in a father who lives in constant fear for his only child, and the last is not too great for the preservation of so precious a life. I perceive that all this appears singular, strange, and romantic to you. Only remain with us and you will be the witness of many extraordinary things! Do you want any occupation beyond that afforded by the amusements of travelling? It depends upon you to choose what it shall be. I will force no labour upon you, only be my faithful companion, my consolation. A sad hour lies before me, and perhaps it is near at hand. One of our party will die a sudden, and, if I understood aright, an uncommon death. Perhaps it will be myself. My daughter has foretold it, and it will be accomplished. I tremble at the approach of that fatal moment, from which my whole fortune cannot buy me free. I am a very unhappy man."

He said yet more, and was moved even to tears. I was peculiarly embarrassed. All that I had heard, excited first my wonder, and then, very naturally, my doubts. I suspected the Count of not being in his right mind, and then suspected my own sanity. I finally came to the bold determination of engaging in this strange business, come what would of it. It seemed unjust to regard the Count as a cheat, and I stood in God's wide world, without employment or support.

"Sir Count," said I, "I disclaim your generous offer. Give me only what I require for my necessities, and I will accompany you. It is enough if I can hope to contribute to your happiness and the well-being of your daughter, although I cannot conceive *how?* The life of man is worth much: I should be proud could I venture to believe I had saved the life of one human being: I release you, however, from all that you promised me. I do nothing for money, but, on the other hand, I will retain my independence,

remaining in your suite so long as you shall derive any advantage from me, and I feel contented in your service. If you accept this proposition, I belong to your suite. You can present me, then, to your invalid."

The eyes of the Count glistened with joy. He silently clasped me in his arms, and pressed me to his breast, as he sighed—"God be praised!" After a pause, he continued: "To-morrow you shall see my daughter. She has already retired to bed. I must prepare her for your presence."

"Prepare her for my presence!" exclaimed I in amazement; "did you not tell me, a few minutes since, that she had announced my arrival, described my person?"

"Pardon me, dear Faust. There is one circumstance which I forgot to mention to you. My daughter is in some sense a double person. In her natural state she knows not a word of what she says, hears, or sees, in her trances, if I may so call them. She does not recollect the least trifle occurring at those periods, and would herself doubt that she had done and said what we tell her, had she not every reason to put confidence in my words. But she remembers in her trances all that took place in the previous trances, and also her experiences in common and natural life. She has only seen and described you in her trances, but beyond that knows nothing of you except what we have repeated to her of her own expressions. Let us wait for one of her strange moments, and I do not doubt but that she will recollect you immediately."

In a conversation of several hours' length, I learned from the Count, that the Countess had, many years ago, even as a child, a propensity for walking in her sleep. When in these states of somnambulism, and without ever remembering it afterwards, she would leave the bed with closed eyes, dress herself, write letters to her absent friends, play most difficult pieces upon the piano, and perform a hundred other things with an adroitness which she did not possess in her waking state, nor could she afterwards attain it. The Count believed that this, which he called Ecstasy or Trance, was nothing more than a higher degree of Somnambulism, that was, however, weakening his daughter and leading unto her death.

AN AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

It must have been rather late when I left the Count's room. I found no one in the sitting-room but old Sebald, who was making himself comfortable over some wine.

"Sir," said he, "do talk a little German with me, so that I may not altogether forget my own honest tongue, for that would truly be a great pity! You have been talking with the Count?"

"I have spoken with him, and now I shall travel with him to Italy in your company."

"Excellent! It always does me good to have a German face near me, and those Italians must be regular knaves, as I have heard tell. Well, then, every thing will please you in our company, except the possessed Countess; and, now that you are actually one of us, I will talk more freely to you of our affairs. The Count would be an excellent gentleman if he could only laugh. I believe he does not even like it when anybody else laughs. All that are about him wear a face that would answer for the last day. The old lady would be well enough, but she loves to scold if we do not all fly hither and thither at her bidding. I think she travels to Italy for the sake of the finely-distilled brandy, for, between ourselves, she loves a glass of liquor. Neither would the young Countess be amiss, if she had not, besides her pride, a legion of devils in her body. Whoever wants to be in her good graces must creep upon all fours; therefore, bow very humbly before her. Doctor Walter would be the best of us all, if he only understood the art of expelling devils. My comrade Thomas, for that reason——"

At this moment the terrified host rushed into the room, calling to his people, "Help! help! fire!"

"Where's the fire?" I cried, in affright.

"In a room above. I saw the bright flames at the window, from the outside!"

He ran away. Confusion and tumult arose in the house. I wished to go out, but Sebald, as pale as a corpse, held me fast in his arms. "Jesu Maria! what has happened now?" I told him, in German, to get some water, for a fire had broken out in

the house. "Another prank of the devils'!" sighed he, and hastened to the kitchen.

People were running up and down the stairs. They said that the room which had taken fire was fastened; they were seeking instruments with which to force the door. Sebald was up stairs as soon as I, with a pail of water. When he saw the door to which we were all crowding, he screamed: "Jesus Maria! that is the room of the old lady!"

"Force the door," cried Count Von Hormegg in great distress: "burst it open, or Madame Von Montluc, who sleeps in that room, will be suffocated."

Meanwhile a man had arrived with an axe. With great difficulty he cut through the ponderous, well-made oaken door. Then all rushed forward into the room, but every one flew back shuddering.

The room was dark, but in the back-ground by the window some bluish-yellow flames were playing upon the floor; however, they soon went out. On opening the door a terrible stench was wafted towards us. Sebald made a cross and ran down the steps at a full jump, and some of the maid-servants did the same. The Count screamed for a light. It was brought. I went through the room to raise the window. The Count took the light to the bed. It was empty and untouched, nor was there any smoke in the room. The stench was so strong by the window that it made me unwell.

The Count called Madame Von Montluc by name. As he approached with the lighted taper I saw at my feet—imagine my horror!—a great black heap of ashes, beside it a head so disfigured as to be unrecognizable, one hand and arm, in another place three fingers covered with gold rings, and the foot of a lady which was but partly charred.

"Great God!" cried the Count, turning pale: "what is that?" —Shuddering, he contemplated the remains of this human form, but when he saw the rings upon the fingers he sprang towards the Doctor, who was then entering, with a loud scream: "Madame Von Montluc is burnt, yet there is no fire, no smoke! 'Tis incomprehensible!"

He staggered back to convince himself of the fact, then re-

turned the light, folded his hands convulsively, and walked away as pale as death.

I stood there myself as if petrified at the sight of this strange, horrible tragedy. All that had occurred during the day, and the extraordinary things which had been said, combined to stun me so that I looked unmoved upon this black dust and coals, the disgusting remains of a human corpse at my feet. The room was soon filled with the waiters and maids of the inn. I heard their creeping steps, their whispers—it seemed to me that I stood among ghosts. The nursery tales of my childhood seemed to have been realized.

When I came to my senses, I worked my way out of the room. I was going down into the public hall; at the same moment a side door opened, and a young lady appeared clad in a light night dress, and supported by two young women, each bearing a lighted taper. Dazzled, I stood looking at this new apparition. I had never seen such majesty of form and movement, such noble features either in nature or the creations of the painter or the sculptor. The terror of the preceding moments was almost forgotten, I was all eyes and amazement. The young Beauty tottered towards the room where the awful catastrophe had taken place. When she perceived the servants, she stood still and exclaimed in German with a commanding voice, "Drive this rabble away from here!" One of the Count's servants immediately busied himself in executing her orders, which he did with such rudeness, that all were forced from the hall to the stairs, and I with the rest.

"If there ever were enchantresses," thought I, "this is one!"

Sebald was in the sitting-room over his wine, but very pale.

"Did I not tell you," cried he, as I entered, "that one of us must take it! The Possessed woman, or rather the malicious Satan, would have it so. One of us must break his neck, the other be burnt alive—your humble servant: to-morrow I take my leave, or the turn of my littleness may come next. Those who are as wise as I will not travel with them to hell. In Italy they say that the mountains vomit fire; God keep me from coming too near one of them! I should be roast number one, of Moloch,

to a certainty, for I am rather too pious, although not always—a Saint."

I mentioned the young lady to him.

"That was she," exclaimed he. "That was the Countess. God be with us! She probably wanted to take a snuff of the burnt dish!—To-morrow let us shake the dust from our feet. Your dear young life quite awakens my pity."

"So that was the Countess Hortensia?"

"Who else can it be? she is pretty; that's the reason the King of the Devils was smitten with her, but—"

Sebald was now called to the Count. He went or rather staggered out, heaving a deep sigh.

This event had filled the whole house with confusion. I sat upon a bench, scarcely recognizing myself amongst all these wonders.

Long after midnight the innkeeper led me to a small room, where he gave me a bed.

ANTIPATHY.

The fatigue of the previous days made me sleep soundly until near noon. On awaking, the events of the day before seemed to me like the chimeras of a fever, like the delusions of intoxication. I could not persuade myself of the reality of those occurrences, nor could I disbelieve them, yet I now looked upon everything in a more cheerful spirit. I did not hesitate a moment longer about keeping my word with the Count Von Hormegg. On the contrary, my destiny seemed so new and extraordinary that I followed him with pleasure and curiosity. For what had I to lose in Germany? What had I to lose in life? What risk could there be in the suite of the Count? Finally, it depended altogether upon me to break the thread of the romance as soon as I found its length disagreeable.

When I entered the public room, I found it filled with magistrates, police officers, capuchins, and peasants from the neighbouring parts; brought thither, either by business or curiosity. Not

one of them doubted but that the death of the burnt lady was the work of the Devil. The Count had caused the remains of the unfortunate woman to be buried by his own people, but according to the loudly expressed opinion of the reverend Father Capuchins, the whole house must be sprinkled and blessed that no traces might be left of the Evil Spirit. This was done at great expense. They were about to arrest and take us before the Justice. The question now was whether we were to answer to a civil or ecclesiastical magistrate. The majority of voices was for taking us before the Archbishop at Udine.

The Count, not being master of Italian, was rejoiced to find that I was so. He had offered in vain a large sum of money as a remuneration for the expenses occasioned by so unusual an occurrence. He requested me to settle with the people in his name. I went immediately to the capuchins and magistrates, declared to them that so far I had had as little previous acquaintance with the strangers as they, but gave them two things to consider. The unfortunate burning had either occurred naturally, at any rate without the participation of the Count; and in that case they might draw some displeasure upon themselves for arresting a gentleman of rank: or he actually was in connexion with evil spirits; in that case, he might, out of revenge, play their cloisters, their villages, and themselves some very bad tricks. That it would be most advisable to take the Count's money and let him go, as they would have nothing then to fear from the tribunal or his revenge, and most decidedly be the gainers. My arguments were convincing, and the money was paid down. Our horses were brought out, we mounted and rode away. The sky had become clear.

The Countess had already departed several hours before with her damsels and the other servants, the Count remaining behind with but one servant. On the way he began to talk of the dreadful occurrence of the day previous. He said that his daughter had been much affected at the time. For several hours she suffered from cramps and spasms, then fell into a gentle sleep which left her quiet on awaking, but she desired to leave that house of misfortune immediately.

"Probably to prepare me for my future situation," he added:

"I must submit to much and forgive much in my poor sick child. Her will is uncontrollable, and her excessive irritability makes her angry at the least contradiction. A little vexation is enough to cause her many days' suffering. I announced your arrival to her. She heard it with indifference. I asked whether I should present you to her. Her answer was: 'Do you think I am so curious? There will be time enough when we are in Venice.' —But I think we shall have opportunities enough by the way. Do not be offended, dear Faust, at the caprices of my daughter. She is a sick, unfortunate creature, whom we must treat with tenderness, if we would not send her to the grave. She is my only treasure, my last joy upon earth. The loss of Madame Von Montluc was not of itself particularly painful to her, for my daughter had begun to dislike her of late, perhaps on account of the inclination for strong drink which she manifested, though never carried to excess."

"Doctor Walter thinks that this habit had caused spontaneous combustion, though otherwise she was very good, and much attached both to me and my daughter. I mourn her loss. Doctor Walter has told me of several instances of the self-combustion of human bodies, by which they were turned to ashes in a few moments, but these must happen very seldom. He tried to explain this phenomena upon natural principles, but I can neither understand nor conceive anything of the matter. Only this I know; that these flaming gates of death are most appalling."

Thus spoke the Count, and it was about the substance of our conversation until we reached Venice. The young Countess, weak as she was in body, had a notion to travel to Venice by quick stages without any delay except for the night's rest, notwithstanding the objections of her father and the physician; nor was I favoured with an introduction. Yes—I always had to keep at a respectful distance from her, as unfortunately it was the only way I could give her pleasure.

She was carried in a litter, with servants running beside it. The young women rode in one carriage, the Count in another. The Doctor and myself were on horseback.

The Countess, seeing me one morning, as she left the inn-door,

to ascend the litter, said to Doctor Walter, "Who is that man that is forever taging after us?"

"Mr. Faust, gracious lady."

"A disagreeable fellow; send him back."

"You desired him. We took that journey on his account. You must look upon him as a drug, which you have prescribed for yourself."

"He is disgusting, in common with all physic."

I was near enough to hear this not over flattering conversation, and do not know what kind of a face I made, but I remember very well that I was not a little annoyed. If the Count had not been so kind, I would have immediately left this whimsical Venus to take care of herself. I did not exactly consider myself handsome, but I did know that I was not often displeasing to women. But now to be tolerated only as disgusting physic, was too much for the vanity of a young man, and besides, one who, if he were a Prince or Count, would not hesitate to place himself amongst the suitors of the beautiful Hortensia.

This state of things continued long the same. The Countess reached Venice without any especial misfortune, and her medicine followed very obediently. We took possession of a magnificent palace, and I had my particular rooms, and even my particular servants. Count Von Hormegg lived, as they say, with great *éclat*.

He had many friends among the Venitian nobility.

THE ILLUMINATION.

We had been about four days in Venice, when, one afternoon, I was summoned in great haste to the Count. He received me with an unusually cheerful expression of face.

"My daughter," said he, "has sought you. It is queer, a day has not passed that she has not fallen into her strange disease, which she has done again to-day; but now, for the first time, she desires your presence. Go with me into her chamber—yet softly. Every noise throws her into dangerous convulsions."

"But," said I, with an inward shudder, "what does she wish me to do ?"

"Who can tell ? wait the developments of time. God will direct all."

We entered a large chamber, hung round with green silk drapery. The two chambermaids leaned silently but anxiously upon the window, while the Doctor sat upon a sofa considering his patient. She was standing bolt upright in the middle of the room, her eyes closed, with one of her beautiful arms hanging down, and the other half-raised, stiff, and motionless, like a statue. The heaving of her bosom alone betrayed that she was alive. The silence of death that reigned around, and the heavenly form of Hortensia, on which all eyes were fixed, filled me with an involuntary yet pleasing dread.

As soon as I entered the silent sanctuary, the Countess, without opening her eyes, or changing her position, said in an indescribably sweet voice, "At last, oh Emanuel ! Why remainest thou so far off ? Come hither and bless her, that she may be recovered from her sufferings."

The probability is that I looked rather silly at this address, hardly knowing whether it was meant for me or not. The Count and the Doctor winked to me to go nearer to her, and indicated that in the manner of a priest I should make the sign of a cross before her, or lay my hands upon her as if to bless her. I drew near her, and raised my hand over her wonderfully beautiful head, but my reverence for her quite deprived me of the courage to touch her. I suffered my hands to sink down again slowly. Hortensia's countenance seemed to betray some uneasiness. I raised my hands once more, and held them stretched out towards her, uncertain what I ought to do. Her expression brightened. This induced me to remain in the position in which I was. But my embarrassment was increased when the Countess said, "Emanuel, thou hast not yet the will to assist her ! Oh ! only give thy will—thy will ! Thou art all-powerful—thy Will can do all."

"Gracious Countess," said I, "doubt of everything, but not of my Will to help you." I said this truly with the most entire sincerity. For had she ordered me to spring into the sea for her, I would have done so with pleasure. It seemed to me that I

stood in the presence of some divinity. This delicate symmetry of the limbs, the nobleness of her whole form, that countenance, which seemed to belong to no earthly being, had, as it were, disembodied my own soul. Never before had I looked upon such a wonderful union of the graceful with the sublime. Hortensia's face, as I had before observed it—only transiently or at a distance—had always been pale, painful, and dejected; but now it was quite otherwise. An exceedingly delicate red overspread her features like a reflection from a rose; in every lineament beamed a light which mankind in its ordinary state cannot acquire either by nature or art. The expression of the whole was a solemn smile; and yet not a smile, but rather a deep inward ecstasy. Her attendants properly characterized this extraordinary state as a TRANSFIGURATION, but such a transfiguration as no painter had seen or conceived in his most inspired moments. Add to the rest, the statue-like repose, the marble stillness, of all the features, and the eyes closed as if in sleep! Never until then had I experienced such awful delight.

"Oh! Emanuel," said she, after a little while, "now thy will is sincere. Now she knows that through thee she can be restored. Thy looks radiate flames of gold; from thy fingers flow streams of silvery light; thou sweepest through the clear azure of the heavens. Oh, how eagerly her thirsty being drinks in this splendour, this health-bringing flow of light."

In the midst of these somewhat poetical compliments, the "drugs" to which a few days since I had the honour of being compared, involuntarily recurred to my mind, and I quietly regretted that nothing of the rays of gold and silver had been remarked at that time.

"Be not angry with her in thy thoughts, Emanuel," said Hortensia, "be not vexed with the weak one, whose distempered fancies compared thee to a bitter remedy. Be more magnanimous than the thoughtless one, who is misled by pain and earthly weaknesses to abandon herself to illusions."

At these words the Doctor cast a smile towards me, and I looked at him, but with an expression of astonishment, not so much because the proud Countess had humbled herself to

make an apology, but that she seemed to have divined my very thoughts.

"Oh! do not dissipate thy attentions, Emanuel!" said the Ecstatic quickly, "thou art speaking with the physician. Bend thy mind on her and her recovery alone. It pains me when thy thoughts are away from me even for one moment. Continue in the firm desire to penetrate her half-distracted being with the beneficent energy of thy light. Seest thou not how strong thy will is? The frozen fibres soften and melt like the rime of the winter beneath the warm beams of the sun."

While she was saying this the arm which had been raised sunk down. Motion and life passed into her frame. She requested a seat. The doctor brought her one, which stood in the chamber, splendidly decked with green silk cushions. "Not that!" said she. After a time she continued, "The arm-chair covered with striped chintz, which stands before the table in Emanuel's room. Bring it hither forever."

Strange as it may seem, I had actually left the arm-chair standing before my writing table: yet the Countess had not seen my room. I then handed one of the chamber-maids the key, when the Countess said, "Is that the one? I do not recognize the dark spots. Thou hast in the left pocket of thy vest another key —throw it way from thee!" I did so: it was the key of my chest.

As soon as the arm-chair was brought she sat down in it, and seemed to be perfectly contented in it. Me she commanded to stand right before her, to stretch out my hands towards her, and to turn the tips of my fingers in the direction of her heart.

"Oh God, with what bliss the man is charged!" she exclaimed. "Emanuel, give her thy word, she adjures thee, that thou wilt not leave her until her inward distractions are regulated and her recovery is complete. Shouldst thou desert her she must miserably perish. Her life depends upon thee."

I promised with transport and pride to be the protector and guardian angel of so precious a life. "Do not care for it," she continued, "if, during her ordinary waking state, she does not know thee. Forgive her, because she is an unfortunate one who does not know what she does. All offences in mortals are diseases that impair the powers of the spirit."

She was talkative, and so far from being vexed by my questions, she appeared to listen to them with considerable satisfaction. I expressed to her my curiosity in regard to the extraordinary nature of her state. I had never heard that disease could render a person, as it were, divine, so that with his eyes closed he could discern the unseen and the distant, and even the thoughts of others. I must believe that her state, rightly denominated a Clarification or Illumination, was the very perfection of Health.

After some moments' silence—which always preceded her answers—she replied, "Her health is like that of a dying person, whose material parts are about to fall asunder. She is healthy, or she will be, when mortality departs, and her body, that earthly lamp of the Eternal Light, has been broken."

"Yours is an illumination," said I, "that makes everything dark to me."

"Dark, Emanuel? But thou shalt yet see through it. She knows much which she cannot explain—she sees much, now clearly, and anon vaguely, which she cannot describe. Lo—Man is a compound of various natures, which collect and form themselves, as it were, around a single point, and by means of these he becomes Man. Thus all the smaller parts of a flower are held together, and their union in that particular form constitutes them a flower. And since each part supports and limits the other, the one determines the form of the other, and no one is precisely what it might be by itself; for the whole together only is man, and nothing more. Nature is like an immeasurable ocean of brightness, in which single opaque points are condensed. These are Creations. Or like a vast crystal heaven in which drops of light run together into stars. All that is in the world has run together from the universal chaos, and after growing awhile, dissolves again in the All, as nothing can remain stationary. Thus, Man is one of the ever-growing, ever-changing flowers, amid the manifold existences of the All. But, in order that he may be man, inferior things are placed about him, to support his divine part. These inferior things, or natures, go to form his body. This body is only the shell of a spiritual body. The spiritual body is called the soul. The soul is the covering or recipient of the Infinite. Now, in regard to the present sufferer,

the earthly shell is broken, and its light streams out, her spirit flows into union with the All, from which it was separated by the more perfect body, and sees, hears, and feels all things, both without and within itself. For it is not the body that perceives, since that is only the lifeless casement of the soul, without which, eyes, ears, and tongue, are like stones. Ah, if this earthly shell cannot be repaired by thy aid, Emanuel, it will break entirely and fall to pieces. She will then no longer belong to humanity, since she will have nothing in common with men."

She ceased. I heard as if she brought tidings from another world. I understood nothing distinctly, yet I guessed what she thought. The Count and Doctor listened to her with equal astonishment. Both assured me afterwards that Hortensia had not before spoken so clearly, consistently, and, as it were, divinely, as at this time; but generally with much incoherence, and often in pain; at times she had gone into frightful convulsions, or lay for hours together in a state of perfect torpidity. Besides, she had very rarely answered questions, while now conversation did not appear to fatigue her at all.

I caused her to direct her attention to her disease, and asked if such long conversations did not diminish her strength. "Not at all," she replied. "It is good for her. She would always be well, if thou wert by. But in seven minutes she will awake. She will enjoy a quiet night; but at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon her sleep will come back; then do not fail, Emanuel. Five minutes before three the cramps will again begin to seize her: then stretch thy hands towards her, as if blessing her, with an earnest determination to become her healer. Five minutes before three, and that by the clock in thy room,—not by the watch in thy fob—which differs some three minutes. Set this one carefully by that, lest the patient should suffer in consequence."

She said several other unimportant things, ordered what they should give her to drink and what to eat after she awaked, and when they should put her to bed, &c., &c. She was then silent. The former death-like stillness reigned. Her face gradually became pale, as it commonly was; the animation of her countenance vanished. She now first appeared to wish to sleep, or

actually to be asleep. She no longer held herself upright, but sank down carelessly, and nodded like those who are slumbering. She then began to extend her arms and stretch herself. She yawned, rubbed her eyes, opened them, and was almost in the same minute awake and cheerful, as she had foretold.

When she saw me, she started with some surprise—she looked around on the others. The women hastened to her, also the Count and Doctor.

"What do you want?" she asked me, in a severe tone.

"Gracious Countess, I wait your commands."

"Who are you?"

"Faust, at your service."

"I am obliged to you for your good will, but suffer me to be alone!" said she, somewhat pettishly, bowed proudly toward me, and arose and turned her back on me.

I left the room with a singular mixture of feelings. How immeasurably different was the waking from the sleeping person! Gone were my gold and silver rays; gone too her confidential *thou*, which penetrated deep into my innermost feelings—even the name of Emanuel, with which she had enriched me, was no longer of value.

Shaking my head, I entered my chamber, like one who had been reading fairy tales, and lost himself in them so that he still mistakes the reality for enchantment. The arm-chair before my writing-table was wanting. I placed another, and wrote down the wonderful tale, as I had experienced it, and as much of Hortensia's conversation as I recollected, since I feared that I might not hereafter believe it myself, if I had it not written before me. I had promised to pardon all the severity she might show toward me while awake. Willingly did I forgive her. Only she was so beautiful that I could not bear it with indifference.

A SECOND TRANCE.

The next day the Count Von Hormegg visited me in my room, to inform me what a quiet night Hortensia had enjoyed, and how

that she was stronger and more animated than she had been for a long time. "At breakfast I told her," said he, "all that passed yesterday. She shook her head and would not believe me, or else she said she must have fits of delirium. She began to weep. I quieted her. I told her that, without doubt, she would be restored to perfect health, since in you, dear Faust, there certainly dwells some divine power, of which hitherto you have been unconscious. I begged her to receive you into her society from time to time during her waking hours, since I promised myself much from your presence. But I could not move her to this. She asserted that the sight of you was insupportable to her, and that only by degrees could she perhaps accustom herself to you. What can we do? She cannot be forced without putting her life in danger."

Thus he spoke, and sought in every way to excuse Hortensia to me. He showed me, as if in contrast to Hortensia's offensive dislike, obstinacy, and pride, the most flattering confidence; told me of his family affairs, of his estates, law-suits, and other disagreeable circumstances; desired my advice, and promised to lay all his papers before me, in order that my judgment of his affairs might be more intelligent. He was true to his word, that same day. Initiated in all, even his most secret concerns, I became every day more intimate with him; his friendship appeared to increase in proportion as the repugnance of his daughter augmented. At length, I conducted all his correspondence—had the management of his income, and the direction of his household—so that, in short, I became all in all to him. Persuaded of my honesty and good-will, he trusted me with unlimited confidence, and only seemed discontented when he perceived, that with the exception of mere necessaries, I took nothing for myself, and steadfastly refused all his rich presents. Dr. Walter and all the male and female domestics soon remarked what extraordinary influence I had acquired, as sudden as unexpected. They besieged me with attentions and flattery. I was happy on account of this unmerited and general good-will. Still I would willingly have sacrificed it all for mere recognition from the inimical Countess. She, however, remained irreconcilable. Her antipathy appeared almost to degenerate into hate. She warned her father against

me, as against a cunning adventurer and cheat. Among her women she called me only the vagabond, who had insinuated himself into her father's confidence. The old Count, at last, scarce dared to allude to me in her presence.

But I will not anticipate the history and course of events.

My watch was adjusted. It was really three minutes different from the clock. Five minutes before three in the afternoon, neither sooner nor later, I, unannounced, entered Hortensia's room. The witnesses of the day before were present. She sat on the sofa, with her own peculiar grace, pale, suffering, and thoughtful. As she was sensible of my approach, she threw a contemptuously proud look on me, rose hastily, and cried, "Who gave you permission to come to me directly—without being announced——"

A violent shriek and fearful paroxysms stopped her voice. She sank into the arms of her women. They brought the chair which she had desired the day before. Scarcely was she seated in it, than she began to strike herself with her clenched fists, in the most frightful manner, and with incredible velocity, as well on the body as the head. I could hardly endure the horrible spectacle. Trembling, I took the attitude which she had indicated the day before, and directed the finger ends of both my hands towards her. But she, with eyes strongly distorted and fixed, seized my hands vehemently, and thrust the fingers with violence many times against her stomach. I remained as I was. She soon became more tranquil, closed her eyes, and after she had heaved a deep sigh, appeared to sleep. Her countenance betrayed pain. She muttered something indistinctly. But even the pain appeared to subside. She now sighed a few times more, but gently. Her countenance gradually became clearer, and soon resumed the expression of internal blessedness, while the paleness of her face was overspread by a delicate pink.

After some minutes, she said, "Thou, true friend! what should I be without thee?" She spoke these words with a solemn tenderness, with which, perhaps, angels alone can greet each other. Her tones thrilled through all my nerves.

"Are you well, gracious Countess?" said I, almost in a whisper—for I still feared she might show me the door.

"Very, oh! very, Emanuel!" answered she, "as well as yes-

terday, and even more so. It seems thy will is more decided, and thy power more elevated, to heal her. She breathes—she swims in the halo which surrounds thee: her being, penetrated by thine, is in thee dissolved. Would she could be ever thus!"

To us prosaic listeners, this mode of speaking was quite unintelligible, though to me by no means unpleasant. I regretted only that Hortensia thought not of me, but of some Emanuel, and thus deceived herself. Yet it was some consolation when I afterward learned from the Count, that to his knowledge none of his relations or acquaintances bore the name of Emanuel.

When her father asked her some questions, she did not hear them—for she began, in the midst of one of them, to speak to me. He stepped nearer to her. When he stood near me, she became more attentive. "How, dear father, art thou here?" said she. She now answered his questions. I asked her why she had not observed him sooner. She replied, "He stood in darkness—only near thee is light. Thou also shinest, father, but less brightly than Emanuel, and only by reflection from him." I then said that there were other persons in the room; she was silent for some time, afterwards named them all, even the places where they were. Her eyes were constantly closed, yet she could distinctly describe what passed behind her. Yes, she even remarked the number of persons who were passing in a gondola in the canal before the palace, and was not mistaken.

"But how is it possible that you know this? You cannot see them," said I. "Did she not inform thee yesterday that she was ill? That it was not the body which perceives the internal world, but the soul? Flesh and blood and the bony structure are only the shell that imprisons the noble kernel. The shell in my case is broken, and the vital power seeks to make the fragments whole, but cannot do it without assistance. Therefore the spirit demands thee. And the soul, streaming forth into the universe, finds thee, and fills itself from thy strength. During her earthly wakefulness, she sees, hears, feels more quickly, more vivaciously, but only external and present things. Now, however, she comes in contact with things, which she would, and yet would not; she does not touch, she penetrates; she guesses no more, she knows. In dreaming, thou goest forth to things, they do not come to thee;

and thou knowest them, and thou knowest why they do so. Well, now it seems to me as in a dream, except that she knows that she is awake, although the body is not awake, and the external senses do not assist her."

She then related many things of her disease, of her somnambulism, and of a swoon in which she once lay, what had passed within her, what she thought, etc., all the while that the by-standers mourned her as dead. The Count Von Hormegg heard her tales with astonishment; for besides many circumstances with which she was not acquainted, she touched upon others which had occurred during her swoon, of some ten hours duration, that could only have been known to himself; as, for instance, how, quitting her in utter hopelessness, he had fallen upon his knees in his chamber, and prayed with all the agony of despair. He had told this to no one; nobody could have observed him, for not only had he bolted his door at the time, but it was a dark night, and there was no light in the room. Now that Hortensia referred to it, he did not deny the fact. Inconceivable it was, indeed, how Hortensia could have known of this in her swoon; but the more so, that she should remember it now, when the incident had occurred in her earliest childhood. She could then scarcely have been eight years old.

It was also a little curious that she always spoke of herself in the third person, as of a stranger, even when she referred to her own history, or to herself, in various domestic and social relations. One time she said emphatically, "I am no Countess; she is the Countess:" and at another, "I am not the daughter of the Count Von Hormegg, but she is."

As her whole outward being seemed rapt in an ecstasy, more serene, exalted, and beautiful than common, her language took a corresponding tone. It was, though still as gentle and soft as in her ordinary state, more solemn; every expression being well chosen, and very often highly poetical. Sometimes this, sometimes the lofty range of her imagination, sometimes that she spoke of things out of our reach, or that she conceived them from a point of view peculiar to herself, frequently involved her words in a singular obscurity, or often in complete apparent want of congruity.

Nevertheless, she spoke readily, and even liked it, when she was questioned, especially by me. But at times, she sunk into a quiet and long thoughtfulness; and we could then read in her countenance the varying expressions of successful or unsuccessful inquiries, surprises, admiration, or delight. Then she would break this deep silence, from time to time, with single exclamations, whilst she whispered "Holy God."

Once she began, of her own accord: "Now is the world different. It is a great one, and the Eternal One is a spiritual Unity. There is no distinction between body and soul, for all is soul, and all may become body, when it coalesces, in order to be perceived as individual. The All is as if formed out of ethereal vapour; All is living and moving; the All transforming itself, since it would unite itself to the All; one thus supports the other. There is an eternal fermentation of Life—a perpetual reciprocation between the too-much and the too-little. Seest thou how the clouds gather out of the purest Heaven? They belly and swell, until the whole mass is complete, when, attracted by the earth, they discharge themselves, and penetrate it in the form of fire or rain. Seest thou a flower? A spark of life has fallen amid the bustle of other energies; it unites itself with all that may be of service to it, gives them form, and the germ becomes a plant, until the success of the other, and external influences, overgrows and extinguishes its own vitality. And when this spark of vitality is lost, the parts fall asunder, because they have no longer a principle of union. So it is in the formation and passing away of mankind."*

She said much more, wholly unintelligible to me. Her trance ended like the first. She again announced correctly the period of her earthly waking, as well as the recurrence of a similar state the next day. She dismissed me as soon as she opened her eyes with the same dark looks as on the first day.

* Literally, the Becoming (Das Werden) and the Be-going (Begehen) of mankind.

SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY.

Thus it continued, and always in the same way, for many months. I may not and cannot write down all her remarkable revelations. Her extraordinary sickness was subject only to insignificant changes, from which I could not affirm that they denoted either improvement or deterioration. For, though she suffered less from cramps and convulsions—and while awake there was not the slightest trace of uncomfortable feeling, except extreme irritability—her unnatural sleeps and trances returned more frequently, so that I was often summoned two or three times in a day.

I became in this way really the slave of the house, for I dared absent myself only for a few hours. Any neglect might bring on mortal danger. And I bore the yoke of slavery so willingly! I never failed. My soul trembled with joy, when the moment came that assigned me to the beautiful miracle. Each day invested her with higher personal charms. If I saw her, or heard her, but for one hour, I had remembrances enough to feed on during my long solitudes. Oh! the intoxication of first love!

Yes, I deny it not—it was love; but I may truly say, not earthly, but celestial love. My whole being was bound to this Delphic priestess, by some new art, by an awe in which even the hope died of ever being worthy of her most indifferent glance. Had the Countess endured me even as the meanest of her attendants, without opposition, I should have thought that Heaven had in store no higher happiness. But as, in her ecstatic state, her kindness toward me seemed to increase, even so did her aversion increase, as soon as she saw me, when waking. This dislike grew at last into the bitterest abhorrence. She declared this on every occasion, and always with an air that was most irritating to me. She daily bade her father, and always more earnestly, to send me from the house; she conjured him with capricious tears; she affirmed that I could do nothing towards her recovery; and were it so, all the good I could effect during her unconsciousness, was again destroyed by the vexation my presence caused her. She despised me as a common vagabond, as a man of vile

origin, who should not be allowed to breathe the same air with her—to say nothing of so intimate a connection with her, or such great confidence from Count Von Hormegg.

It is well known that women, particularly the pretty, delicately-educated, and self-willed, have their whims, and consider it not unbecoming, if they sometimes or always are a little inconsistent. But never did any mortal exhibit more inconsistency than the beautiful Hortensia. What she thought, said, or did, in her waking state, she contradicted in the moments of her trance. She entreated the Count not to regard what she might allege against me. She asserted, that an increase of her illness would be the infallible consequence of my leaving the house, and would end in her death. Me she begged not to regard her humours, but generously to overlook her silly conduct, and to live under the conviction that she would certainly improve toward me as her disease abated.

I was, on the other hand, as much astonished as the others at Hortensia's extraordinary inclination to me during her transfigured state. She seemed, as it were, only through me, and in me, to live. She guessed, indeed, she knew my thoughts—especially when they had any reference to her. It was unnecessary to utter my little directions to her; she executed them. Incredible as it may be, it is not the less true, that she, with her hands, followed involuntarily all the movements of mine, as any one might indicate. She declared that it was scarcely any longer essential to stretch out my hands toward her, as at the commencement; my presence, my breath, my mere will sufficed to her well-being. She declined the taste of any wine or water, that I had not, as she said, consecrated by laying my hands on, and made healthful by the light streaming from the ends of my fingers. She went so far as to declare my slightest wishes to be her irresistible commands.

"She has no free will any more," said she one day. "So soon as she knows thy will, Emanuel, she is constrained so to will. Thy thoughts control her with a supernatural power. And precisely in this obedience, she feels her good, her blessedness. She cannot otherwise. So soon as she perceives thy thoughts, they become her thoughts and laws."

"But how is this perception of my thoughts possible, dearest Countess?" said I. "Deny I cannot, that you often discern the deepest recesses of my soul. What a singular sickness—which seems to make you omniscient! who would not wish for himself, this state of perfection, while sickness is commonly the condition of our greatest imperfection?"

"It is so also with her," said she. "Deceive not thyself, Emanuel, she is very imperfect, since she has lost the greater part of her self-dependence; she has lost it in thee. Shouldst thou die to-day, thy last breath would be her last. Thy serenity is her serenity—thy sorrow her sorrow."

"Can you explain to me the possibility of a miracle, that fills me with the greatest astonishment, and remains inexplicable after all my reflections?"

She remained silent for some time. After about seven minutes she said, "No! I cannot explain it. Has it not happened to you in dreams of other persons, that you seemed to think their thoughts in the same moment with themselves? It is so with her; and yet the Sick One lives all the while in perfect clearness, and is conscious that she is awake.

"In truth," she continued, "the I, the personality is always the same. But that which unites the Spirit to the Body is no longer the same. Her shell is wounded in that part with which the soul is first and most deeply inclosed. Her life flows out and is dissipated, so that it can no longer be bound together of itself. Hadst thou not been found, Emanuel, the patient would have already been in dissolution. But, as the uprooted plant, whose strength would exhale without sustenance, drinks new life from the earth, puts forth branches and grows green again, when its roots are laid in a fresh soil—so it is with the Sick One. Her soul and life, streaming out into the universe, finds nourishment in thy fulness of life; strikes new roots, as it were, into thy being, and is, through thee, made whole. She is like the flickering light of a broken vessel; yet, the exhausted wick of her life may be kindled again by the oil of thy overflowing lamp. Thus, she is spiritually rooted in thee, lives by the same strength as thou dost; and experiences pleasure and pain, perception, will, and even thought, as thou dost. Thou art her life, Emanuel!"

The chambermaids could no more refrain from a smile at this tender avowal, than could the Doctor.

On the same day, said Count Von Hormegg to me, "Will you not, by way of a jest, put your omnipotence over Hortensia to the severest proof?"

"And how?"

"Desire her, as a proof of her obedience, that she call you, when she is awake, and make you a present, of her own accord, of the most beautiful blooming rose in her vase of flowers."

"It is too much; it would be rude. You know, Count, what an unconquerable aversion she has to poor Faust, much as she appears to honour Emanuel."

"For that reason, I entreat you to make the trial, were it only to discover whether your will is powerful enough to have effect out of the state of transfiguration, and in her ordinary state. No one shall tell her what you intend. Therefore it shall be arranged, that no person except you and myself, shall be present when you make the request."

I promised to obey—though, I confess, rather reluctantly.

THE ROSE.

When on the next morning, as Hortensia lay in the slumber that commonly preceded her extraordinary states,—and I never went sooner—I entered her room, I found the Count there alone. He reminded me, by a look and with laughing eyes, of the agreement we had made the day before.

Hortensia passed into her trance and instantly began a friendly conversation. She assured us that her illness had almost reached its crisis, and would afterwards gradually diminish, as might be known, by her perceptions during sleep becoming less clear. My embarrassment increased the more the Count motioned me to make the proposed experiment. She turned from one side to the other restively, and with her brows knit, as if absorbed in something passing within herself.

In order to divert my mind, or rather to gain courage, I walked

silently across the room, to the window where her flowers were in bloom, and ran my fingers through the branches of a rose-bush. In my negligence, I struck a thorn pretty deep into the end of my middle finger.

Hortensia uttered a loud shriek. The Count and myself hurried towards her. She complained of a severe prick on the end of her middle finger of the right hand. This singular effect was one of the many sorceries to which, since my intercourse with her, I had become accustomed. I thought, in fact, I could see a small bluish spot on her finger, and the next day a small sore was discoverable on her finger as well as on mine, though mine was the first to heal.

"It is thy fault, Emanuel," said she after a little while: "thou hast wounded thyself with the rose-bush. Take more heed of thyself, for what happens to thee, happens also to her."

We were both silent. My own thoughts were revolving how I could best present my request. The wound seemed to hold out the most suitable occasion. The Count motioned me to take courage.

"Why dost thou not speak out?" said Hortensia: "request that thou mayst be called at twelve o'clock to-day, before she dines, that she may give thee a new-blown rose."

I heard my wish from her lips with utter surprise, and said, "I feared to offend you by my boldness."

"She knows well enough, oh Emanuel, that it was her father who suggested the wish to thee," she answered with a smile.

"At the same time, it is my most ardent desire," I stammered; "but will you remember it, at twelve o'clock, after you have awaked?"

"How can she do otherwise?" was her good-natured reply. As soon as the conversation on this subject had ended, the Count let in the chambermaids and the Doctor, who were in waiting without. In about half an hour, after my usual custom, as soon as the ecstatic fell into a natural sleep, I retired. It was then about ten o'clock.

On awakening, Hortensia showed her wounded finger to the Doctor. She imagined that she had pricked it with a needle, and was a little astonished not to find an external bruise.

About eleven o'clock she became uneasy, paraded up and down the room, looked after various things, began to converse with her maids about me, as was her wont, or rather she poured out her fulness of wrath against me, and loaded her father with reproaches for not having sent me away.

"This obtrusive fellow is not worthy of the words and tears he has cost me," she said. "I hardly know what induces me to think of him and embitter every hour with his hateful image. It is already past endurance that I know him to be in the same house with me, and that you respect him so highly, dearest father. The wretched creature, I could be sworn, has bewitched us all. But be warned, dear father; I surely do not deceive myself, when I say that in the end you will have bitter cause to repent of your kindness. He will sooner or later deceive you, as well as all the rest of us."

"I beg of you, my dear child," said the Count, "do not forever torment and weary yourself with talking of Faust. You scarcely know him. It is only twice that you have seen him, and then for a moment only each time. How are you authorized, then, to pass an adverse judgment upon him?—Wait, till I shall have caught him in some unworthy act. Meantime, you be tranquil. It is enough that he must not come into your presence."

Hortensia was silent. She conversed with her women on other topics. Her uneasiness increased. They inquired if she was ill: she gave no answer; but she began to weep. In vain they strove to discover the cause of her grief and dejection. Hiding her face in the pillows of the sofa, she requested both her father and the maids to withdraw, that she might be alone.

Fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock she rang the bell. The waiting-maid was ordered to let me know that I must come to her precisely at twelve. The invitation surprised me, although I had been anticipating it with some concern. It was partly the novelty of the occasion, and partly dread, that both astonished and embarrassed me. I walked several times before the glass to see if my face betrayed my fears. Then—it struck twelve! I went with a heart almost beating aloud, and heard my name announced to Hortensia.

She was sitting carelessly upon the sofa, with her head lean-

ing upon one arm. She arose from her seat as I entered in very obvious displeasure. I declared my readiness to obey her commands in a weak, tremulous voice, and a look that ought to have propitiated her good-will.

She did not reply. Slowly and thoughtfully, as if waiting for words, she walked past me. Finally, stopping before me, she threw a contemptuous glance towards me, and said, "Mr. Faust, I feel as if I ought to persuade you to leave this family and the service of my father."

"Countess," said I, aroused by manly pride, "I have never forced myself either upon the Count or you. You are aware of the motives that led your father to beg me to form part of his society. I consented unwillingly; but the sincere goodness of the Count, and the hope of serving you, forbid me to obey the command you have just uttered, as painful as it may be to me to incur your displeasure."

Turning her back upon me, she played with a pair of scissors, near the rose-bush at the window. All at once she snipped off the last-blown rose—it was gracefully as it was simply done—handed it to me, and said, "Receive the best I have now at hand! Take it, as a reward for having hitherto avoided me! Take it, and never return!"

This was said so hurriedly, and under such evident embarrassment, that I hardly comprehended what she meant; but she threw herself upon the sofa, and as I was about to make a reply, motioned me to retire, and averted her face. I complied.

The moment I had quitted her, all her insults were forgotten. I hastened to my chamber. Not the indignant, but the suffering Hortensia, in all her guilelessness, floated before my fancy. I prized the rose which had come from her hand, as a gem, whose priceless worth all the crowns in the world could not equal. I pressed it to my lips, and only regretted that it was so perishable. I pondered how I should be best able to preserve it,—to me the most valuable of all my possessions. I opened it carefully, and then dried it between the leaves of a book. Then it was enclosed in two round crystal glasses, set in a gold frame attached to a chain of the same metal, that I might wear it, as an amulet, nearest my heart.

THE BILL OF EXCHANGE.

In the end, this event became the occasion of great inconvenience. The dislike of Hortensia showed itself more decidedly than ever. In vain her father, always too kind, defended me! His conviction of my uprightness, and the aid I gave him in the business of his house, no less than his belief that I was indispensable to the restoration of his daughter, were grounds sufficient to make him turn a deaf ear, for a long while, to the whisperings that aimed at my ruin. After a little, he was the only one in the family who deigned a friendly word or look. I observed by degrees that the maids, Doctor Walter himself, and even the most menial domestic, shyly avoided me, and began to treat me with a marked coldness. From the trusty Sebald, who alone remained faithful, I learned that my expulsion from the house was the object of this conduct, and that the Countess had vowed that she would keep no one in her employment who would dare to hold any intercourse with me. Her commands were the more effectual, because while every one of them, from the physician and steward down to the lowest servant, considered himself fortunate to be engaged in so rich a family, they regarded me as no more than an equal, and envied me the confidence in which I stood with the Count.

A position of this kind promised to become very disagreeable. I was living in Venice, in one of the wealthiest houses, more solitary than in a wilderness, without a friend or companion. Every step and motion of mine, I was aware, were watched, but yet I bore it with patience. Not less than myself, the Count suffered on account of Hortensia's whims. He came to me sometimes for consolation. I was always an eloquent apologist for my persecutor, who treated me, in her transfiguration, with as much regard, I may say tenderness, as she annoyed me at other times by her haughty scorn and pride. It seemed as if she was alternately governed by two hostile spirits; the one an angel of light, and the other a demon of darkness.

But at last, when Count Hormegg himself came to watch me and grow more reserved, my condition was altogether insupporta-

ble. It was only at a later period that I learned how he had been pestered on all sides about me; especially how Dr. Walter had endeavoured to undermine his faith in me, by many little calumnies, and what a strong impression one of Hortensia's rebukes had made upon him. She said, "Are we all dependent upon this stranger? It is said that my life is in his power. Well, reward him suitably for any trouble he may be at, but give him no more than he merits. Yet he is made familiar with our family secrets. Even in our most important concerns we are at his mercy; so that, should I regain my health, we could not then send him away with impunity. Who will vouch for his fidelity? His professed disinterestedness and honourable pretensions may one day cost us dear. Count Von Hormegg will become the slave of his own servant, and the cunning of a stranger render him a despot over all of us. Thus, a plebeian fellow gets to be, not only the confidant of a count, lineally connected with the most princely families, but the major-domo and head of the house."

The further to arouse the pride of the old Count, his establishment in a body appear to have conspired to execute his commands with a certain reluctance and timidity, as if they feared incurring my displeasure. A few even carried this adroit impertinence to such a height, as to inquire openly whether his wishes had received my consent. In this way the Count was gradually influenced to a degree of distrust in himself that made him suppose he had overstepped the limits of prudence.

The more he strove to disguise this change of mind, the more I remarked it. I was mortified. I had never sought to penetrate his private affairs. They had been communicated to me by him, from time to time; he had solicited my advice; had followed it; and was never any the worse off, I believe, in doing so. The care of his finances he had charged me with of his own accord; by my means they had been extricated from chaotic confusion and put in some order; whilst he himself had confessed that he never before had so clear an understanding of his own business. He had been placed in a situation in which he could suitably arrange his money and other property. Two old protracted family law-suits had been satisfactorily settled by my advice, and the

immediate profits of the amicable arrangements were greater than if he had succeeded in his cases. Many times, too, in the overflowing of his grateful friendship, he would have forced considerable donations on me, if I had not steadily refused to accept them.

For several weeks I put up with the dislike and misconstruction of all; but my pride at last revolted. I longed to escape from a disagreeable position to which no one any longer cared to reconcile me. Hortensia, who was the author of all the mischief, alone admonished me, and that only in her extraordinary states of trance, not to pay the least regard to what she might do in her waking periods. She would then condemn herself, and coax me with the most flattering speeches, as if in these moments to recompense me for the chagrin which in a little while she would provoke, seemingly with redoubled earnestness.

One afternoon Count Von Hormegg called me to his cabinet. He requested me to hand him his account-books, and a bill of exchange lately received for two thousand Louis d'ors, which sum, he said, he wished to deposite in the Bank of Venice, as his residence in Italy might be prolonged for the year. I took the opportunity to beg him to confide the whole of the business with which he had charged me to some one else, since I was determined, so soon as the health of the Countess would permit, to quit his house and Venice. Although he remarked the irritability with which I spoke, he said nothing, except to request me not to neglect his daughter and her care; but as to what regarded the other affairs, he would willingly release me from the burden.

This was sufficient. I saw he wished to make me unnecessary to him. I went to my room out of humour, and put together all the papers, as well those which he had not demanded as those which he had. But I could not find the bill of exchange. I must have mislaid it among some papers. I had a dim recollection that it was inclosed in a particular paper, and, with some other things, put on one side. My search was fruitless. The Count, hitherto accustomed to see his wishes executed with the greatest promptitude by me, would certainly be surprised at my delay this time. The next morning he reminded me of it again.

"Probably you have forgotten," said he, "that I asked you yes-

terday for the account books and the bill of exchange." I promised to deliver them to him at mid-day. I looked through the writings leaf by leaf, but all to no purpose. Mid-day came; I had not found the magical bill of exchange. I excused myself to the Count on the ground that I must have mislaid a couple of sheets, a thing that had never before occurred. I had, probably in my anxiety and the haste of my search, either overlooked some or taken the papers for others, and placed them away. I asked for a delay the next day, since they could not be lost, but only mislaid. The Count wore, it is true, a discontented expression, but yet replied, "There is time enough! Do not hurry yourself."

What time I could spare during the day, I employed in searching for those papers. This lasted till night. The next morning I commenced anew. My anxiety increased. At last I was forced to believe that the bill was either lost, stolen, or perhaps, in a moment of forgetfulness, used by myself as worthless paper. Except my servant, who could neither read nor write, and who never had the key to my sitting-room, no person had entered those apartments. The fellow protested that he had never allowed any one to enter while he was cleaning the room, still less, had he ever touched a paper. Besides the Count, no stranger visited me, since, from my retired life, I had made no acquaintances in Venice. My embarrassment rose to a pitch of almost deadly fear.

THE STRANGE TREACHERY.

The same morning, as I went to the Countess, to be with her during her trance, and render her the accustomed service, I thought I remarked in the countenance of the Count a cold seriousness, which spoke more than words. The thought, that he perhaps suspected my honesty and truth, increased my uneasiness. I stepped towards the sleeping Hortensia, and at that moment it struck me, that perhaps her wonderful gift of sight might inform me where the papers had gone. It was indeed painful to me to confess, before Dr. Walter and the women, the neglect and disorder of which I seemed to be guilty.

While I was yet struggling with myself what I should do, the Countess complained of the insupportable coldness which blew from me towards her, and which would cause her great suffering if it did not cease.

"Thou art troubled about something. Thy thoughts, thy will, are not with her," said she.

"Dear Countess," replied I, "it is no wonder. Perhaps it is in your power, from your peculiar ability to discover what is most concealed, to restore me again to peace of mind. I have lost, among my papers, a bill of exchange which belongs to your father."

Count Hormegg frowned. Dr. Walter exclaimed, "I beg you do not trouble the Countess, in this situation, with matters of that sort."

I was silent; but Hortensia appeared thoughtful, and said, after some time, "Thou, Emanuel, hast not lost the bill; it was taken from thee! Take this key, open the closet there in the wall. In my jewel casket lies the bill."

She drew out a little golden key, handed it to me, and pointed with her hand to the closet. I sprang towards it. One of the women, called Elenora, jumped in front of the closet, and wished to prevent the opening of it. "Your lordship," cried she, trembling with terror, to the Count, "will not allow any man to rummage among the goods of the Countess." Ere she had ended the words, I had pushed her away. The closet opened, the casket exposed, and lo! the magical bill of exchange lay there on the top. I went with a face sparkling with joy to the old Count, who was speechless and fixed in astonishment. "Of the rest, I shall have the honour of speaking to you hereafter," said I to the Count, and went back with a light heart to Hortensia, to whom I gave back the key.

"How thou art changed, Emanuel!" cried she, with a countenance of delight. "Thou art become a sun, floating in a sea of rays."

The Count, with extreme agitation, cried, "Command the Countess, in my name, to say how she came by these papers."

I obeyed. Elenora sank senseless upon a chair. Dr. Walter hurried to her, and was in the act of leading her from the room

as Hortensia began to speak. The Count commanded silence and order in an unusually severe tone. No one dared to move.

"In her hatred of thee, beloved Emanuel, the patient had the bill taken. Her malice foresaw the difficulty, and hoped to induce thy flight. But that would not have happened, since Sebald stood in a corner of the corridor, while Dr. Walter, with a double key, went in thy chamber, took the bill which thou hadst put in some letters from Hungary, and gave it on going out to Elenora. Sebald would have betrayed it all, so soon as it should have been known that some papers of importance had been lost. Dr. Walter, who had seen the bill of exchange with thee, made the proposition to the patient to purloin it. Elenora offered her assistance. The patient herself encouraged them to do so, and could scarcely wait for the time when the papers could be brought to her."

Dr. Walter stood quite beside himself, all this while, leaning on Elenora's chair; his countenance was pallid with fear, but, shrugging his shoulders, he looked toward the Count and said: "One may learn from this that the gracious Countess is capable of error during her trances. Wait for her waking, and she will explain more satisfactorily how the papers came into her hands."

Count von Hormegg made no answer, but ringing to a servant, ordered him to bring old Sebald. When he came, he was asked whether he had ever seen Dr. Walter go into my room during my absence.

"Whether in the absence of Mr. Faust, I know not, but, had he been inclined, he might have done so last Sunday evening, since he unlocked the door. Miss Elenora must know better than I about it, as she remained standing on the stairs until the Doctor returned, and gave her several papers, whereupon they whispered together, and then separated."

Sebald was now permitted to go; and the Doctor, with the half-fainting Elenora, were also compelled to leave, on a motion from the Count. Hortensia appeared more animated than ever. "Fear not the hatred of the patient," said she many times; "she will watch over thee like thy guardian angel."

The consequence of this memorable morning was, that Dr. Walter, as well as Elenora, with two other servants, were dismissed by the Count, and sent from the house that very day. As

for myself, on the contrary, the Count came and begged my pardon, not only for the offence of his daughter, but for his own weakness in listening to the spiteful inuendoes against me, and half crediting them. He embraced me, called me his friend, the only one which he had in the world, and to whom he could open his heart with unlimited confidence. He conjured me not to forsake his daughter and himself.

"I know," said he, "how much you suffer, and what sacrifices you make on our account; but trust implicitly to my gratitude as long as I live. Should the Countess be restored to perfect health, you will certainly have reason to be better pleased with us than hitherto. Tell me now! is there on earth a more desolate, unfortunate man, than myself? Nothing but hope supports me; and all my expectations rest on your goodness, and the continuance of your patience. What have I already gone through! what must I yet endure! The extraordinary state of my daughter often almost deprives me of reason. I know not whether I live, or whether destiny has not made me the victim of a ghostly tale."

The distress of the good Count moved me. I reconciled myself to him, and even to my situation, which was by no means comfortable. On the contrary, the spiteful disposition of the Countess weakened the enthusiasm in which I had hitherto lived for her.

FRAGMENTS FROM HORTENSIA'S CONVERSATIONS.

Through the sedulous and tender care of the Count, it came to pass that I no longer saw Hortensia while awake, to which I had myself little inclination, and did not even learn what she thought about me, although I might easily have imagined the whole of that. The most inflexible order reigned in the house. The Count had resumed his authority. No one presumed any more to take part with Hortensia, against either the Count or myself, since it was known that she would become an informer against herself and all her accomplices.

Thus, I never saw my miraculous beauty, except in those brief moments, when, exalted above herself, she seemed some being from another world. But these moments were among the most solemn, often the most exciting of my singular life. Hortensia's indescribable personal charms were heightened by a mingled expression of tender innocence and angelic enthusiasm. The strictest propriety marked her whole deportment. Truth and goodness only were upon her lips; and although her eyes, by which generally the disposition is most easily betrayed, were closed, we could read the gentlest change of emotion in the fine play of her features, no less than in the manifold intonations of her voice.

What she spake of the past, the present, and the future,—so far her keen seer-like vision extended,—excited our wonder, sometimes through the peculiarity of her views, and sometimes because of their incomprehensible nature. Concerning the *How?* of these things she could furnish us no explanation, notwithstanding I at times besought it, and she exerted herself on that account in long reflections. She knew, by actual inspection, as she said, all the internal parts of her body, the position of the larger and smaller intestines, the bony structure and the branchings of the nerves and muscles; she could perceive the same things in me, or any one to whom I gave my hand. Although she was a well-instructed woman, she possessed no knowledge of the structure of the human body, or only such as was of the most confused and superficial kind. I had to tell her the names of many things which she saw and accurately described; whilst she, on the other hand, corrected my representations when they were erroneous.

Chiefly was I attracted by her revelations of the secrets of our life; for the inexplicable nature of her own condition the oftenest led me to inquiries upon this subject. I made a minute, every time I left her, of the substance of her replies, though it is probable I lost much of what she furnished me by means of unintelligible phrases and figures.

I will not here detail all that she said at different times, but only detached sentences, and I will arrange in better order what she revealed concerning many things that struck my sympathy or love of the curious.

As I once remarked to her that she lost much in not being able to remember, during her natural waking state, what she saw, thought, and said during her illuminated states, she answered: "She loses nothing; for the earthly waking is only a part of her life adapted to certain specific ends, and is a mere narrow, external existence. But in the true, unlimited, inward, pure life, she is quite as conscious of what passes in that state as she is of what passes in her waking state.

"The inward pure life and consciousness proceeds, as with all mankind, without interruption, even in the deepest swoon as in the deepest slumber, which is only another sort of swoon excited by some other cause. In sleep, as in a swoon, the soul withdraws its activity from the external organs of sense, back into the spirit. Man is conscious of himself, even when he seems externally,—because the *un*-souled senses are silent,—utterly unconscious.

"When thou art suddenly aroused into wakefulness from deep sleep, a dim remembrance will hover before thee, as of something that thou thought'st of while awake, or, as thou supposest, hast dreamed of; yet thou knowest not what it may have been. The sleep-waker is sunk in the fast sleep of the external senses: he hears and sees without ears or eyes: yet he is perfectly conscious of himself, and considers accurately what he thinks, speaks, or undertakes, whilst he remembers just as accurately whatever relates to his ordinary waking, even to the place in which he may have stuck a pin.

"The external and limited life may suffer its interruptions and pauses, but the real inward consciousness has no pauses, and requires none.

"The Sick One is well aware that now she seems more perfect to thee, oh Emanuel, but her spiritual and mental powers are not more exalted or noble than at other times, but are simply less constrained and crippled by the limitations of the external senses. An excellent mechanic works imperfectly with imperfect instruments. Even the most flexible human language is gross and unwieldy, because it can neither represent all the peculiarities of thought and feeling, nor the quick mutation and play of images, but only particular links in a continuous and sweeping chain of ideas.

"In the pure life, although the external senses are inactive, there is a more perfect and exact remembrance of the past, than in the earthly waking. For in the ordinary waking state, the universe streams in through the open door of the perceptions with violent and almost overwhelming force. It is on that account, as thou knowest, Emanuel, that during our natural state, we seek solitude and stillness, and draw ourselves in, as it were, from the external world, wishing to hear and see nothing, when we would give ourselves up to deep or earnest thinking. The further the spirit is from external life, the nearer it approaches its pure condition,—the more it is separated from sensuous activities, the clearer and surer it thinks. We know that many remarkable conceptions come to us in that state between sleeping and waking, when the gates to the outward world are half closed and the life of the spirit remains undisturbed by foreign influences.

"Sleep is not a suspension of the perfectly self-conscious life; but the earthly waking may be regarded as such a suspension, or rather as a limitation of the higher life. For, while in our waking state, the activity of the senses can manifest itself only in prescribed paths and limits, and, on the other side, the charms of the external world absorb us too exclusively,—while, furthermore, in the earthly waking, the attention of the spirit is distracted and drawn to every external part for the preservation of the body,—the remembrances of its purer life vanish. Yes, Emanuel, sleep is peculiarly the full wakefulness of the spirit; the earthly wakefulness is like a slumber or torpor of the spirit. Earthly sleep is a spiritual going down of the sun from the outward world, but a clearer rising of the sun upon the inward world.

"Yet, even amid the perturbations of the earthly waking, we have at times faint gleams of another life that we have lived, we know not when or where. So we see from the summit of a mountain, in a summer night, the fore or after shine of a sun and a day, which exists not for us, but which sheds its effulgence on other portions of the globe. How miraculously swift, often, in extraordinary junctures of events, do appropriate thoughts and resolves occur to us without previous consideration or reflection! We know not whence they spring. No dependence can be discovered

between our previous ideas and these sudden and all-controlling suggestions. Men are accustomed to say, 'it was a good Spirit or Divinity that inspired me with such and such a thought.' At other times, we see and hear in our daily routine of life something that appears already to have taken place just in the same way, yet we cannot fathom how, when or where, and we are inclined to imagine it some miraculous repetition or resemblance from the region of dreams.

"It is not,—it is not extraordinary, Emanuel, that our conscious being never ends,—that, whether we wake or sleep, it is ever hastening on—for how can what *is* ever cease to be? But wonderful is the mutation, the ebb and flow, the intricate interchange of life from the inner to the outer and from the outer to the inner worlds.

"The spirit clothed by the soul, as the sun is by its world-penetrating rays, may subsist without a body, as the sun might without other heavenly bodies. But these other worlds would be dead without the sun, and run loose in their orbits; so the Body is dust without the Soul.

"The body has its own life, as every plant has, yet natural vitality can only first be awaked by the spirit. The former is regulated and moved according to its own laws, independent of the soul. Without our will or conscience, and without the will or conscience of the body, it grows, digests its food, allows the blood to circulate, and effects its thousand-fold transmutations. It inhales and exhales breath, and it takes in from, and gives out to, the ocean of the air its many invisible means of sustenance. But, like vegetation, it is dependent upon the external matter upon which it is nourished. Its condition changes every day and night like the condition of the meanest flower: it grows and it decays; and its energies consume themselves as an invisible fire that ever demands fresh support.

"Only by an adequate fulness of its vegetative vitality is the body adapted for an intimate union with the soul; as otherwise it is of a nature heterogeneous to the soul. When the strength of the body is consumed or exhausted, the spiritual life withdraws itself from the external parts to the internal. That we name sleep, or the suspension of the sensuous activity. The soul enters

again into union with the external parts, as soon as the powers of the vegetative life have been restored. It is not the spirit which is fatigued and exhausted, but the body—it is not the spirit that is made strong through rest, but the body. Thus, there is a perpetual ebb and flow, a streaming back and forth of the spiritual essence within us, almost simultaneously with the change of day and night.

"For the greater part of our existence we are awake externally—we must be—inasmuch as the body was given us as the condition of our activity on earth. The body and its impulses give a determinate direction to our activity. How great, how wonderful are these ordinations of God!

"With age, the body loses the ability to re-establish its vitality to a degree sufficient to maintain the inward union of all its parts with the soul. The organs, formerly pliant and flexible, stiffen and become useless to the Spirit. The soul retreats into the Innermost. The inward activity of the Spirit continues until everything hinders its union with the body, which only takes place through the withering influence of old age, or disease. The loosing of the Spirit from the body is the restoration of the former to freedom. It makes itself known not unfrequently by foresights the hour of death, and other prophetic anticipations.

"The healthier the body, the more intimately the soul enters into union with all its parts, and the more perfect the union, the less capable the soul is of prophecy, except that in moments of extraordinary enthusiasm the Spirit seems to be able to break its fetters. Then it becomes a seer of futurity.

"The withdrawal of the soul from the external world gives rise to a peculiar phenomenon in nature. It is Dreaming. On going to sleep, it is induced by a mingling of the last impression on the senses with the first motions of the free inward life: and on awakening, it gilds the last ray of the inner world with the first beams of the outer world. It is hard to distinguish what properly belongs to each of these; and dreaming is for that reason an instructive subject to study. That the Spirit, in its more inward life, should occupy itself with what was pleasing to it in its outward life, may throw some light upon the movements of the sleep-waker. If the sleep-waker, when his outward senses are

again opened, remembers nothing of what he did in his extraordinary state, it will all come to him in his dreams. Thus much may be brought from the consciousness of the inner to that of the outer world. The Dream is the natural mediator or bridge between the inner and outer life."

CHANGES.

These are, perhaps, the most striking thoughts to which she gave utterance, either of her own accord, or under the prompting of questions from us; not in the order, it must be confessed, in which they are here placed, yet with a great deal of fidelity as to the manner of the utterance. It is out of my power to repeat much that she said, since, unconnected with the circumstances of the conversation, it would lose the subtlety of meaning that it often possessed. And some of it was wholly unintelligible.

It was an oversight of mine, too, that I failed to lead her mind back when in the proper mood to the consideration of the things that were obscure to me. For I had soon observed that she did not see and speak with equal clearness during all her different states of illumination; that she gradually began to weary of conversation on these topics, and finally, ceased from it altogether, speaking almost exclusively of her domestic affairs and the condition of her health. The latter, she repeatedly assured us, was growing better, although, for a long while, we could discover no signs of the amendment. She continued, as before, to prescribe what she ought to eat and drink while awake, and what in other respects would be good or hurtful for her. To every kind of drug she manifested strong aversion, whilst, on the other hand, she required a cold-bath every day, which in the end was followed by sea-baths. With the approach of spring-time, her trances became shorter.

But this is by no means the place for me to give the details of Hortensia's illness; so, let me state in brief, that in seven months after my advent, she was sufficiently recovered to enable her, not only to receive the visits of strangers, but to reciprocate them,

and even to go to balls, to the theatre, and to church, though only for a little while at a time. The Count was quite out of his head with joy. His daughter was oppressed with the richest presents, while he led her a round of the most diverting and expensive entertainments. Related to some of the best families of Venice, and on account of his wealth, no less than the charms of his daughter, courted by all, their daily life seemed to be hardly less than one continuous festival.

Made sad by the affliction of Hortensia, and kept in a state of constant anxiety and vigilance by the wonderful phenomena connected with it, he had hitherto lived the life of a recluse. His intercourse with mankind had been almost confined to myself, whilst his want of firmness, coupled with my influence over Hortensia and the half-superstitious respect for my person it had inspired, had allowed him to be readily governed by my directions. In fact, he submitted to me almost implicitly, and obeyed my wishes with a subservience that was disagreeable, though I never abused my power.

Now he changed his position towards me, as soon as the recovery of Hortensia, and a mind free from care, vouchsafed the long-postponed enjoyment of a round of brilliant pleasures. True, I still kept possession of the management of his affairs, which he had formerly relinquished to me either in excessive confidence or for convenience sake; but he wished that I should conduct his business under some name or other, whilst in his service. Then, as I confirmed my resolution, not to become a recipient of his bounty, in any way, but remain steadfast to the original terms under which I had engaged, he seemed to make a virtue of the necessity. He gave me out to the Venitians as a friend; yet his pride would not allow his friend to be a mere commoner; and so he reported me everywhere as a scion of the best and purest German nobility. At the outset I strove against this lie, but was forced to give in to the entreaties of his weakness. Thus I shone in the circles of the Venitians, none of which dared to repulse me. True, the Count still remained my friend, as formerly; but not so much as formerly, since I was no longer his only one. We lived no more, as once, exclusively with and for each other.

But more worthy of remark was the transformation of Hor-

tensia as she grew better. In her moments of trance, as ever, she was most gracious; but her hatred and repugnance, during the rest of the day, seemed gradually to vanish. Through the warnings of her father, probably, or moved by her own feelings of gratitude, she constrained herself from offending me either by look or word. It was granted me, from time to time, though only for a few moments, to pay a most respectful visit to her, as an inmate of the house, a friend of the Count's, a veritable physician. I could, before long, even without incurring the danger of arousing her wrath, betake myself to the companies where she was. Yes, so far did she carry this constraint or habit, that she could suffer me with indifference at the same table with her, when the Count ate alone or gave a dinner-party. But I always saw her pride gleaming through her condescension, and beyond what decency and ordinary politeness demanded, I seldom got a word from her.

As to myself, though I felt more comfortable on account of my greater freedom, my life was, after all, but half enjoyed. The diversions into which I was attracted, pleased me, without adding to my contentment. I longed often, in the midst of the whirl, for a solitude, which was better adapted to me. It was also an unalterable determination of mine, to recover my former state of freedom as soon as the restoration of the Countess should be completed. I longed intensely for that moment to arrive. For I felt but too deeply, that the passion with which the beauty of Hortensia had inflamed me, might become my misery. I had battled against it, and the pride, as well as the aversion of Hortensia, had lightened the struggle. Against her pride of birth, as a noble, I had set my self-respect as a citizen, and to her wicked persecutions, the consciousness of my innocence and her ingratitude. Were there moments, in which the grace of her person impressed me—and who could remain unmoved by so many charms?—there were many other moments in which her offensive deportment inspired the deepest aversion. It filled my heart with a bitterness fast verging upon positive hatred. Her indifference towards me was as strong a proof of the thanklessness of her unimpressible disposition as her former repugnance. I avoided Hortensia in the end more vigilantly than she did me, and, let her look at me

with never so much indifference, she must have seen, in my whole treatment of her, how great was my contempt

Thus had the relations between us all been gradually, and strangely enough, changed during Hortensia's recovery. I had no deeper wish than to be speedily released from obligations which gave me little joy, and no better consolation, than that the moment that Hortensia should be perfectly restored, would render my person superfluous.

PRINCE CARLO.

Among those who were bound the most intimately to us in Venice, was a young and wealthy man, who received the title of Prince from one of the leading Italian families. I will call him Carlo. He was of agreeable form, and fine manners, intellectual, facile, and captivating. The restlessness of his features, and the fiery gleam of his eye, betrayed an excitable disposition. He maintained an extravagant style, and was more vain than proud. He had once passed some time in the military service of France. Weary of that, he was minded to visit the most attractive cities and courts of Europe. A chance acquaintance which he happened to form with Count Von Hormegg, fixed him longer, than lay in his original plan, at Venice. For he had seen Hortensia, and enlisted himself in the multitude of her worshippers. Soon he seemed to have forgotten every thing else in the conquest of her.

His rank, his wealth, his countless and splendid retinue, and his pleasing exterior, flattered Hortensia's pride and self-love. Without distinguishing him from the others by any special favour, she gladly saw him in her train. A single confidential, friendly look, was sufficient to raise the boldest hopes in him.

The old Count Von Hormegg, no less flattered by the Prince's solicitations, met them half way, preferred him over all, and soon changed a mere acquaintance into a hearty commerce. I doubted not for a moment that the Count had in his own mind elected the Prince for his son-in-law. Only Hortensia's sickness, and a

fear of her freaks, appeared to prevent both the father and lover from more open declarations.

The Prince, in confidential conversations with the Count, had heard of Hortensia's illuminations. He was inflamed with a curiosity to see her in her extraordinary state; and the Countess, who well knew that this state was far from being disadvantageous to her, gave him, what she had hitherto denied to every stranger, permission to be present during such an hour.

He came one afternoon when we knew Hortensia was about to sink into this remarkable sleep; for she always announced it in the preceding trance. I cannot deny that I felt a slight touch of jealousy as the Prince entered the room. Hitherto I had been the happy one to whom the Countess, in her wonderful exaltations, had chiefly shown her grace and beauty.

Carlo approached lightly over the soft carpet, moving on tip-toe. He believed that she really slumbered, as her eyes were closed. Trepidation and delight were expressed in his features, as he gazed on the charming figure, which showed something beyond the reach of art in all its fine proportions.

Hortensia at length began to speak. She conversed with me in her usual affectionate expressions. I was again, as ever, her Emanuel, whose will and thoughts governed her whole being; a language which sounded not very agreeably to the Prince, and which to me had never been flattering. Hortensia, however, appeared to become restless and anxious. She asserted several times that she felt pain, though she could not tell on what account. I motioned to the Prince that he should extend me his hand. Scarcely had he done so, than Hortensia, shuddering violently, cried out, "How cold! Away with that goat there! He offends me!" She was seized with convulsions, which she had not had for a long time. Carlo was obliged hastily to leave the room. He was quite beside himself with terror. After some time, Hortensia recovered from her cramps. "Never bring that impure creature to me again," said she.

This accident, which even alarmed me, produced unpleasant effects. The Prince regarded me from this moment as his rival, and conceived a great hatred toward me. The Count Von Hormegg, who allowed himself to be entirely led by him, appeared to

become suspicious of Hortensia's feelings. The mere thought that the inclination of the Countess might turn to me, was insupportable to his pride. Both the Prince and Count concurring more firmly among themselves, kept me at a greater distance from the Countess, except during the time of her miraculous sleeps; agreed upon the marriage, and the Count opened the wishes of the Prince to his daughter. She, although flattered by the attentions of the Prince, demanded permission to reserve her declaration till the complete restoration of her health. Carlo, in the meanwhile, was generally regarded as the betrothed of the Countess. He was her constant attendant, and she was the queen of all his fêtes.

I soon remarked that I began to be superfluous—that with Hortensia's recovery I had sunk into my original nothingness. My former discontent returned, and nothing made my situation supportable, but that Hortensia, not only in her transfigurations, but soon, also, when out of them, did me justice. Not only was her old aversion toward me gone over into indifference, but in the same degree as her bodily health returned, this indifference changed itself into a considerate, deferential respect; to an affable friendliness, such as one is accustomed to from the higher to the lower, or toward persons whom one sees daily, who belong to the household, and to whom one feels indebted for the services they perform. She treated me as if I were really her physician,—willingly asked my advice, my permission, when it concerned any enjoyment or pleasure; fulfilled punctually my directions, and could conquer herself to such a degree as to leave the dance so soon as the hour arrived which I had fixed for her. It came to me sometimes, as if the influence of my will had in part passed over to her waking state, since it began to act more weakly over her soul during her illuminations.

THE DREAMS.

Thus Hortensia's pride, obstinacy, and ill-humour, passed gradually away like evil spirits. Almost as amiable in her deportment, as during the time of her raptures, she fettered me no

less by her external beauty, than by her love, patience, and grateful kindness.

All this made my misery. How could I, daily witness of so many perfections, remain indifferent? I wished most earnestly that she might, as of old, despise, wound, and persecute me, that I might the more easily separate from her, and be able to despise her in return. But that was now impossible. I again adored her. I pined away in my passion, silently and without hope. I knew beforehand, that my future separation from her would lead me to the grave. What made my situation worse, was a dream, in which I from time to time had seen Hortensia, always in the same or a similar form. Now I was sitting in a strange room, then in a grotto made by pendent rocks, again on the moss-grown trunk of an oak, in some perfect solitude, but always in a deeply-agitated state of mind. Hortensia would come, gaze at me with looks of heartfelt pity, and say, "Dear Faust, why so melancholy?" This would awaken me every time; for the tone in which she spoke thrilled to my inmost soul. Through the whole day, too, this tone haunted me. In the whirl of the city, in the presence of company, in the gondolier's song, at the opera,—wherever I was—it was heard. Sometimes at night, I would start suddenly from this dream, just as the lips of Hortensia moved to express the usual question, and imagine that the sound was actually without me. True, a dream, in any ordinary condition of things, is nothing but a dream, but in the enchanted circle in which destiny had thrust me, even dreams were not to be lightly disregarded.

One day, as I was putting the papers of Count Von Hormegg to rights in his room, having given him some letters to be signed, he was called out to receive a Venitian of some distinction, that came to visit him. I supposed he would come back in a moment, and threw myself in a chair, where I relapsed into my customary sadness. Musing thus, I heard the sound of footsteps. The Countess, in search of her father, had approached me. I trembled, hardly knowing why, and rose to greet her. "Why so melancholy, dear Faust?" said she, in a voice of singular tenderness, that animated my whole being, and with the same tone that had so often and touchingly been re-echoed through my dreams. She

smiled, as if astonished or surprised at her own inquiry, and passing her hand thoughtfully across her brow, said after a pause, "How is this? It seems to me that I have been in precisely this condition before, though it's very odd. Some time or other I must have seen you, just as you are now, in a dream perhaps, and asked you the same question. Isn't it altogether queer?"

"Not more so than what I have experienced in the same way," said I, "for not one time, but several times, I have dreamed that you came to me, as you have done now, and asked me the same question in the very words."

Count Von Hormegg returning, broke off our brief interview. But the event, trifling as it was, became a source of profound reflection, yet my gropings after the truth were in vain, to reconcile the workings of the imagination with the reality. She had dreamed the same thing that I had, and the same had been accomplished in actual life!

But this fairy-work did not for some time come to an end. Five days after this incident, the god of sleep juggled with me again, to the effect that I would be invited to a festival. It was a great feast and dance. The music made me sad; I remained a lonely spectator. From the whirl of the dancing, Hortensia came suddenly to me, and pressing my hand affectionately and secretly, lisped, "Be cheerful, Faustino, or I cannot be," and then regarding me with a look full of compassionate tenderness, lost herself again in the throng.

Count Von Hormegg the next day made up a pleasure jaunt to the country seat of one of the Venitians. I was to accompany him. On the way he told me that the Countess would also be there. When we arrived we found a large assembly. In the evening there was a display of fireworks, and then a dance. The Prince opened the ball with Hortensia—and as I looked at the noble pair, it went through me like a dagger. I lost all desire to participate in the dance. But in order to forget myself, I selected a partner and mingled in the beautiful waving groups. But it seemed to me that lead hung upon my feet, and I rejoiced when I could slip from the crowd. Leaning upon the door, I gazed at the dancers—no, not at them, but at Hortensia, who hovered among the rest like a goddess.

At that moment I recalled the dream of the past night; at that moment a dance was coming to an end; at that moment Hortensia stepped towards me, glowing with joy, yet coyly, pressed my hand with a fugitive affection, and whispered, "Be cheerful, Faustino, or I cannot be." She said it with such sympathy, so friendly, and with a glance from her eyes—such a glance—I lost all sense and speech. Hortensia, before I could recover myself, had already vanished. She was sweeping once more through the ranks of the dancers: but her eyes ever and anon sought mine, and her look was constantly towards me. It seemed as if she had taken a whim to wrest from me by her attentiveness what little of understanding I had left. At the close of the dances, the couples separated from each other, and I left my place to look out another in the hall, to see if I had deluded myself, or whether the looks of the Countess would follow me.

Already new couples were gathered for the dance, when I passed near the sitting-place of the women. One of them rose the very moment I approached; it was the Countess. Her arm lay in mine. We entered the circle. I trembled, and scarcely knew what was going on; for never before had I had the audacity to request Hortensia to dance with me, and yet it seemed to me that I must now have done so in my distraction. But she was unembarrassed, scarcely regarded me, and penetrated the showy tumult with her brilliant looks. In a moment the music struck up. I seemed released from every earthly bond, to hover like a spirit on the waves of sound. I was unconscious of all about me, —knew not that we fastened the attention of every spectator. What cared I for the admiration of the world? At the ending of the third dance, I led the Countess to a settee, that she might rest. I stammered my thanks with trepidation. She acknowledged them with mere friendly courtesy, as to the greatest stranger. I withdrew among the spectators.

The Prince, as well as Count Von Hormegg, had seen me dance with Hortensia,—had heard the general murmurs of applause. The former burned with jealousy, and did not even conceal it from Hortensia. The Count took my boldness, in asking his daughter to dance, in bad part, and on the following

day rebuked me for having so lightly forgotten her rank. Both confessed, with all the rest of the world, that her dancing had been full of soul and passionateness. Neither doubted that I had infused an unworthy inclination into the Countess. In spite of their plausibilities, I soon saw clearly, that I was an obstacle of hate and fear. I was much seldomer, and at last not at all, invited to companies where Hortensia might be present.

In the mean time, both went really too far in their carefulness. It is true, the Countess did not conceal that she cherished a feeling of gratitude towards me; but everything further was a reproach which she repelled. She confessed that she prized me, but beyond that, it was all one to her whether I danced at Constantinople or Venice.

THE AMULET.

The Count and Carlos eagerly awaited this moment to get rid of me, and accomplish the marriage of Hortensia. Hortensia looked for it with impatience, in order to rejoice over her own recovery, and at the same time to quiet the suspicions of her father. I also expected it with no less eagerness. It was only far from Hortensia, amid new scenes, and other occupations, that I could hope to heal my mind. I felt myself miserable.

The Countess one day announced not unexpectedly, as she lay in her strange sleep, the near approach of her restoration.

"In the vapour baths of Battaglia," said she, "she will entirely lose the gift of illumination. Take her there. Her cure is no longer distant. Every morning, immediately on waking, one bath. After the tenth, Emanuel, she separates from thee. She sees thee never again, if such is thy will; but leave her a token of thy remembrance. She cannot be healthy without it. For a long time, thou hast worn in thy breast a dried rose, preserved between glasses, and set in gold. So long as she wears this, inclosed in silk, immediately about the region of the heart, she will not again fall into her fits. Neither later nor earlier than the seventh hour

after receiving the thirteenth bath, give it to her. Wear it constantly till then. She will then be restored."

She repeated this request frequently, and with peculiar seriousness; she laid particular stress upon the hour when I should deliver up to her my only jewel, and of whose existence she had never heard.

"Do you really wear any such thing?" asked the Count, astonished, and highly delighted on account of the predicted restoration of his daughter. As I answered, he asked further, if I set any particular value upon the possession of this trifle. I assured him it was priceless, and that I would rather die than have it taken from me—nevertheless, for the preservation of the Countess, I would sacrifice it.

"Probably a memorial of some beloved hand?" observed the Count, laughing, and in an inquiring manner, to whom it seemed a good opportunity to learn whether my heart had already been engaged.

"It comes," I replied, "from a person who is very dear to me."

The Count was as much moved by my generosity, as pleased that I was willing to make the sacrifice on which Hortensia's continued health depended—and forgetting his secret grudge, cordially embraced me, which had not happened for a long time.

"You make me your debtor," said he.

He was anxious to relate to Hortensia, as soon as I had gone, on her waking, what she had desired in her trance: he, moreover, did not conceal from her his conversation with me on the subject of the amulet, which had so great a value in my eyes, since it was the memorial of a person that I loved above all. He laid great stress on this, as his suspicion still remained, and, in case Hortensia really felt any inclination for me, to destroy it, by the discovery that I, for a long time, had sighed in the chains of another beauty. Hortensia listened to it all with such innocent unconcern, and so sincerely congratulated herself upon her approaching recovery, that the Count felt he had done injustice to the heart of his daughter by his suspicions. In the joy of his heart, he was eager to confess to me his conversation with his daughter, and at the same time to mention to the Prince all that had passed. From

that hour I remarked, both in the manner of the Count and Prince, something unconstrained, kind and obliging. They kept me no longer, with their former care, at a distance from Hortensia; but treated me with the attention and forbearance due to a benefactor, to whom they were indebted for the happiness of their whole life. Arrangements were immediately made for our journey to the baths of Battaglia. We left Venice on a beautiful summer morning. The Prince had gone before, in order to prepare everything for the reception of his intended bride.

Through the pleasant plains of Padua we approached the Euganean mountains, at the foot of which lay the healing spring. On the way the Countess often liked to walk; then I was always her escort. Her cordiality charmed me as much as her tender sense of the noble in human character, and of the beautiful in nature. "I could be very happy," she often said, "if I could pass my days in any one of these beautiful Italian regions, amid the simple occupations of domestic life. The amusements of the city leave the feelings vacant—they are more irksome than pleasing. How happy could I be if I might live simply, unprovoked by the miseries of the palace, where one vexes one's self about nothing; sufficiently rich to make others happy, and in my own creations find the source of my happiness! Yet one must not desire everything."

More than once, and in the presence of her father, she spoke of her great obligations to me, as the preserver of her life. "If I only knew how to repay it!" said she. "I have for a long time racked my brains to discover something pleasing for you. You must, indeed, permit my father to place you in a situation which will enable you to live quite independent of others. But that is the least return. I need for myself some other mode of compensating you."

At other times, and frequently, she turned the conversation to my resolution of leaving them as soon as she should recover. "We shall be sorry to lose you," said she, good-naturedly: "we shall lament your loss as the loss of a true friend and benefactor. We will not, however, by our entreaties for you to remain with us, render your resolution more difficult. Your heart calls you elsewhere," added she, with an arch smile, as if penetrating the

secrets of my breast. "If you are happy, there is nothing else to wish for; and I do not doubt that love will make you happy. Do not, however, forget us, but send us news from time to time of your health."

What I felt at such expressions, could be as little uttered, as that I should repeat what I was usually in the habit of replying. My answers were full of acknowledgments and cold politeness; for respect forbade my betraying my heart. Nevertheless, there were moments when the strength of my feelings mastered me, and I said more than I purposed. When I ventured further than mere courtesy, Hortensia looked at me with the clear bright look of innocence, as if she did not comprehend or understand me. I was convinced that Hortensia felt a grateful esteem for me, and wished me to be happy and content, without, on that account, giving me a secret preference over any other mortal. She had joined me in the dance at the ball, from mere good-nature, and to give me pleasure. She herself confessed, that she had always expected me to ask her. Ah! how my passion had created presumptuous hopes from that incident! Presumptuous hopes, indeed; since, had Hortensia, in reality, felt more than mere common good-will toward me, of what service would it have been to me? I should only have become more miserable by her partiality.

While the flame silently devoured me, in her breast was a pure heaven, full of repose. While I could have sunk at her feet, and confessed what she was to me, she wandered near me without the slightest suspicion of my feelings, and endeavoured to dissipate my seriousness by pleasantry.

THE DISENCHANTMENT.

By the arrangements of the Prince, rooms were provided for us in the castle of the Marquisa d'Este. This castle, situated on a hill near the village, combined, with the greatest comfort, the most lovely distant prospect and rich shaded walks in the vicinity. But we were obliged to resort to the town for the

baths—therefore, a house was fitted up in that place for the Countess, where she passed the mornings as long as she bathed.

Her trance in Battaglia, after the first bath, was very short and indistinct. She spoke but seldom, did not once answer, and appeared to enjoy quite a natural sleep. She spoke after the seventh bath, and commanded, that after the tenth she should no longer remain in that house. It is true, she once more fell asleep after the tenth bath, though she said nothing more than "Emanuel, I see thee no more!" These were the last words she spoke in her transfigurations.

Since then she had had, indeed, for some days, an unnaturally sound sleep, but without the power of speech in it.

At last arrived the day of her thirteenth bath. Until now, all that she had commanded or predicted in her transfigured hours, had been most punctually fulfilled. Now was the last to be accomplished. The Count and Prince came to me early in the morning, in order to remind me of the speedy delivery of my amulet. I must show it to them. They did not leave me for a moment the whole morning, as if, being now so near the long-desired goal, they had suddenly become mistrustful, and feared I might, as regarded the sacrifice, change my mind; or that the relic might accidentally be lost. The minutes were counted as soon as the news came that the Countess was in the bath. When she had reposed some hours after her bath, she was conducted by us to the castle. She was uncommonly gay, almost mischievous. Having been told that she was to receive a present from me in the seventh hour, which she must wear all her life, she was delighted as a child at a gift, and teazed me, jestingly, with the faithlessness I committed toward my chosen one, whose present I gave to another.

It struck twelve! The seventh hour had arrived. We were in the bright garden saloon. The Count, the Prince, and the women of the Countess were present.

"Delay no longer," cried the Count, "the moment which is to be the last of Hortensia's sufferings and the first of my happiness."

I drew the dear medallion from my breast, where I had carried it so long, and loosening the golden chain from my neck, pressed,

not without a sorrowful feeling, a kiss upon the glass, and delivered it to the Countess.

Hortensia took it, and as her look fell on the dried rose, a sudden and fiery red spread over her face. She bowed gently toward me, as if she would thank me—but in her features might be discovered a surprise or confusion, which she appeared to endeavour to conceal. She stammered some words, and then suddenly withdrew with her women. The Count and Prince were all gratitude towards me. They had arranged for the evening a little festival at the castle, to which some noble families from Este and Rovigo were invited.

In the mean time we expected long, and in vain, the reappearance of the Countess. After an hour we learnt, that as soon as she had put on the medallion, she had fallen into a sweet and profound sleep. Two, three, four hours passed—the invited guests had assembled, but Hortensia did not awake. The Count in great disquiet ventured to go himself to her bed. As he found her in a deep and quiet slumber, he feared to disturb her. The fête passed over without Hortensia's presence—though, without her, half the pleasure was wanting. Hortensia still slept as they separated about midnight. And even the following morning she was still in the same sound sleep. No noise affected her. The Count was in great agony. My uneasiness was no less. A physician was called, who assured us that the Countess slept a sound and refreshing sleep—both her colour and pulse announced the most perfect health. Mid-day and evening came—yet Hortensia did not awake! The repeated assurances of the physician that the Countess was manifestly in perfect health, were necessary to quiet us. The night came and passed. The next morning rejoicings echoed through the castle, as Hortensia's women announced her cheerful waking. Every one hurried forward, and wished the restored one joy.

NEW ENCHANTMENTS.

Why should I not say it?—During the universal joy I alone was sad—alas! it was more than sadness. The engagements

into which I had entered with the Count Von Hormegg were now at an end. I could take my departure whenever I pleased, and I had often enough expressed my wish and intention of so doing. Every body expected that I would keep my word; but——to breathe in her neighbourhood, seemed to me the most enviable of all lots,—to receive a glance of hers was nourishment to the flame of my life—to go away from her was a sentence of death.

I thought of her approaching marriage with the Prince, and the fickleness of the weak Count—I thought of my own honour—of my love of freedom—and my manly pride arose. I was decided to leave that place as soon as possible. I resolved to fly. I saw before me an eternity of misery, but I preferred to bid joy a life-long farewell to becoming contemptible in my own estimation.

I found Hortensia in the garden of the castle. I trembled gently as I approached her to offer my congratulations. She stood apart from her maidens, looking thoughtfully upon a bed of flowers, and appeared fresher and more blooming than I had ever seen her, as if animated by a new life. She was not aware of my presence until I spoke.

"How you frightened me!" said she, smiling, and with some embarrassment, while a deep blush overspread her cheeks.

"My dear Countess, I also would wish you joy. My congratulations———"

I could say no more, for my voice trembled—my thoughts became confused—I could not support her looks, which penetrated into the depths of my heart. With some difficulty I stammered out my excuses for having disturbed her.

She looked at me silently, and after a long pause said, "You speak of joy, my friend; but are you happy?"

"Yes, in having restored you from a sickness under which you have suffered so long. In a few days I must depart, and in other lands, if possible, become master over myself, for I belong to no one now. My vow is redeemed."

"Are you in earnest, dear Faust? I hope you will not leave us. How can you say that you belong to no one? Have you not bound us to you by all the ties of gratitude! What forces you to separate from us?"

I laid my hand upon my heart; my eyes fell to the ground—I could not speak.

"You will stay with us Faust, will you not?"

"I dare not."

"And if I entreat you, Faust?"

"For God's sake, gracious Countess, do not entreat, do not command me. I can only be happy when I—no, I must go hence!"

"You are not happy with us? and yet no other employment, no other duty calls you away from us?"

"Duty towards myself."

"Go, then, Faust; I have been mistaken in you. I thought that we held some place in your heart."

"Gracious Countess, if you knew the effect of your words, you would spare me out of compassion!"

"Then I must be silent, Faust. Go! but you do me great wrong."

Saying these words, she turned away from me. I ventured to follow her, and beg that she would not be angry with me. Tears were falling from her eyes. I was frightened. With clasped hands, I begged her not to be offended with me. "Command me," said I, "I will obey. Do you desire me to remain?—With pleasure I offer up my inward peace, the happiness of my life, to this command!"

"Go, Faust; I would force no one. You do not stay with us willingly."

"Oh, Countess, do not drive a man to despair."

"Faust, when will you leave?"

"To-morrow—to-day."

"No, no, Faust!" said she softly, and approached nearer to me: "I place no value upon my health, which is your gift, if you——Faust! you will remain;—at least a few more days?" She said this in such a soft, beseeching voice, and looked at me so wistfully with her tearful eyes, that I was no longer master of my own will.

"I remain."

"But willingly?"

"With rapture."

"Good!—now leave me a moment, Faust. You have made me quite sad. But do not leave the garden. I only wish to recover myself."

With these words she left me, and disappeared among the blooming orange-trees.

I remained standing in the same place for a long time, as if in a dream. I had never heard the Countess make use of such language before, nor was it the mere language of politeness. The idea of possessing a place in her heart set my blood on fire. Her solicitations for me to remain—those tears—and—something indescribable, something peculiar; her behaviour, her movements, her voice, spoke a strange language—a language without words, but which expressed more than words. I understood it not, and yet I understood all. I doubted, and yet I was certain. I joined the other young women, and after walking up and down the alley for about ten minutes, the Countess approached us gaily and with quick steps. Her graceful figure floated midst white drapery that in the sun's full rays made her seem like one of those beings that Raphael painted from his dreams. In her hand she held a bunch of pinks, roses, and the blue vanilla blossom. "I have plucked you a few flowers," dear Faust, said she to me: "do not disdain them. I give them to you with quite other feelings from those I felt while giving you the rose during my sickness. But I should not remind you of that, my dear Doctor: I worried you then so much with my childish caprices. I remember it, however, very dutifully, that I may make it up. Oh how much I have to atone for! Now give me one arm, and Miss Cecilia the other." That was the name of her companion. As we walked about, joking and chatting gaily, the Count joined us, and soon after the Prince.

Never was Hortensia more lovely than on this, the first day of her recovered health. She addressed her father with tender respect, her companions with friendly confidence, the Prince with great politeness and kindness; but to me she always made some demonstration of gratitude. Not that she thanked me in words, but it was the manner in which she spoke. Whenever she turned to me there was something indescribably cordial in her tones and words, something sisterly and confiding in her looks and

manner, an attention paid to my happiness and wishes that was never altered by her father's presence, or that of the Prince. She continued it with ingenuousness and sincerity, as if it could not be otherwise.

In festivities and pleasure we passed some delightful days. Hortensia's behaviour towards me did not change. Even I, who was fluttering betwixt the cold laws of respect and the warmth of passion, felt an inward strength and peace from her society that had never been mine since I had first seen this wonderful woman. Her innocence and sincerity made me more candid and truthful; her sisterly confidence gave me some fraternal rights. She did not conceal that her heart was full of the purest affection for me. Still less did I conceal my own feelings, but I did not dare to betray their depth. And yet——Oh, who could withstand such charms!—I was betrayed.

The visitors to the Baths of Battaglia are accustomed to assemble on fine evenings before the great *Café*, and take refreshments in the open air.

People were sitting in a half circle in the open street indulging in unrestrained conversation. As is always the case in Italy, the tinkling of guitars, mandolins, and the sound of voices singing, were to be heard in every direction. Music sounded in the great coffee-house; its doors and windows illuminated the street.

After the Prince had left us earlier than usual one evening, the Countess took a notion to visit this assembly. I had already gone to my room, and sat dreaming over my destiny, and holding in my hands the bunch of flowers. My door was partly open; the light burned dimly. Hortensia and Cecilia saw me in passing, and watched me for a while. Then they entered softly—but I did not notice them until they stood exactly before me, and laughing and jesting at my surprise, declared that I must accompany them to town. Hortensia recognized the flowers, took them from the table where I had thrown them, and, withered as they were, placed them on her bosom. We went down to Battaglia, and mingled with the company.

Here it happened that, in conversing with persons of her acquaintance, Cecilia separated from us. Neither Hortensia nor I were sorry. Leaning upon my arm, she wandered about midst

the moving crowd until she was tired. We then seated ourselves aside on a low bench, under an elm-tree. The moon shone through the branches upon Hortensia's beautiful face, and upon the wilted flowers in her bosom.

"Will you rob me of that which you have given me?" said I, pointing to the bouquet.

She looked at me long with serious and thoughtful earnestness, and replied, "It always appears to me as if I could neither give you anything nor take anything from you. Is it not sometimes so with you?"

This answer and question, so quietly and gently thrown out, embarrassed and kept me silent. My respect would scarcely allow me to touch upon what had so agreeable a meaning. She repeated the question.

"Alas, it is so indeed with me!" said I: "when I see the gulf between us two, and the rank that keeps me at a distance, I always feel thus. Who can take away from or give to the gods that which they have not always possessed?"

Her eyes opened with surprise. "Why do you talk of the gods, Faust? No one can give to or take from themselves."

"From one's self?" said I, with an uncertain voice; "you must know then that you have made me your own property."

"I do not know myself exactly how it is," was her answer, and she cast down her eyes.

"But I do know how it is, dear Countess! The enchantment which ruled over us is not dispelled; it has only changed its mode of action. In your trances, I formerly governed your will; now you rule over *mine*. I only live in your presence; I can do nothing; I am nothing without you. Be offended if you will, at this avowal; it is a crime to the world's eye, but not in God's! For what I do is at your command. Can I dissemble before you? And if it is a crime that my soul is so bound up in your being, Countess, it is not *my* crime."

She turned away her head, and raised her hand, with a sign for me to be silent. I had raised mine at the same moment, to cover my eyes, that were dimmed with tears, and our upraised hands sank down clasped together. We were silent, for reason was lost

under the influence of powerful passion. I had betrayed that passion; but Hortensia had forgiven me.

Cecilia recalled us to ourselves. We walked silently back to the castle. As we separated, the Countess said softly and sadly, "I have obtained health through your means, only to suffer the more."

PETRARCH'S DWELLING.

The next day, when we met, it was with a kind of sacred timidity. I scarcely ventured to address her; she scarcely ventured to answer me. Our glances often met, and they were full of seriousness. She looked as if seeking to penetrate my inmost thoughts. I sought to read in her eyes, whether she was not offended at my yesterday's boldness, now that she was calm. Many days passed without our again seeing each other alone. We had a secret, and feared lest a word between us might profane it. Hortensia's whole demeanour was more solemn; her gaiety more moderate, as if her whole heart was not in her usual occupations.

But I counted too much upon her altered manner after that decisive hour under the elm-tree. For, as I afterwards learned, Prince Carlo had formally asked for the hand of the Countess, and there had been some unpleasant feelings between herself, her father, and the Prince, in consequence. In order to gain time and not to offend either of the two, she begged them to give her leisure for reflection; and for such an unlimited period, and under such hard conditions, that Carlo almost despaired of ever seeing his hopes crowned. As she expressed herself at the time, "Not that I dislike the Prince, but I still choose to enjoy my freedom. I will at some future time give my answer voluntarily and of my own accord. But if the offer is repeated before I desire it, I will certainly decline it, even if I were truly attached to the Prince."

The Count knew the inflexible disposition of his daughter of old; but he hoped for the best, as Hortensia had not absolutely

declined his suit. Carlo, on the contrary, was rather discouraged, for by this arrangement he saw himself condemned to be always a lover without definite hopes of being some day a husband. Yet he had sufficient self-love to hope that his continued assiduities would finally touch Hortensia's heart. The confidential manner in which she treated me sometimes annoyed him, but he did not seem to consider it dangerous from its very frankness and unreserve. Hortensia treated him in much the same manner. The Prince had been accustomed to seeing me considered as the friend of the house and a confidential adviser by both the father and daughter, and as the Count had confided to him the secret of my plebeian descent, he feared me so much the less as a rival. Yes! he even condescended to make me his confidant, and told me one day the whole story of his wooing for Hortensia's hand, and the answer of the Countess. He begged me to use my friendly services to ascertain whether she had any inclination for him, however slight. I was obliged to promise that I would, and every day he asked me "whether I had made any discovery?"—and I could always excuse myself by answering that I had found no opportunity to see the Countess alone.

Probably to give me this opportunity he proposed a little pleasure party to Arquato, three miles from Battaglia, where visitors to the Baths often made a pilgrimage to the tomb and dwelling house of Petrarch. Of all the Italian poets, Hortensia loved this tender and spiritual songster of true love the best. She had been delighted at the idea of making this pilgrimage. But when the moment of departure arrived, Carlo, under some slight pretence, remained behind, and also prevented the old Count from accompanying Hortensia, but promised, however, to follow us soon. Beatrice and Cecilia, the companions of the Countess, rode with her. I rode on horseback beside the carriage.

I led the ladies to the churchyard of the village, where a simple stone covered the ashes of the immortal poet, and translated the Latin inscription for them. Hortensia stood thoughtfully before the grave. She sighed and said, "*All* does not die!" and I thought I felt a slight pressure on my arm. "If *all* died," said I, "would not the life of man be a cruelty in the Creator, and love be the heaviest curse in life?"

We left the churchyard in sadness. A friendly old man led us from thence to a neighbouring vine-covered hill, upon which stood Petrarch's dwelling with its little garden. In the house they showed us Petrarch's household furniture, which had been preserved with religious care: the table by which he had both read and written, the seat upon which he had rested himself—even the kitchen utensils were there.

The sight of such relics always influences my mind—it annihilates the intervals of centuries, and the present is utterly lost in the past. To me it seemed as if the poet had gone out, and would presently open his little brown door and greet us. Hortensia found a beautiful edition of Petrarch's sonnets upon a table in the corner. Being fatigued, she seated herself, leaned her beautiful head upon her hand, and read attentively, whilst the fingers of that uplifted hand shaded and concealed her eyes. Beatrice and Cecilia went to prepare some refreshment for the Countess. I stood silently by the window. Petrarch's love and hopelessness were my destiny; another Laura sat before me, not rendered divine by the charms of the muse, but by her own.

Hortensia raised a handkerchief to dry her eyes. I was distressed at seeing her weep, and approached her timidly, though I did not venture to speak. Suddenly she rose, and smiling on me through her tears, said: "Poor Petrarch! Poor human heart! but nothing is lasting. Centuries have passed since he ceased to lament. But they say that in his latter years he conquered his passion. It is a good thing to conquer oneself. Might it not be called annihilating oneself?"

"And if necessity commands it?"

"Has necessity any power over the human heart?"

"But Laura was the wife of Hugo de Sade—her heart could not belong to Petrarch. It was his lot to love alone, to die alone. He had the gift of song, and the muses consoled him. He was unhappy—as I am."

"As you are—you unhappy, Faust?" interrupted Hortensia in a scarcely audible voice.

"I have not the divine gift of song. My heart will break, for it finds no consolation. Countess, dear Countess—may I say more to you than I have said? But I will remain worthy of

your esteem, and that can only be by a manly courage. Grant me one request, only one modest request?"

Hortensia cast down her eyes and did not answer.

"One request, dear Countess, to give me peace."

"What would you have?" whispered she, without looking up.

"Am I certain that you will grant my prayer?"

She looked at me seriously and earnestly, and then said with an indescribable dignity: "Faust, I do not know what you will ask, but however great it may be—yes, Faust, I am indebted to you for my life; my confidence—I grant your request. Speak."

I seized her hand, I sank at her feet, I pressed my burning lips to her hand; I nearly lost my consciousness and my speech. Hortensia, profoundly absorbed, and as if without feeling, remained with downcast eyes.

At length I regained the power to speak. "I must away from this. Let me fly. I cannot longer tarry. Let me grow tranquil once more, in some solitude, far from thee. I must hence. I disturb the peace of your house. Carlo has requested your hand."

"It shall never be his," interposed the Countess, in a determined tone.

"Let me fly! Even your goodness increases the multitude of my miseries."

Hortensia was in a vehement struggle with herself. "You do me a frightful wrong. But I dare no longer hinder you," she cried, and burst into violent weeping. She grew faint, and sought a seat. As I sprang toward her, she sunk sobbing upon my breast. After a few moments she became self-possessed again. She felt herself embraced by my arms, and would have released them. But I, with Heaven in my breast, forgetful of the restraints of former reverence, embraced her more tenderly, and sighed, "But one moment—now enough!" Her resistance gave way. She raised her eyes to me, and with a countenance which a blush, like the red of her illuminations, suffused, she whispered, "Faust, what's this?"

"Will you not forget me, when I am far away?" I asked, in reply.

"How can I?" she sighed, and again cast down her eyes.

"Farewell, Hortensia!" I stammered, as my forehead sunk down upon hers.

"Emanuel! Emanuel!" she whispered. My lips hung upon hers. I felt her tender and almost imperceptible kiss, while her arms clung round my neck. Time vanished away.

I went from Petrarch's dwelling, by her side, like one intoxicated, down the steps leading from the hill. Two servants waited below, who guided us to a bower under wild laurel-trees, where a little meal had been prepared. In a moment the vehicle of the Prince rolled past, and Carlo and the Count alighted.

Hortensia was very serious, and quite abrupt in her replies. She seemed lost in thought. I saw that she made an effort when she would speak to the Prince. Towards me she preserved unchanged the same heartiness and confidence of deportment. Petrarch's dwelling was again visited, as the Count wished to see it. When we entered the room, which our reciprocal confession had consecrated into a sanctuary, Hortensia resumed the seat at the table, where lay the book, precisely as at the first visit, and kept it till we went away. Then she arose, placed her hand on her breast, looked at me with a penetrating look, and hastened out of the house.

The Prince remarked this gesture and glance. A dark red came over his dejected visage; he passed on with folded arms and sunken head. All joy was fled from our company. Each seemed anxious to reach the castle again. I did not doubt that Carlo's jealousy had detected all; but I feared his vindictiveness less on my own account, than for the peace of the Countess.

Therefore, as soon as I got home, I resolved to make every thing ready for a hasty departure the next morning. I disclosed to the Count my unalterable resolution, surrendered him all the papers, and entreated him not to say any thing to the Countess, until I was far on my way.

THE SAD SEPARATION.

I HAD long before been promised by the Count, in case of my departure, the company of the valiant old Sebald, who had many

times asked for his dismissal, that he might return to his German home. When he heard that the moment of parting had arrived, he danced and whirled about the room for very rapture. Each of us with a horse and portmanteau, we were entirely equipped for the journey.

I had determined to ride away quietly before the break of day. None in the castle knew this, except Sebald and the Count, and none were to learn it. I intended to leave behind a few lines to Hortensia, expressive of my thanks and love, and bidding her an everlasting farewell. The old Count seemed rather surprised, but not altogether displeased. He embraced me most tenderly, thanked me for the services I had rendered him, and promised to come to my room within a half hour, to deliver me some useful papers, which would ensure me in future a life free from care; or, as he expressed it, the interest on the life-long debt he owed me. I did not refuse a moderate sum for my travelling expenses to Germany, for in fact I was nearly destitute of money, but my pride hindered me from accepting more than that.

Soon as I returned to my rooms, we packed up. Sebald hastened to the horses, and provided all that was necessary for our instant departure. I wrote, in the meantime, to Hortensia. I will not here describe what I suffered—how I struggled with myself—how often I sprang from the table to weep out my sorrow. My life was wasted, my future without happiness. Death were sweeter and easier than a life devoid of hope.

Many times I tore what I had just written, and had not yet finished, when I was disturbed in a manner that I least expected.

Sebald rushed into the room, trembling and gasping for breath; seized the packed portmanteaus, and exclaimed: "Mr. Faust, a misfortune has happened! They will drag you to a prison! They will murder you! Let us fly before it is too late!" I asked in vain for the cause of his terror. I could only learn that the old Count was furious; the Prince raving; and the whole Castle raised against me.—I answered coolly, that I had no cause for fear, still less to fly as a criminal. "Sir," cried Sebald, "we cannot escape from this unfortunate family without some misfortune. An Evil Star rules over them. I said that long since. You must fly!"

At this moment two Chasseurs* of the Count entered the room, requesting me to come immediately to his excellency. Sebald winked his eyes, and signed to me to try and escape them. I could not refrain from smiling at his fears, and followed the Chasseurs; ordering him, however, to saddle the horses, as I no longer doubted that something extraordinary had happened. It was likely that the Prince, instigated by jealousy, had fastened some accusation upon me.

It happened in this wise: I had scarcely left the Count Von Hormegg, when Carlo came to him in a great rage, and asserted that I had dishonoured his house by a secret intrigue with the Countess. Beatrice, one of Hortensia's companions, who had been gained over to the Prince, either by presents or by kindness, had, on leaving Petrarch's dwelling, with Cecilia, become impatient at our delay; returning to that spot, she had seen us embrace. The damsel was discreet enough not to disturb us, but ready enough to betray this important occurrence to the Prince, as soon as we returned to the Castle. The Count Von Hormegg could believe anything more readily than this assertion, because it seemed to him the most unnatural of all delinquencies—a common citizen, a painter, to win the love of a Countess of Hormegg—he treated the matter at first as an illusion of jealousy. To justify himself, the Prince was obliged to betray the betrayers, and Beatrice acknowledged what had happened, although not without some resistance on her part.

The wrath of the old Count knew no bounds, yet such an event seemed so monstrous to him, that he even desired to question his daughter. Hortensia appeared. The sight of those pale faces, disfigured by anger and dismay, terrified her. "What has happened here?" she exclaimed, half beside herself. With fearful earnestness, the Count replied: "That, thou art to answer." He then took her hand with forced calmness and gentleness, and said: "Hortensia, they accuse thee of staining the honour of our name, by—it must be spoken—by a love affair with that painter, Faust. Hortensia, deny it, say no! Give thy father back peace and

* Footmen in fanciful hunting dress, with cutlass and dirk. They are always seen behind the carriage of a lady of high rank, or about her doors.

honour. Thou canst do it. Silence all malicious tongues. Refute what was but a delusion, a mistake, a deception, when they said they saw thee to-day in the arms of Faust. Here stands the Prince, thy future husband. Give him thy hand! Prove to him that these are wicked lies, which have been said about thee and Faust! Faust's presence shall no longer disturb our peace. This night he leaves us forever."

The Count continued to speak for some time. He did it probably to cover Hortensia's blushes, which left him no doubt of the truth of the occurrence, and also to give the matter a more favourable turn, that would reconcile the Prince, and put all things in their proper train again. When he stopped he was least of all prepared for what Hortensia actually did.

With the dignified and decisive manner peculiar to her, she turned first toward Beatrice, and roused to the most lively emotion by her treachery, and the announcement of my sudden departure during that night, she exclaimed: "Wretched being! I do not stand confronted to thee. My servant shall not be my accuser. I need not justify myself before thee.—Leave this room, and this Castle, and never come before my eyes again."

Beatrice, in tears, attempted to fall at her feet. But it was in vain, she was forced to obey and depart.

Then the Countess turned to her father, and desired me to be called. The Count went out hastily, and I was requested to come. Hortensia had also absented herself for a moment, and came back almost at the same time that I entered.

"Dear Faust," said she to me, and her cheeks burned with an unnatural red: "Both you and I stand here as accused or rather condemned persons," and she thereupon related what had occurred, continuing thus: "I am expected to justify myself, and there is no one before whom I need justify myself but God—the judge of all hearts. Here I have only to acknowledge the truth, as my father requires it; and to declare my unchangeable determinations. Fate wills it, and I—was born to misfortune. Faust, I should be unworthy of your esteem, if I could not rise above misfortune."

She approached the Prince, and said: "I respect you, but I do not love you. My hand will never be yours—nourish no future

hopes that it will. After what has now taken place, I must beg you to avoid us in future. Do not expect that my father will force my inclinations. Life is indifferent to me. His first act of violence would have no other consequence but that of obliging him to bury his daughter's body. I have no more to say to you. To you, my father, I must acknowledge that I love—love this Faust, but I cannot help it. You dislike him; he is not of our rank; he must part from us. My earthly ties with him are sundered, but my heart remains his. You, my father, can make no change, for every attempt to do so will hasten my death. I tell you this beforehand; I am prepared for death, for only with death will my misfortunes end."

She stopped. The Count wished to speak and the Prince likewise, but she motioned them to be silent. Approaching me, she drew a ring from her finger, gave it me, saying, "My friend, I part from you, perhaps, for ever. Take this ring as a remembrance of me. This gold and these diamonds will turn to dust, ere my love and my truth shall cease. Do not forget me!" When she had uttered these words, she laid her arm upon my shoulder, pressed a kiss upon my lips, turned pale and cold, and with closed eyes fell to the earth.

The Count Von Hormegg gave a piercing, fearful scream. The Prince called for aid. I carried that lovely form to a sofa; chambermaids hastened in; physicians were called. I lay unconscious beside that couch upon my knees, holding to my cheek the cold hand of the lifeless maiden. The Count tore me away. He was in a frenzy, and thundered at me these words—"Thou hast murdered her! Fly, wretch, and never show thy face again!" He pushed me out of the door, and at his command the *Chasseurs* dragged me down the steps in front of the Castle. Sebald stood near the stables. As soon as he was aware of my presence, he hastened up, and pulled me with him to the stalls where the saddled horses stood. Here I swooned, and as Sebald afterwards told me, I lay lifeless for about a quarter of an hour upon the floor. I had scarcely recovered when he lifted me upon one of the horses, and we trotted off. I rode as if in my sleep, and was often in danger of falling. It was only by degrees that I recovered my full consciousness and strength.

I now remembered clearly the past. I became desperate. I wished to return to the castle and learn Hortensia's fate, for we had rode no more than two miles. Sebald entreated me by all the Saints to abandon so frantic a design, but it was useless. I had but just turned my horse about when I saw some horsemen approaching me at a full gallop. "Cursed murderer!" called out a voice to me, and it was Carlo's voice. At the same time some shot reached me. As I grasped my pistols, my horse fell dead. I sprang up. Carlo rode towards we with his drawn sword, and when he would have cut me down, I shot him through the body. As he fell, his companions caught him. Sebald followed them in their flight, and sent some balls after them. He then returned, took the portmanteau from the dead horse, made me mount with him, and we hurried away at a quick pace.

This affray had occurred in the vicinity of a little wood, which we soon reached. The sun had already set. We rode the whole night without knowing whither. When we stopped at daybreak at a village inn to rest our horse, we found him so injured by the saddle, that we were obliged to give up all hope of using him farther. We sold him for almost nothing and continued our flight on foot by safer bye-roads, carrying our luggage ourselves.

NEW ADVENTURES.

The first rays of the rising sun fell glittering upon the diamonds of Hortensia's ring. I kissed it, weeping. Sebald had told me that in the night, while I lay in a swoon beside the horses, a groom had said to him, that they thought the Countess at first dead, but she had returned to life. This news strengthened and comforted me. To my own fate I was utterly indifferent. Hortensia's elevation of soul had inspired me. I was proud of my misfortunes. My conscience free from reproach, I was raised above all fear. I had but one sorrow—that of eternal separation from one whom I must love eternally.

On reaching Ravenna we took our first day's rest, for I was ill from the exhaustion produced by exciting scenes, and the im-

mense exertions I had made. For two whole weeks I lay ill of a fever. Sebald was in a terrible state of anxiety, for he feared, with some reason, that the death of the Prince would necessarily bring us into the hands of justice. He had given us both feigned names, and procured some different clothing. My good constitution quickly restored me, rather than any skill of the physician, though great weakness remained in all my limbs. As we had determined, however, to ship from Rimini for Trieste, I hoped to recover upon the passage.

Sebald came to me one evening in a great fright, and said, "Sir, we can remain here no longer. A stranger stands out there who wishes to speak to you. We are discovered. He first asked me my name. I could not conceal it, and then he asked for you."

"Let him come in," said I.

A well-dressed man entered, who, after the first exchange of politeness, inquired after my health. When I assured him that I was quite well, he said: "So much the better, I will then give you some good advice. You know what passed between Prince Carlo and yourself. He is out of danger, but has sworn your death. You had therefore better get out of his way. You now intend going to Germany by the way of Trieste. Do not do this. There is no ship for Trieste at Rimini, but there is a Neapolitan vessel returning to Naples. You are safe when once upon the sea. Otherwise, you will either be arrested in a few hours, or assassinated. Here is a letter for the Neapolitan Captain, he is a good friend of mine. He will receive you with pleasure. Only betake yourself quickly to Rimini and thence to Naples."

I was not a little embarrassed at finding this stranger so well informed. On my questioning him as to his means of information, he only smiled and replied: "I know nothing more, neither can I tell you aught more. I live here in Ravenna, and am a clerk of the Court. Save yourself!" With these words he left us.

Sebald affirmed stoutly that the man must be possessed by the Devil, or he would not have been so well acquainted with our secrets. As the stranger spoke to the people of the inn, we learned from them afterwards that he was a clerk of the Court,

and a good, honourable man, well to do in the world, and married. How he could have known our secret plans of going through Trieste to Germany, was incomprehensible to me, for none were aware of it but ourselves. The enigma, however, was quickly solved when Sebald acknowledged that, during my sickness, he had written a letter to his former comrade Caspar, at Battaglia, begging to know whether the Prince had been killed. He waited in vain for an answer. The letter had fallen, without doubt, into the hands of Carlo or his people, or else its contents had been discovered in some other way.

Sebald was now, for the first time, actually alarmed. He hired a coach without delay for Rimini, and we set out that same night. All these circumstances did not please me particularly. I did not know whether I was flying from the danger, or running to meet it. The Clerk of the Court might be in the Prince's service. In the meantime, we not only reached Rimini, but found the Neapolitan Captain also. I gave him the Clerk's letter—I do not deny having opened and read it,—and soon entered into an agreement for our passage to Naples. The wind became fair, and the anchors were raised.

There were some passengers on board the ship besides ourselves, amongst others a young man, whom at first I was not much pleased to see, for I remembered having met him once, casually, at the Baths of Battaglia. I was tranquillized, however, by gathering from his discourse that he had not noticed me, and that I was an utter stranger to him. He had only left Battaglia three days before, to return to Naples, where he said he carried on a considerable business. He told of the acquaintances he had made at those Baths, and mentioned incidentally a German Countess, who was a wonder of grace and beauty.—How my heart beat! He appeared to know nothing of the Prince's being either wounded or dead. The Countess, whose name he had forgotten, had left four days before his departure, whither he had not taken the trouble to inquire.

Uncertain as was this information, it yet served to calm me considerably. Hortensia lived—Hortensia was well. "May she be happy!" was my sigh. The voyage was tedious to all but myself. I sought for solitude. For many nights I watched on

the deck, dreaming of Hortensia. The young merchant (his name was Tufaldini) observed my melancholy, and took much pains to enliven me. He heard that I was an artist; he loved the art passionately, and constantly directed our conversation to this subject, as it was the only one that could dissipate my sadness, and make me conversational. His sympathy and friendship went so far as to offer me a seat at his table and a room in his house at Naples, an offer I was the less inclined to refuse, as I was quite a stranger there, and Sebald's and my common purse had melted away very considerably, particularly after deducting our travelling expenses.

A NEW WONDER.

The kindness and attention of the noble Tufaldini was actually humiliating to me. From a travelling companion he had made me a friend, although I had done little or nothing, either to win his love, or to deserve it. He presented me, as a friend, to his venerable old mother and his charming young wife. They prepared one of their best rooms for myself and Sebald—and from the first day of our arrival, treated me as if I were an old friend of the family. Nor was he satisfied with this. He introduced me to all his friends, and orders for pictures soon followed. He was as eager to gain me a reputation as if it were for his own advantage. He even consented finally to accepting payment for my board and lodging, although at first he was offended when I proposed it; but seeing my determination to leave his house, if he would receive no compensation, he took the money more to gratify me than to repay himself.

My works succeeded beyond my expectations. My pictures were liked, I received my own price, and when one order was finished, another was sure to follow in its train. Sebald was so well satisfied with Naples, that he even forgot his home-sickness. He thanked God for having escaped from the service of Count Von Hormegg with a whole skin, and, as he expressed it, would

rather serve me for bread and water than the Count for a dish full of gold.

My plan was to earn sufficient by my labour to go to Germany, and settle there in some little hermitage. I was industrious and economical, and thus a year passed. The love shown me by the Tufaldini family, the quiet life I led in that great and seductive city, the charms of their soft skies, and the thought that in Germany I was without friends and without vocation, made me abandon the first design, and I stayed where I was. Joy bloomed for me as little upon a German as an Italian soil, only the thought that Hortensia might perhaps be living upon her father's estate, and that I might yet have the consolation of seeing her once, if only at a distance—kindled my desire to return to the north. But when I recollected the words which she used in that parting hour: "My earthly ties to him are sundered!" when she renounced me before her father with such solemnity and heroic devotion, my own courage rose at the thought and I determined to endure all things cheerfully. I was an oak which the storm had shattered, without branches, without leaves, solitary, unloved, dying in its loneliness.

They say that time heals the deepest wounds with a benevolent hand. I myself believed the saying, but I found it untrue. My melancholy continued the same. I avoided the gay. Tears often gave me relief, and my only joy was to dream of her, as I saw her in her majesty and beauty. Her ring was my sacred relic. Had it fallen to the depths of the sea, nothing could have hindered me from plunging after it.

The second year passed away, but not my sorrow. But in the darkest hours, I comforted myself with a faint gleam of hope that perhaps an accident might bring me near to my lost mistress, or at least give me some news of her. I knew there was not much probability in this, for how could she, so distant, know, after the lapse of years, where I lived in retirement? But little! He who hopes, thinks little about impossibilities! Yet after the lapse of two years even this hope was lost. Hortensia was dead to me. In my dreams I saw her as a heavenly being resplendent with the glory of an angel.

In our confidential conversations, Tufaldini and his wife had

often required the cause of my sadness, but I could never prevail upon myself to disclose the secret. They ceased questioning me, but they were more careful of my health. I perceived that my own powers and life were sinking. The thought of the grave was sweet to me.

All was suddenly changed. One morning Sebald brought me the letters which had arrived by the post; among them were some orders for pictures and a small casket. I opened it. Who can imagine my joyful surprise?—I saw Hortensia's image, living, beautiful, but in the black dress of mourning—the face more delicate, thin, and pale than when I had known her.—Three words were written in Hortensia's hand upon the paper accompanying it: "*My Emanuel, hope!*"

I ran about the room like an intoxicated person; I sank down in a chair speechless; I raised my clasped hands towards Heaven. I shouted and sobbed with joy; I kissed the image and the paper which her hand must have touched; I knelt and thanked Providence weeping, my face bowed to the earth.

Thus Sebald found me. He thought me crazy, and he was not mistaken. I feel that man is always stronger to bear misfortune than happiness, for he is always more or less prepared against the advances of the first, but against those of the last he is fearless and unprepared.

My hopes bloomed anew, and with them my health and my life. Tufaldini and all my acquaintances were delighted. I now expected from day to day further news of my much loved one. There was no doubt of her being acquainted with my place of sojourn, although I could not exactly make out how she had ascertained it. But from what part of the world did her picture come? My inquiries and conjectures upon this subject were all fruitless.

THE SOLUTION.

At the end of eight months I received another note from her. It contained the following brief lines: "I would like to see thee,

Emanuel, once more. Be in Leghorn the first morning of May at the Swiss Banking House of . . . . . Thou wilt have further information by inquiring for the widow Mariana Schwartz, who will direct you to my dwelling. Tell no one in Naples where thou goest, least of all speak of me. I exist no longer for any one in the world, unless it be for a few moments with thee."

This letter filled me with new rapture, yet a mysterious sadness that was visible in its tone, filled me with anxious foreboding. To see that glorious creature again, if only for a few moments, was all that my soul required. In April I left Tufaldini's house in Naples with regret. Sebald and the rest all supposed that I was going back to Germany.

I arrived at Gaeta with Sebald. Here we had an unexpected pleasure. In riding past the garden gate of a villa, outside the city, I saw Miss *Cecilia* with several ladies. I stopped, sprang from my horse, and made myself known to her. She led me into a circle of her relations, for she had been married about three weeks. From her I learned that she had left Hortensia a year before. She could not tell me her abode, only that she had entered a convent. "The Count Von Hormegg died more than a year since," said Cecilia. "We soon perceived, from the sudden retrenchment of customary expenses, that he must have left his affairs in very great disorder. The Countess reduced her train of domestics to a very few persons. I had the honour of being retained by her. But when she lost all hope, through an unlucky law-suit, of retaining any portion of her paternal estate, which was mortgaged, we were dismissed. She kept only one old attendant, and declared that she would end her days in a cloister. Oh how many tears this parting cost us! Hortensia was an angel, and never more beautiful, more enchanting, or more exalted, than when under the heaviest blows of fate. She renounced all her accustomed splendour, divided the riches of her wardrobe, like a dying person, amongst the attendants she had dismissed, rewarded all with such princely munificence, that she must have put herself in danger of want, and only begged of us to remember her in our prayers. I left her in Milan, to return to my family, who live here. She gave out that she was going to Germany, to seek there the solitude of a cloister."

This narrative of Cecilia's explained to me at once the mystery in Hortensia's last letter. She also told me that Carlo, who had been wounded badly, but not mortally, had entered the service of the Knights of Malta, immediately after his recovery, and had soon after died.

I left Gaeta with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow. Hortensia's misfortunes, and the loss of her father, awakened my pity, but kindled, at the same time, more presumptuous hopes than I had ever dared to conceive. I flattered myself that I should perhaps be able to turn her from her resolution to seek a convent, and with her heart, perhaps, to win her hand. My brain was dizzy with the thought of sharing with Hortensia the fruits of my labour. This was my constant dream upon the whole journey to Leghorn, where I arrived one fine morning, eight days before the appointed time.

I did not delay a moment in seeking the Swiss banker, to whom I had been directed. I ran there in my travelling apparel, and begged for the address of the widow Schwartz, that I might learn at once whether the Countess had already arrived at Leghorn. A servant conducted me to the widow, who lived in a plain-looking house, in a retired street. I was much vexed to learn that Mrs. Schwartz was out, and was told I might call again in two hours. Every moment of delay was so much stolen from my life.

At the appointed hour I returned. An old maid-servant opened the door, led me up the stairs, and announced me to her mistress. I had been shown into a simply-furnished, but neat room. A lady sat upon a sofa opposite the door. She did not appear to have noticed my entrance, not having returned my salutation. With both hands before her face, she sought to hide her tears and sobs.

At this sight, a feverish trembling ran through me. In the form of the widow, in the tone of her sobs, I recognised the form and voice of Hortensia.

Without reflecting, or waiting to assure myself of the fact, I let my hat and cane fall, like an intoxicated person, and threw myself at the feet of her who wept. Heavens! who can tell my rapture? Hortensia's arms were about my neck, my lips met hers. All the past was forgotten, all the future was an eternity

of joy. Never was love more beautifully rewarded—never was constancy more blessed. We both feared lest those joyful moments should have been only a dream. During the whole of that day we asked and answered questions, in so disconnected a manner, that we parted at night without knowing more of each other, than that we had met.

You may believe that I was ready in good season to accept of an invitation to breakfast from the charming Hortensia. Her servants consisted of a cook, a chambermaid, a lady's-maid, a coachman, and a *Chasseur*. All the service was of the finest China or silver; but the ancestral arms and initials were missing. There was a look of affluence, which did not correspond with the representations given me, and which was far beyond what my limited fortune could afford—rather mortifying, when I thought of the projects in which I had revelled during my voyage from Gaeta to Livorno. I expected, and even wished, to find Hortensia in rather straitened circumstances, that I might have courage to offer her all that I possessed. But I stood before her again as a poor painter.

In our private conversation, I did not conceal from her what I heard at Gaeta from Cecilia, nor the feelings, the resolves, and the hopes which it had awakened. I told her of my blighted projects—how she had, perhaps, taken the terrible resolution of sacrificing youth and beauty within the walls of a convent—how she had consented to choose me for her servant and most true friend—how I would have laid my savings, and all the fruit of my future industry, at her feet. I painted to her, in the colours of love and hope, the blessedness of a quiet country life, in some remote place—the simple house, with its little garden—the studio of the artist, inspired by her presence..... I trembled. I could not go on. Her eyes fell; a beautiful colour spread over her cheeks. Thus have I dreamed! added I, after a long pause, and it should not have been.

Hortensia rose, went to a closet and took out an ebony box, richly mounted in silver, and handed it to me with the key. "I requested you to come to Leghorn that I might deliver this box into your hands. It will aid you somewhat in the fulfilment of your wishes, but not entirely. After my father's death, my first

thought was to pay the debt of gratitude I owe you. I had never lost sight of you since your flight from Battaglia. By lucky chance a letter from your man at Ravenna to one of my own servants, detailing the route you proposed, fell into my hands.

"In a private conversation with Mr. Tufaldini of Naples, he was induced by me to promise to make you one of his family. He received a small capital to defray all expenses, and which he could draw upon, if necessary, for your support. I have also rewarded him for his trouble, although the good man took my little presents rather unwillingly. In return, I had the pleasure of hearing of your welfare every month. Since our separation, Tufaldini's letters have been my only comfort.

"After the death of my father, on account of his estate, I had a dissension with my relatives. Our lands went to the male heirs. All the rest I turned into gold. I had given up returning to my native country—my last refuge was to be a cloister. Under the cloak of poverty, I withdrew from all my father's old associates, and dismissed all my retainers; took the name and position of a citizen, that I might live in greater retirement. Not until all this was accomplished did I call upon you to finish my work, and to release me from the vow I had made to Heaven. The moment is here. You have told me beautiful dreams; but turn with me now to realities for a short time."

She opened the box and drew forth a package, carefully wrapped up, and also some papers addressed to me. She broke the seal of one of them, and laid before me a will, made in all due form, by which I was to receive an immense sum, partly for debts which were unpaid; partly for the interest which had been suffered to accumulate; partly as a legacy from the widow Mariana Schwartz, and all in bank-notes of various countries.

"This, dear Faust, is your property," continued the Countess; "your well-earned and well-deserved property. I have no further share in it. I have enough left for a modest income. When I renounce the world and belong to a convent, you will inherit a part of what I possess. If you really esteem me, you will show it by keeping the secret of my birth, rank, and true name, and that you will not utter a syllable of thanks, nor decline receiving your own property. Give me your promise!"

I heard her say this with astonishment and sorrow. I pushed the papers aside with indifference. "Do you then believe that these bank-notes are of any value to me? I shall neither refuse them nor thank you for them. Do not expect that I shall do either. If you enter a cloister, all besides, even the world itself, would be hateful to me. I need nothing. What you give me is but dust. Oh, Hortensia! you once said that it was my soul that animated you. If it were now thus, you would not hesitate to follow my example. I would burn the bank-notes. What should I want of them? Destroy your fortune, become poor and become mine—oh, Hortensia, mine——"

She bent towards me, clasped both my hands in hers with agitation, and with tears in her eyes, said earnestly, "Am I not so now, Emanuel?"

"But the cloister——?"

"My last refuge when thou leavest me."

There we made our covenant before God. At the altar it was consecrated by the hand of a priest. We left Leghorn, and sought this charming solitude, where we now dwell with our children.

F. B. & P. G.

NOTE.

The Inward Sight.—It seems that this story has some reference to a peculiarity in Zschokke's constitution, by which he was endowed with a *clairvoyance* similar to that he has ascribed to Hortensia. In his Autobiography, he speaks of it as "a singular case of prophetic gift which I called my inward sight, but which has ever been enigmatical to me." He adds the following in regard to it: "I am almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but lest I should strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul experiences, and therefore I will confess. It is well known that the judgment we not seldom form at the first glance of persons hitherto unknown is more correct than that which is the result of longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us with strangers is afterwards weakened or destroyed by custom or by different appearances. We speak in such cases of sympathies or antipathies, and perceive these effects frequently among children to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting. Others are incredulous on this point, and have recourse to physiognomy. Now for my own case.

"It has happened to me sometimes, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger-life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear, the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest I once in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth; I on my part was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer: 'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine), in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte* where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c., &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years,

* "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the *spirituel* Johann von Riga, when in the first hour of our acquaintance I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

his youthful errors, and lastly with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c., &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour I shook hands with him over the table and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!

"I can well explain to myself how a person of lively imagination may form as in a romance, a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, of a certain character, under certain circumstances. But whence came those trifling accessories which *no wise concerned me*, and in relation to people for the most part indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor desired to have, any connexion? Or, was the whole matter a constantly recurring *accident?* Or, had my auditor, perhaps, when I related the particulars of his former life very different views to give of the whole, although in his first surprise, and misled by some resemblances, he had mistaken them for the same? And yet impelled by this very doubt I had several times given myself trouble to speak of the most insignificant things which my waking dream had revealed to me I shall not say another word on this singular gift of vision, of which I cannot say it was ever of the slightest service ; it manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through. Neither am I the only person in possession of this power. On an excursion I once made with two of my sons, I met with an old Tyrolese who carried oranges and lemons about the country, in a house of public entertainment, in Lower Hanenstein, one of the passes of the Jura. He fixed his eyes on me for some time, then mingled in the conversation, and said that he knew me, although he knew me not, and went to relate what I had done and striven to do in former times, to the consternation of the country people present, and the great admiration of my children, who were diverted to find another person gifted like their father. How the old lemon merchant came by his knowledge he could explain neither to me nor to himself; he seemed, nevertheless, to value himself somewhat upon his mysterious wisdom."

THE BROKEN CUP.

THE BROKEN CUP.*

There is extant, under this name, a short piece by the author of LITTLE KATE of Heilbronn. That and the tale which here follows, originated in an incident which took place at Bern in the year 1802. Henry Von Kleist, and Ludwig Wieland, the son of the poet, were both friends of the writer, in whose chamber hung an engraving called LA CRUCHE CASSEE, the persons and contents of which resembled the scene set forth below under the head of THE TRIBUNAL. The drawing, which was full of expression, gave great delight to those who saw it, and led to many conjectures as to its meaning. The three friends agreed, in sport, that they would each one day commit to writing, his peculiar interpretation of its design. Wieland promised a satire; Von Kleist threw off a comedy; and the author of the following tale, what is here given.

MARIETTA.

NAPOULE, it is true, is only a very little place on the bay of Cannes; yet it is pretty well known through all Provence. It lies in the shade of lofty evergreen palms, and darker orange trees; but that alone would not make it renowned. Still they say that there are grown the most luscious grapes, the sweetest roses, and the handsomest girls. I don't know but it is so; in the meantime I believe it most readily. Pity that Napoule is so small, and cannot produce more luscious grapes, fragrant roses, and handsome maidens; especially, as we might then have some of them transplanted to our own country.

As, ever since the foundation of Napoule, all the Napoulese women have been beauties, so the little Marietta was a wonder of wonders, as the chronicles of the place declare. She was called the *little* Marietta; yet she was not smaller than a girl of seventeen or thereabouts ought to be, seeing that her forehead just reached up to the lips of a grown man.

The chronicles aforesaid had very good ground for speaking of

Marietta. I, had I stood in the shoes of the chronicler, would have done the same. For Marietta, who until lately had lived with her mother Manon at Avignon, when she came back to her birth-place, quite upset the whole village. Verily, not the houses, but the people and their heads; and not the heads of all the people, but of those particularly, whose heads and hearts are always in great danger, when in the neighbourhood of two bright eyes. I know very well that such a position is no joke.

Mother Manon would have done much better if she had remained at Avignon. But she had been left a small inheritance, by which she received at Napoule an estate consisting of some vine-hills, and a house that lay in the shadow of a rock, between certain olive trees and African acacias. This is a kind of thing which no unprovided widow ever rejects; and, accordingly, in her own estimation, she was as rich and happy as though she were the Countess of Provence or something like it.

So much the worse was it for the good people of Napoule. They never suspected their misfortune, not having read in Homer, how a single pretty woman had filled all Greece and Lesser Asia with discord and war.

HOW THE MISFORTUNE CAME ABOUT.

Marietta had scarcely been fourteen days in the house, between the olive trees and the African acacias, before every young man of Napoule knew that she lived there, and that there lived not, in all Provence, a more charming girl than the one in that house.

Went she through the village, sweeping lightly along like a dressed-up angel, her frock, with its pale green bodice, and orange leaves and rose-buds upon the bosom of it, fluttering in the breeze, and flowers and ribbons waving about the straw bonnet, which shaded her beautiful features,—yes, then the grave old men spake out, and the young ones were struck dumb. And every where, to the right and left, little windows and doors were opened with "a good morning," or "a good evening, Mari-

etta," as it might be, while she nodded to the right and left with a pleasant smile.

If Marietta walked into the church, all hearts (that is, of the young people) forgot Heaven; all eyes turned from the Saints, and the worshipping finger wandered idly among the pearls of the rosary. This must certainly have provoked much sorrow, at least, among the more devout.

The maidens of Napoule particularly, became very pious about this time, for they, most of all, took the matter to heart. And they were not to be blamed for it; for since the advent of Marietta, more than one prospective groom had become cold, and more than one worshipper of some beloved one, quite inconstant. There were bickerings and reproaches on all sides, many tears, pertinent lectures, and even rejections. The talk was no longer of marriages, but of separations. They began to return their pledges of truth, rings, ribbons, &c. The old persons took part with their children; criminations and strife spread from house to house: it was most deplorable.

Marietta is the cause of all, said the pious maidens, first; then, the mothers said it; next the fathers took it up; and finally, all —even the young men. But Marietta, shielded by modesty and innocence, like the petals of the rose-bud in its dark green calix, did not suspect the mischief of which she was the occasion, and continued courteous to every body. This touched the young men, who said, "why condemn the pure and harmless child—she is not guilty!" Then the fathers said the same thing; then the mothers took it up; and finally, all—even the pious maidens. For, let who would talk with Marietta, she was sure to gain their esteem. So before half a year had passed, every body had spoken to her, and every body loved her. But she did not suspect that she was the object of such general regard, as she had not before suspected that she was the object of dislike. Does the violet, hidden in the down-trodden grass, think how sweet it is?

Now, every one wished to make amends for the injustice they had done Marietta. Sympathy deepened the tenderness of their attachment. Marietta found herself greeted every where in a more friendly way than ever; she was more cordially welcomed; more heartily invited to the rural sports and dances.

ABOUT THE WICKED COLIN.

All men, however, are not endowed with tender sympathy; but some have hearts hardened like Pharaoh's. This arises, no doubt, from that natural depravity which has come upon men in consequence of the fall of Adam, or because, at their baptism, the devil is not brought sufficiently under subjection.

A remarkable example of this hardness of heart was given by one Colin, the richest farmer and proprietor in Napoule, whose vineyards and olive gardens, whose lemon and orange trees could hardly be counted in a day. One thing particularly demonstrates the perverseness of his disposition; he was twenty-seven years old, and had never yet asked for what purpose girls had been created!

True, all the people, especially damsels of a certain age, willingly forgave him this sin, and looked upon him as one of the best young men under the sun. His fine figure, his fresh unembarrassed manner, his look, his laugh, enabled him to gain the favourable opinion of the aforesaid people, who would have forgiven him, had there been occasion, any one of the deadly sins. But the decision of such judges is not always to be trusted.

While both old and young at Napoule had become reconciled to the innocent Marietta, and proffered their sympathies to her, Colin was the only one who had no pity upon the poor child. If Marietta was talked of, he became as dumb as a fish. If he met her in the street, he would turn red and white with anger, and cast sidelong glances at her of the most malicious kind.

If, at evening, the young people met upon the sea shore near the old castle ruins, for sprightly pastimes, or rural dances, or to sing catches, Colin was the merriest among them. But as soon as Marietta arrived the rascally fellow was silent, and all the gold in the world couldn't make him sing.—What a pity, when he had such a fine voice! Every body listened to it so willingly, and its store of songs was endless.

All the maidens looked kindly upon Colin, and he was friendly with all of them. He had, as we have said, a roguish glance, which the lasses feared and loved; and it was so sweet, they

would like to have had it painted. But, as might naturally be expected, the offended Marietta did not look graciously upon him. And in that she was perfectly right. Whether he smiled or not it was all the same to her. As to his roguish glance, why she would never hear it mentioned; and therein too she was perfectly right. When he told a tale, (and he knew thousands) and every body listened, she nudged her neighbour, or perhaps threw tufts of grass at Peter or Paul, and laughed and chattered, and did not listen to Colin at all. This behaviour quite provoked the proud fellow, so that he would break off in the middle of his story, and stalk sullenly away.

Revenge is sweet. The daughter of mother Manon well knew how to triumph. Yet Marietta was a right good child and quite too tender-hearted. If Colin was silent, it gave her pain. If he was downcast, she laughed no more. If he went away, she did not stay long behind: but hurried to her home, and wept tears of repentance, more beautiful than those of the Magdalen, although she had not sinned like the Magdalen.

THE CUP.

Father Jerome, the pastor of Napoule, was an old man of seventy, who possessed all the virtues of a saint, and only one failing; which was, that by reason of his advanced years, he was hard of hearing. But, on that very account, his homilies were more acceptable to the children of his baptism and blessing. True, he preached only of two subjects, as if they comprehended the whole of religion. It was either, "Little children, love one another," or it was, "Mysterious are the ways of Providence." And truly there is so much Faith, Love and Hope in these, that one might at a pinch be saved by them. The little children loved one another most obediently, and trusted in the ways of Providence.—Only Colin, with his flinty heart, would know nothing of either: for even when he professed to be friendly, he entertained the deepest malice.

The Napoulese went to the annual market or fair of the city

of Vence. It was truly a joyful time, and though they had but little gold to buy with, there were many goods to look at. Now Marietta and mother Manon, went to the Fair with the rest, and Colin was also there. He bought a great many curiosities and trifles for his friends—but he would not spend a farthing for Marietta. And yet he was always at her elbow, though he did not speak to her, nor she to him. It was easy to see that he was brooding over some scheme of wickedness.

Mother Manon stood gazing before a shop, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh! Marietta, see that beautiful cup! A queen would not be ashamed to raise it to her lips. Only see: the edge is of dazzling gold, and the flowers upon it could not bloom more more beautifully in the garden, although they are only painted. And in the midst of this Paradise! pray see, Marietta, how the apples are smiling on the trees. They are verily tempting. And Adam cannot withstand it, as the enchanting Eve offers him one for food! And do see, how prettily the little frisking lamb skips around the old tiger, and the snow-white dove with its golden throat stands there before the vulture, as if she would caress him!"

Marietta could not satisfy herself with looking. "Had I such a cup, mother!" said she, "it is far too beautiful to drink out of: I would place my flowers in it and constantly peep into Paradise. We are at the fair in Vence, but when I look on the picture, I feel as if I were in Paradise."

So spoke Marietta, and called all her companions to the spot, to share her admiration of the cup: but the young men soon joined the maidens, until at length almost half the inhabitants of Napoule were assembled before the wonderfully beautiful cup. But miraculously beautiful was it mainly from its inestimable, translucent porcelain, with gilded handles and glowing colours. They asked the merchant timidly: "Sir, what is the price of it?" And he answered: "Among friends, it is worth a hundred livres." Then they all became silent, and went away in despair. When the Napoulese were all gone from the front of the shop, Colin came there by stealth, threw the merchant a hundred livres upon the counter, had the cup put in a box well packed with cotton,

and then carried it off.—What evil plans he had in view no one would have surmised.

Near Napoule, on his way home, it being already dusk, he met old Jacques, the Justice's servant, returning from the fields. Jacques was a very good man, but excessively stupid.

"I will give thee money enough to get something to drink, Jacques," said Colin, "if thou wilt bear this box to Manon's house, and leave it there; and if any one should see thee, and enquire from whom the box came, say, 'A stranger gave it to me.' But never disclose my name, or I will always detest thee."

Jacques promised this, took the drink-money, and the box, and went with it towards the little dwelling, between the olive trees and the African acacias.

THE CARRIER.

Before he arrived there, he encountered his master, Justice Hautmartin, who asked, "Jacques, what art thou carrying?"

"A box for mother Manon. But, sir, I cannot say from whom it comes."

"Why not?"

"Because Mr. Colin would always detest me."

"It is well that thou canst keep a secret. But it is already late; give me the box, for I am going to-morrow to see Mrs. Manon; I will deliver it to her, and not betray that it came from Colin. It will save thee a walk, and furnish me a good excuse for calling on the old lady."

Jacques gave the box to his master, whom he was accustomed to obey explicitly in all things. The Justice bore it into his chamber, and examined it by the light with some curiosity. On the lid was neatly written with red chalk: "For the lovely and dear Marietta." But Herr Hautmartin well knew that this was some of Colin's mischief, and that some knavish trick lurked under the whole. He therefore opened the box carefully, for fear that a mouse or rat should be concealed within. When he be-

held the wondrous cup, which he had seen at Vence, he was dreadfully shocked, for Herr Hautmartin was a skilful casuist, and knew that the inventions and devices of the human heart are evil from our youth upward. He saw at once, that Colin designed this cup as a means of bringing misfortune upon Marietta: perhaps to give out, when it should be in her possession, that it was the present of some successful lover in the town, or the like, so that all decent people would thereafter keep aloof from Marietta. Therefore Herr Hautmartin resolved, in order to prevent any evil reports, to profess himself the giver. Moreover, he loved Marietta, and would gladly have seen her observe more strictly towards himself the sayings of the grey-headed priest Jerome, "Little children, love one another." In truth, Herr Hautmartin was a little child of fifty years old, and Marietta did not think the saying applied particularly to him. Mother Manon, on the contrary, thought that the Justice was a clever little child, he had gold and a high reputation, from one end of *Napoule* to the other. And when the Justice spoke of marriage, and Marietta ran away in affright, mother Manon remained sitting, and had no fear for the tall, staid gentleman. It must also be confessed, that there were no faults in his person. And although Colin might be the handsomest man in the village, yet the Justice far surpassed him in two things, namely, in the number of years, and in a very, very big nose. Yes, this nose, which always went before the Justice like a herald, to proclaim his approach, was a real elephant among human noses.

With this proboscis, his good purpose, and the cup, the Justice went the following morning to the house between the olive trees and the African acacias.

"For the beautiful Marietta," said he, "I hold nothing too costly. Yesterday you admired the cup at Vence: to-day, allow me, lovely Marietta, to lay it and my devoted heart at your feet."

Manon and Marietta were transported beyond measure when they beheld the cup. Manon's eyes glistened with delight; but Marietta turned and said, "I can neither take your heart nor your cup."

Then mother Manon was angry, and cried out: "But I accept both heart and cup. O, thou little fool, how long wilt thou de-

spise thy good fortune! For whom dost thou tarry? Will a count of Provence make thee his bride, that thou scornst the Justice of Napoule? I know better how to look after thy interests. Herr Hautmartin, I deem it an honour to call you my son-in-law."

Then Marietta went out and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful cup with all her heart.

But the Justice drawing the palm of his flabby hand over his nose, spoke thus judiciously:

"Mother Manon, hurry nothing. The dove will at length, when it learns to know me better, give way. I am not impetuous. I have some skill among women, and before a quarter of a year passes by, I will insinuate myself into Marietta's good graces."

"Thy nose is too large for that," whispered Marietta, who listened outside the door and laughed to herself. In fact, the quarter of the year passed by, and Herr Hautmartin had not yet pierced her heart even with the tip of his nose.

THE FLOWERS.

During this quarter of a year Marietta had other affairs to attend to. The cup gave her much vexation and trouble, and something else besides.

For a fortnight nothing else was talked of in Napoule, and every one said, it is a present from the Justice, and the marriage is already agreed upon.—Marietta solemnly declared to all her companions, that she would rather plunge to the bottom of the sea than marry the Justice, but the maidens continued to banter her all the more, saying, "Oh, how blissful it must be to repose in the shadow of his nose!"—This was her first vexation.

Then mother Manon had the cruelty to force Marietta to rinse out the cup every morning at the spring under the rock and to fill it with fresh flowers. She hoped by this to accustom Marietta to the cup and heart of the giver. But Marietta continued to hate both the gift and giver, and her work at the spring became an actual punishment. Second vexation.

Then, when in the morning, she came to the spring, twice every week she found on the rock, immediately over it, some most beautiful flowers, handsomely arranged, all ready for the decoration of the cup. And on the flower stalks a strip of paper was always tied, on which was written, DEAR MARIETTA. Now no one need expect to impose upon little Marietta, as if magicians and fairies were still in the world. Consequently, she knew that both the flowers and papers must have come from Herr Hautmartin. Marietta, indeed, would not smell them because the living breath from out the Justice's nose had perfumed them. Nevertheless, she took the flowers, because they were finer than wild flowers, and tore the slip of paper into a thousand pieces, which she strewed upon the spot where the flowers usually lay. But this did not vex Justice Hautmartin, whose love was unparalleled in its kind, as his nose was in its kind. Third vexation.

At length it came out in conversation with Herr Hautmartin, that he was not the giver of the beautiful flowers. Then, who could it be? Marietta was utterly astounded at the unexpected discovery. Thenceforth she took the flowers from the rock more kindly; but further, Marietta was,—what maidens are not wont to be,—very inquisitive. She conjectured first this and then that young man in Napoule. Yet her conjectures were in vain. She looked and listened far into the night; she rose earlier than usual. But she looked and listened in vain. And still twice a week in the morning, the miraculous flowers lay upon the rock, and upon the strip of paper wound round them, she always read the silent sigh, DEAR MARIETTA! Such an incident would have made even the most indifferent inquisitive. But curiosity at length became a burning pain. Fourth vexation.

WICKEDNESS UPON WICKEDNESS.

Now Father Jerome, on Sunday, had again preached from the text, "Mysterious are the dispensations of Providence." And little Marietta thought, if Providence would only dispense that I might at length find out who is the flower dispenser.—Father Jerome was never wrong.

On a summer night, when it was far too warm for rest, Marietta awoke very early, and could not resume her sleep. Therefore she sprang joyously from her couch, as the first streaks of dawn flashed against the window of her little chamber, over the waves of the sea and the Lerinian Isles, dressed herself, and went out to wash her forehead, breast, and arms in the cool spring. She took her hat with her, intending to take a walk by the sea-shore, as she knew of a retired place for bathing.

In order to reach this retired spot, it was necessary to pass over the rocks behind the house, and thence down through the orange and palm trees. On this occasion Marietta could not pass through them; for, under the youngest and most slender of the palms, lay a tall young man, in profound sleep—near him a nosegay of most splendid flowers. A white paper lay thereon, from which, probably, a sigh was again breathing. How could Marietta get by there?

She stood still, trembling with fright. She would go home again. Hardly had she retreated a couple of steps, ere she looked again at the sleeper, and remained motionless. Yet the distance prevented her from recognising his face. Now the mystery was to be solved, or never. She tripped lightly nearer to the palms—but he seemed to stir—then she ran again towards the cottage. His movements were but the fearful imaginings of Marietta—now she returned again on her way towards the palms—but his sleep might perhaps be only dissembled—swiftly she ran towards the cottage—but who would flee for a mere probability?—She trod more boldly the path towards the palms.

With these fluctuations of her timid and joyous spirit, between fright and curiosity, with these to and fro trippings between the house and the palm-trees, she at length nearly approached the sleeper; at the same time curiosity became more powerful than fear.

"What is he to me? My way leads me directly past him. Whether he sleeps or wake, I will go straight on." So thought Manon's daughter. But she passed not by, but stood looking directly in the face of the flower-giver, in order to be certain who it was. Besides, he slept as if it were the first time in a month.

And who was it? Now, who else should it be, but the arch, wicked Colin?

So it was *he* who had annoyed the gentle maiden, and given her so much trouble with Herr Hautmartin, because he bore a grudge against her; he had been the one who had teased her with flowers, in order to torture her curiosity. Wherefore? He hated Marietta. He behaved himself always most shamefully towards the poor child. He avoided her when he could; and when he could not, he grieved the good-natured little one. With all the other maidens of Napoule he was more chatty, friendly, courteous, than towards Marietta. Consider—he had never once asked her to dance, and yet she danced bewitchingly.

Now there he lay, surprised, taken in the act. Revenge swelled in Marietta's bosom. What disgrace could she subject him to? She took the nosegay, unloosed it, strewed his present over the sleeper in scorn. But the paper, on which appeared again the sigh, "Dear Marietta," she retained, and thrust quickly into her bosom. She wished to preserve this proof of his handwriting. Marietta was sly. Now she would go away. But her revenge was not yet satisfied. She could not leave the place without returning Colin's ill will. She took the violet coloured silken ribbon from her hat, and threw it lightly around the sleeper's arm and around the tree, and with three knots tied Colin fast. Now when he awoke, how astonished he would be! How his curiosity would torment him to ascertain who had played him this trick!—That he could not possibly discover. So much the better; it served him right.

Marietta had only been too lenient towards him. She seemed to regret her work when she had finished it. Her bosom throbbed impetuously. Indeed, I believe that a little tear filled her eye, as she compassionately gazed upon the guilty one. Slowly she retreated to the orange grove by the rocks—she looked around often—slowly ascended the rocks, looking down among the palm trees as she ascended. Then she hastened to mother Manon, who was calling her.

THE HAT BAND.

That very day Colin practised new mischief. What did he? He wished to shame the poor Marietta publicly. Ah! she never thought that every one in Napoule knew her violet coloured ribbon! Colin remembered it but too well. Proudly he bound it around his hat, and exhibited it to the gaze of all the world as a conquest. And male and female cried out, "he has received it from Marietta."—And all the maidens said angrily "the reprobate." And all the young men who liked to see Marietta, cried out, "the reprobate."

"How! mother Manon?" shrieked the Justice Hautmartin, when he came to her house, and he shrieked so loudly, that it re-echoed wonderfully through his nose. "How! do you suffer this? my betrothed presents the young proprietor Colin with her hat band! It is high time that we celebrate our nuptials. When that is over, then I shall have a right to speak."

"You have a right!" answered mother Manon, "if things are so, the marriage must take place forthwith. When that is done, all will go right."

"But, mother Manon, Marietta always refuses to give me her consent."

"Prepare the marriage feast."

"But she will not even look kindly at me; and when I seat myself at her side, the little savage jumps up and runs away."

"Justice, only prepare the marriage feast."

"But if Marietta resists—"

"We will take her by surprise. We will go to Father Jerome on Monday morning early, and he shall quietly celebrate the marriage. This we can easily accomplish with him. I am her mother. You the first Judicial person in Napoule. He must obey. Marietta need know nothing about it. Early on Monday morning I will send her to Father Jerome all alone, with a message, so that she will suspect nothing. Then the Priest shall speak earnestly to her. Half an hour afterwards we two will come. Then swiftly to the altar. And even if Marietta should

then say no, what consequence is it? The old Priest can hear nothing. But till then, mum to Marietta and all Napoule."

So the secret remained with the two. Marietta dreamed not of the good luck which was in store for her. She thought only of Colin's wickedness, which had made her the common talk of the whole place. Oh! how she repented her heedlessness about the ribbon; and yet in her heart she forgave the reprobate his crime. Marietta was far too good. She told her mother, she told all her playmates, "Colin has found my lost hat band. I never gave it to him. He only wishes to vex me with it. You all know that Colin was always ill-disposed towards me, and always sought to mortify me!"

Ah! the poor child! she knew not what new abomination the malicious fellow was again contriving.

THE BROKEN CUP.

Early in the morning Marietta went to the spring with the cup. There were no flowers yet on the rock. It was still quite too early; for the sun had scarcely risen from the sea.

Footsteps were heard. Colin came in sight, the flowers in his hand. Marietta became very red. Colin stammered out "good morning, Marietta," but the greeting came not from his heart, he could hardly bring it over his lips.

"Why dost thou wear my ribbon so publicly, Colin?" said Marietta, and placed the cup upon the rock. "I did not give it thee"

"Thou didst not give it to me, dear Marietta?" asked he, and inward rage made him deadly pale.

Marietta was ashamed of the falsehood, drooped her eyelids, and said after a while, "Well, I did give it to thee, yet thou shouldst not have worn it so openly. Give it me back again."

Slowly he untied it; his anger was so great that he could not prevent the tears from filling his eyes, nor the sighs from escaping his breast.—"Dear Marietta, leave thy ribbon with me," said he softly.

"No," answered she.

Then his suppressed passion changed into desperation. Sighing, he looked towards Heaven, then sadly on Marietta, who, silent and abashed, stood by the spring with downcast eyes.

He wound the violet coloured ribbon around the stalks of the flowers, said "there, take them all," and threw the flowers so spitefully against the magnificent cup upon the rock, that it was thrown down and dashed to pieces. Maliciously he fled away.

Mother Manon lurking behind the window, had seen and heard all. When the cup broke, hearing and sight left her. She was scarcely able to speak for very horror. And as she pushed with all her strength against the narrow window, to shout after the guilty one, it gave way, and with one crash fell to the earth and was shattered in pieces.

So much ill luck would have discomposed any other woman. But Manon soon recovered herself. "How lucky that I was a witness to this roguery!" exclaimed she; "he must to the Justice.—He shall replace both cup and window-sash with his gold. It will give a rich dowry to Marietta." But when Marietta brought in the fragments of the shattered cup, when Manon saw the Paradise lost, the good man Adam without a head, and of Eve not a solitary limb remaining, the serpent unhurt, triumphing, the tiger safe, but the little lamb gone even to the very tail, as if the tiger had swallowed it, then mother Manon screamed forth curses against Colin, and said "one can easily see that this *fall* came from the hand of the Devil."

THE TRIBUNAL.

She took the cup in one hand, Marietta in the other, and went about nine o'clock to where Herr Hautmartin was wont to sit in judgment. She there made a great outcry, and showed the broken cup and the Paradise lost. Marietta wept bitterly.

The Justice when he saw the broken cup and his beautiful bride in tears, flew into so violent a rage towards Colin, that his nose was as violet coloured as Marietta's well-known hat band.

He immediately despatched his bailiffs to bring the criminal before him.

Colin came overwhelmed with grief. Mother Manon now repeated her complaint with great eloquence, before justice, bailiffs and scribes.—But Colin listened not. He stepped to Marietta and whispered to her "forgive me, dear Marietta, as I forgive thee. I broke thy cup unintentionally; but thou, thou hast broken my heart!"

"What whispering is that?" cried Herr Hautmartin, with magisterial authority. "Hearken to this accusation, and defend yourself." "I have nought to defend. I broke the cup against my will," said Colin.

"That I verily believe," said Marietta sobbing; "I am as guilty as he; for I offended and angered him,—then he threw the ribbon and the flowers to me. He could not help it."

"Well, I should like to know!" cried mother Manon. "Do you intend to defend him? Mr. Justice, pronounce his sentence. He has broken the cup, and he does not deny it; and I, on his account, the window—will he deny that? Let us see."

"Since you cannot deny it, Mr. Colin," said the Justice, "you must pay three hundred livres for the cup, for it is worth that; and then for——"

"No," interrupted Colin, "it is not worth so much. I bought it at Vence at the Fair, for Marietta, for one hundred livres."

"You bought it, Sir brazen face?" shrieked the Justice, and his whole face became like Marietta's hat band. He could not or would not say more, for he dreaded a disagreeable investigation of the matter.

But Colin was vexed at the imputation, and said, "I sent this cup on the evening of the Fair, by your own servant, to Marietta. There stands Jacques in the door. He is a witness. Speak Jacques, did I not give thee the box to carry to Mrs. Manon?"

Herr Hautmartin wished to interrupt this conversation by speaking loudly. But the simple Jacques said, "Only recollect, Herr Justice, you took away Colin's box from me, and carried what was in it to Frau Manon. The box lies even now, there under the papers."

Then the bailiffs were ordered to remove the simpleton; and

Colin was also directed to retire, until he should be sent for again.

"Very well, Mr. Justice," interposed Colin, "but this business shall be your last in Napoule. I know this, that you would ingratiate yourself with Frau Manon and Marietta, by means of my property. When you want me, you will have to ride to Grasse to the Governor's." With that, Colin departed.

Herr Hautmartin was quite puzzled with this affair, and in his confusion, knew not what he was about. Mrs. Manon shook her head. The affair was dark and mysterious to her. "Who will now pay me for the broken cup?" she asked.

"To me," said Marietta, with glowing, brightened countenance, "*to me* it is already paid for."

MYSTERIOUS DISPENSATIONS.

Colin rode that same day to the Governor, at Grasse, and came back early the next morning. But Mr. Hautmartin only laughed at him, and removed all Mother Manon's suspicions, by swearing he would let his nose be cut off, if Colin did not pay three hundred livres for the broken cup. He also went with Mother Manon to talk with Father Jerome about the marriage, and impressed upon him the necessity of earnestly setting before Marietta her duty, as an obedient daughter, of not opposing the will of her mother in her marriage. This the pious old man promised, although he understood not the half of what they shouted in his ear.

Marietta took the broken cup into her bed-chamber, and now truly loved it; and it was, as if Paradise were planted in her bosom, since it had been destroyed on the cup.

When Monday morning came, Mother Manon said to her daughter, "Dress yourself handsomely, and carry this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome; he wants it for a bride." Marietta dressed herself in her Sunday clothes, took the myrtle wreath unsuspiciously, and carried it to Father Jerome.

On the way, Colin met her, and greeted her joyfully, though

timidly; and when she told him where she was taking the wreath, Colin said, "I am going the same way, for I am carrying the money for the Church's tenths to the Priest." And as they went on, he took her hand silently, and both trembled, as if they designed some great crime against each other.

"Hast thou forgiven me?" whispered Colin, anxiously. "Ah! Marietta, what have I done to thee, that thou art so cruel towards me?"

She could only say, "Be quiet, Colin, you shall have the ribbon again; and I will preserve the cup, since it came from you! Did it really come from you?"

"Ah! Marietta, canst thou doubt it? All I have I would gladly give thee. Wilt thou, hereafter, be as kind to me, as thou art to others?"

She replied not. But as she entered the parsonage, she looked aside at him, and when she saw his fine eyes filled with tears, she whispered softly, "dear Colin!" Then he bent down and kissed her hand. With this, the door of a chamber opened, and Father Jerome, with venerable aspect, stood before them. The young couple had nearly fallen from giddiness, and they held fast to each other. I know not whether this was the effect of the hand-kissing, or the awe they felt for the sage.

Marietta handed him the myrtle wreath. He laid it upon her head and said, "Little children, love one another;" and then urged the good maiden in the most touching and pathetic manner, to love Colin. For the old gentleman, from his hardness of hearing, had either mistaken the name of the bridegroom, or from want of memory, forgotten it, and thought Colin must be the bridegroom.

Then Marietta's heart softened under the exhortation of the venerable Father, and with tears and sobs she exclaimed, "Ah! I have loved him for a long time, but he hates me."

"I hate thee, Marietta?" cried Colin, "my soul has lived only in thee, since thou camest to Napoule. Oh! Marietta, how could I hope and believe that thou didst love me? Does not all Napoule worship thee?"

"Why then dost thou avoid me, Colin, and prefer all my companions before me?"

"Oh! Marietta, I feared and trembled with love and anxiety when I beheld thee; I had not the courage to approach thee; and when I was away from thee, I was most miserable."

As they talked thus with each other, the good Father thought they were quarrelling; and he threw his arms around them, brought them together, and said imploringly, "Little children, little children, love one another."

Then Marietta sank on Colin's breast, and Colin threw his arms around her, and both faces beamed with rapture. They forgot the priest, the whole world. Colin's lips hung upon Marietta's sweet mouth. It was indeed only a kiss, but a kiss of sweetest self-forgetfulness. Each was sunk into the other. Both had so completely lost their recollection, that unwittingly, they followed the delighted Father Jerome into the church and before the altar.

"Marietta!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church there were many devout worshippers; but they witnessed Colin's and Marietta's marriage with amazement. Many ran out before the close of the ceremony, to spread the news in every direction throughout Napoule: "Colin and Marietta are married!"

When the solemnization was over, Father Jerome honestly rejoiced that he had succeeded so well; and that such little opposition had been made by the parties. He led them into the parsonage.

END OF THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.

Then mother Manon arrived, breathless; she had waited at home a long time for the bridegroom. He had not arrived. At the last stroke of the clock she grew anxious, and went to Herr Hautmartin's. There a new surprise awaited her. She learned that the Governor, together with the officers of the Viguerie, had appeared, and taken possession of the accounts, chests, and papers of the Justice; and at the same time arrested Herr Hautmartin.

"This surely is the work of that wicked Colin," thought she, and hurried to the parsonage, in order to apologize to Father Jerome, for delaying the marriage. The good gray-headed old man advanced towards her, proud of his work, and leading by the hand the newly married pair.

Now mother Manon lost her wits and her speech in good earnest, when she learned what had happened. But Colin had more thoughts and powers of speech, than in his whole previous life. He told of his love and the broken cup, the falsehood of the Justice, and how he had unmasked this unjust magistrate in the Viguerie at Grasse. Then he besought mother Menon's blessing, since all this had happened without any fault on the part of Marietta or himself.

Father Jerome, who for a long while could not make out what had happened, when he received a full explanation of the marriage through mistake, piously folded his hands and exclaimed with uplifted eyes, "Wonderful are the dispensations of Providence." Colin and Marietta kissed his hands; mother Manon, through sheer veneration of Heaven, gave the young couple her blessing, but remarked incidentally, that her head seemed turned round.

Frau Manon herself was pleased with her son-in-law, when she came to know the full extent of his property, and especially when she found that Herr Hautmartin and his nose had been taken as prisoner to Grasse.

"But am I then really a wife?" asked Marietta; "and really Colin's wife?"

Mother Menon nodded her head, and Marietta hung upon Colin's arm. Thus they went to Colin's farm, to his dwelling-house, through the garden.

"Look at the flowers, Marietta," said Colin, "how carefully I cultivated them for your cup!"

Colin, who had not expected so pleasant an event, now prepared a wedding feast on the spur of the occasion. Two days was it continued. All Napoule was feasted. Who shall describe Colin's rapture and extravagance?

The broken cup is preserved in the family to the present day, as a memorial and sacred relic. P. G.

JONATHAN FROCK.

JONATHAN FROCK.

In the metropolis, and perhaps in the whole kingdom, no man, for a long time, had been more highly esteemed than Herr Von Schwarz, the first judge of the criminal courts, whose writings had even gained him celebrity in foreign countries. Fortune seemed willing to exhaust herself in showering favours upon him. Though the son of a poor weaver, his talents had procured him a scholarship, by which he was enabled to attend the high school, and afterward to study the profession of law. Almost without a farthing, he came to the metropolis to earn his bread as an attorney; immediately undertook a difficult lawsuit that had been given up as lost, and gained the cause, which so fixed his reputation, that within a year he became one of the busiest and most popular barristers of the city. Appearing everywhere loaded with honours, rewards and flattery, he was introduced to the society of the most illustrious men, and in the best houses was considered an intimate friend. He married one of the handsomest and richest young girls of the city, was taken into the employment of the ministry, and advanced from office to office. The king bestowed titles and orders upon him, and for important services he had rendered, he received a foreign order, to which a large income was attached; it was indeed often whispered that he would be made minister of state. In short, every one declared Herr Von Schwarz to be the happiest of men. He possessed the most brilliant prospects, great estates, excellent talents, a lovely wife, and beautiful children; and moreover, all agreed that no one could be more worthy of so much good fortune. Herr Von Schwarz was universally looked upon as a tender husband and father, an unwearied man of business, a true friend, a most agreeable companion, and the most pleasing of men in conversation.

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be blinded by appearances. Herr Von Schwarz was in fact a very unhappy man, and what is more, was unworthy of happiness. Doubtless his address, industry, and talents, were sufficient to make him respected; but not the qualities of his heart. He belonged to that class of persons whom we can call nothing more than prudent or cunning; strictly just in affairs of business—in some cases even more than just; yet gold, honour, and pleasure, were the secret trinity, for which he laboured, and sacrificed everything. He was too liberal, to have either conscience or religion, and too deeply versed in human nature, ever to confide with the feelings of friendship in another heart. He trusted no one, because he knew himself, and looked upon those who acted differently, as *fools*. He loved himself from instinct, yet if he had seen any one like himself, he would have been afraid of him. In his own house, moreover, he led a most unhappy life. There he was the tyrant; his wife he treated with contempt, and his sons (two promising boys) trembled like slaves in his presence; though he sometimes treated them with great kindness, he did not trouble himself about their education, having more important matters to attend to. No one knew the misery of his household, but those who belonged to it; and when it was rumoured by gossiping servants, it was either disbelieved, or thought quite excusable that a man who was so much occupied, should at times be out of temper. .

Others threw all the blame upon his wife. It was decided she was wanting in the necessary cultivation of mind, was not a great housekeeper, was a little goose, or anything they chose to say. His domestic troubles were observed by few; for if any one visited him, there appeared but one heart, and one soul pervading the house: he, the most attentive of husbands, the kindest of fathers, and every one full of love and cordiality toward him. No one considered that this might only be habitual politeness. They could only envy his happiness.

For two years there had been in the family of Herr Von Schwarz, a young man, by the name of Jonathan Frock; he

played the part of a tutor to the children, but was as much a slave, as every one else in the Rath's house. Herr Von Schwarz possessed a peculiar talent (if I may so call it) for tormenting everybody in the best possible manner. After telling his wife that she was not capable of being a good wife, and had neither wit nor understanding, then he told the tutor that he was an awkward fellow, who did not know how to behave himself, and had no idea of teaching children. In fact, Herr Von Schwarz assumed the tone of an instructor to his children's tutor, and oppressed poor Frock dreadfully.

Either too timid or too good, Frock silently acquiesced in the Rath's weekly assertion—that he looked upon him as the superintendent of his children, and not as their instructor. If Frock ventured to say a word in his own defence, he might be sure that Herr Von Schwarz would shrug his shoulders with assumed compassion, or turn his back upon him, with the words, "all labour is lost upon you."

But with all this, it could not be denied, that since Frock had lived in the house, Schwarz's children, who, before this, were excessively wild, had improved very much. They had learned obedience and respect for their mother, and now turned toward her with love and esteem. They appeared better bred, more desirous of learning, less malicious to their playfellows, and clung to Herr Frock with the greatest affection. He taught them reading, writing, arithmetic, German history, geography, and other things that Herr Von Schwarz little dreamed of.

Travelling once with his sons, they were obliged to sleep in the same room, at an inn, where, to his astonishment, he saw the children, after they were undressed, kneel down.

"What farce is this?" cried he. They did not answer, but folded their hands, raised their eyes to heaven, and prayed—first the oldest boy, half aloud; then he was silent, and the youngest commenced. What they said was nothing learned by heart, for it related to the events of the past day; father and mother, Frock, and every playfellow were remembered.

Herr Von Schwarz did not lose a word, and the whole thing appeared ridiculous to him.

"I believe, upon my honour," said he to Frock, when he

returned, "that you are a Moravian, and teach the children hypocrisy. What is the use of the boys' kneeling down in their shirts at night, and praying? Children cannot understand religion, and I wish them to hear nothing about it till they come to mature years; then they can judge of such things correctly, and without prejudice; I set no value upon a taught religion. Religion must unfold itself to man from his internal consciousness. What we say to children on such subjects is beyond their comprehension, and becomes either prejudice or a pernicious habit of dissimulation; from which it is difficult for the more mature judgment to break loose. Are you a Moravian?"

"No, indeed I am not," replied Frock.

"Of what religion are you then? Catholic, Lutheran, or Reformed?"

Frock again coloured, and was silent from timid embarrassments.

"Speak, for I must, and will know. It cannot be a matter of indifference to me, with what opinions my children first become acquainted; each church has its prejudices. I wish you could dance, or had more grace and external advantages; for in this age, these would be of more use to my sons than religious prattling, which children neither need nor understand."

"If you will allow me, Herr Rath," said Frock, "I think the need is felt more deeply by children, than you may perhaps imagine. Among all the things an innocent and inquisitive child wishes to know, he certainly asks with most interest about the supernatural, the origin of things, the destiny of the soul beyond the grave, and about God; who and where he is. Such questions betoken the need of the child, and the spark of divinity within. The first approach of the childish heart to the invisible world, gives him strength, a consciousness of the dignity of human nature, and a love of virtue, without which man ever remains an amiable but dangerous creature."

"Quite right, Herr Frock, only after your usual fashion, you set out on a wrong proposition. Pray, who made you believe that children are filled with desire for the invisible and spiritual, because they are fond of asking questions about what they cannot understand? Do you not know, they like best to hear of

ghosts, robbers, fairies, jugglers and everything that is wonderful and inexplicable? Why should they not ask as much about heaven and hell, God and angels! And what you tell them on these subjects, be it true or not, they believe the more readily the more extraordinary it is. Observe this, dear friend, if notwithstanding your overpowering stock of imagination, you can still discern a simple truth, that the more ignorant a man is, the more he is inclined to believe in the wonderful and supernatural."

"May I express my opinion, Herr Rath?"

"As you please; I am prepared to hear something very wise."

"I will not deny, that the more ignorant a man is, the more he is inclined to believe in the wonderful and supernatural. Whence, however, this inclination, which leads him from the lowest and most common to the sublime? This impulse lies deep in human nature, and is the indisputable work of his Creator. As every flame of light is never earthbound, but always rises toward heaven, whence streams the greatest light; so every soul feels the consciousness that, more than all earthly things, it may aspire to the highest spirituality. In the ways and means of improvement, it may err, but still its desire for what is most elevated and imperishable, is innate. If in the progress of years, it gains more cultivation: it then but becomes more artificial, and its natural condition is overpowered by the artificial. Discovering, at length, that it has erred in the way and means, the soul becomes mistrustful of the spiritual impulse, which first drew it to a belief in the eternal and sublime; and therefore, conceiving it great wisdom to repose entirely upon its reasoning powers, it accustoms itself to explain everything by natural causes, and regards nothing as true, which does not belong to the visible and natural world. In this state the soul imagines itself most natural, when it believes the least, though in fact it is all the while most unnatural, because it strives against the laws of nature within: until finally it perceives that it has wandered from the truth, since it has become unsettled and unhappy. All man's discontent is caused by his departure from nature, his inconsistency, and because he wishes to become what he cannot be. Experience at last makes him wiser, and the more he learns, the more he feels that he cannot understand the grass that grows, nor point out, to God, the

motes in the sunbeam. The more his knowledge increases, the more is he convinced that he knows but little. The sage approaches, although by another path, to the childlike nature, and his perception of the narrowness of human knowledge, brings him back to the belief in the Invisible and Eternal."

"My good friend," said Herr Von Schwarz, "I have heard all this before, and I can only reply, that you have foolishly mixed up much truth and error, with the strong tendency to mysticism which you possess; you have probably read something in a book, which you have not understood, and now give it forth in a distorted shape. You fancy your power of imagination is depth of judgment, and there is your mistake."

"I beg, Herr Rath, that you will at least show me where my power of imagination has misled me in what I have just said, or where I have misunderstood what I have read?"

"Young man, when you speak of children, and of ignorance, you may speak from experience; but he who wishes to speak of the wisdom of men, must belong either to their ranks, or take something out of books. Do you now speak from books, or, more wisely, from experience? But I am losing time. The main point remains—spare my sons your whims; you will do me a favour. And now I must ask, to what religion do you really belong?"

Frock coloured and said nothing.

"I am accustomed to receive an answer when I ask a question," said Herr Von Schwarz, in his usual tone of command.

"Herr Rath," said Frock, "I can be silent no longer; you understand, better than any one, the art of lowering a man in his own opinion, and of destroying all belief in his own worth. I would have left your house long since, had I not borne every slight from love to your sons, who have twined themselves round my heart. I know that I have too little merit in your eyes to be of any importance; but be generous enough, at least, to leave me confidence in myself."

"Well, Frock, these are your usual subterfuges; were I to trouble myself to bring you to your senses, and to a more just view of things, I should not succeed; for my part, if you wish to leave the house, I shall not detain you. My children have out-

grown your guidance ; they should study Latin and Greek, which you do not understand, while you are deficient in many other necessary branches. But do as you like. Only remember my words, whenever you go into the world, you will be the loser. Self-conceit, and a total unfitness for the simplest concerns of life, will bring you to misery. By whom are you either cared for or esteemed ? Do you not live like a hermit, in the midst of the city ?"

With this, Herr Von Schwarz turned away, and Frock went sorrowfully to his pupils.

Such discussions often took place between these two persons, but they did not cause Frock to leave the house. He really clung with inexpressible affection to Schwarz's children, and usually, after a conversation with their father, he drew them more closely to his heart, murmuring :

"You are the only ones who understand and appreciate me ; if I lose you, I lose all."

If Frock had left the house, he would have been entirely without prospects for the future. Probably the Rath knew this full well ; nor did he ever forget that Frock came to him in very needy circumstances. As Schwarz at that time required an instructor, or rather a superintendent for his children, he had taken him for little more than board and lodgings ; no agreement was made either as to fees or salary, so that whatever Schwarz bestowed, although it was scarcely sufficient for respectable clothing, was considered as a favour. This was all right in the Rath's estimation, for every body and every thing must be subservient to his caprices.

On this account, Jonathan Frock led a quiet, secluded life, and rarely mixed in society. He was most gay and open-hearted, when he was with his two little friends whom he educated ; when he could be inspired with confidence, he seemed a different creature ; he became more lively, more eloquent ; his eyes flashed with inward fire ; but this disappeared the moment he felt himself a stranger and out of place. In the house of Schwarz a re-

served manner had almost become a second nature to him. Frau Von Schwarz encouraged him as little as her husband; she treated Frock and all her servants in the same haughty manner that Rath maintained toward her, and there was, therefore, a greater distance between the tutor and herself, than there was between him and Herr Von Schwarz.

Frock, in his exterior, was not ill-looking; not handsome, perhaps, but well made, with an open, agreeable, and rather pale countenance; which was rendered even paler, by jet-black curling hair, and soft white hands, which many a maiden might envy him. He had a low melodious voice, and much grace of manner, when he became animated in conversation. He was apparently about eight-and-twenty years of age; his dress, though very simple, was always perfectly neat. A religious feeling evinced itself in his conversation, yet he seldom or never went to church. Often in his gayest mood, and when, with laughing eyes, he seemed inclined to give himself up to amusement, he would suddenly become silent, and one could perceive that some sad recollection came over him. Frequently, in the most indifferent conversation, without any reason, he would colour, and become embarrassed; a certain proof, either that he was irritable, or (as his paleness indicated) of uncertain health. In the eyes of the Rath, however, these changes betokened something evil. He had, therefore, at different times urgently inquired about it; but could discover nothing more than that Frock was a native of Alsace, born of poor parents, and had served as a common soldier under the French colours in Switzerland, Italy, and Egypt. Having been wounded in the leg by a cannon-ball, he became tired of a soldier's life, and abandoned it, probably without leave.

As Frock conducted himself in the most quiet and irreproachable manner, the Rath did not push the matter further, but looked upon him as an insignificant person, and never for a moment imagined that he would have an important influence on his destiny.

A few weeks after this conversation, an event took place, which removed brother Wonderful (as Herr Von Schwarz called Frock)

suddenly from the house. He was instructing the children in history, and was speaking, with his usual warmth, of the Mohammedan religion; of the many excellencies contained in the Koran of the Turks, and of the virtues, which are more frequently found in disciples of the prophet of Mecca, than among Christians. At this moment Herr Von Schwarz came in; he listened for a time smiling, but smiling bitterly, for he was out of humour. He had heard accidentally, that at court they had been amusing themselves over one of his reports upon judicial reform; wishing, therefore, for a pretence, he vented his indignation in angry mockery of the pale, patient expounder of the Arabian prophet. Frock was silent, and gazed sadly around him. The boys did not listen to their father, but looked sorrowfully in their teacher's eyes, as if they wished to console him; and laid their hands upon his shoulder, seeming to say, "Compose yourself, we still belong to you."

This scene was interrupted by the appearance of Major Von Tulpen, a retired king's officer, who was in the habit of visiting at the house. He was related to the Herr Von Schwarz, and supposed himself a very good friend of the Rath's, for, in past years, when Herr Von Schwarz was very little known, he had rendered him important services. At that time Schwarz had lived with the major a year and a half without compensation, and his recommendations had also been the means of opening to him his subsequently brilliant career. Herr Von Tulpen was a remarkably brave, but somewhat hasty man; who was very fond of telling stories of his past campaigns, though his memory rather failed him in names and numbers.

It was this very deficiency in his memory for numbers, which now brought him to Herr Von Schwarz.

"I am in a cursed plight, good friend Rath," cried he; "you must do me a kind turn."

"With all my heart, my dear friend," said Herr Von Schwarz. "I am listening with delight to the instruction of my children, and the commendation of the Turkish religion, from the lips of this youth. We will not allow the Mussulmen to excel us in the virtues of friendship, generosity, gratitude, and charity."

"So much the better; I come just at the right moment," cried

Herr Von Tulpen, "for I must have money, even should I steal it. Come; a few words with you in private."

The word *money* had its effect upon Herr Von Schwarz; he was not accustomed to have the major beg favours, much less money, from him, and he hoped, by avoiding a *tête-à-tête*, to escape his urgent request more easily.

"Speak without reserve," said he; "I have no secrets with my children and their tutor."

"The deuce! that's good," said the major, embarrassed; "but I do not want to expose my situation to every one."

This was exactly what Schwarz wished; and he therefore remained in the study, in spite of all the oaths and entreaties of the major, whose anxiety betrayed itself in every feature. Whatever he said, Schwarz treated as a joke. The major ran up and down the room, (Schwarz hoped he would run out of it,) then stood still, and after whirling his military hat three times round, said:

"Well, the old nick must have been in me, when I was so stupid as to let that merchant—merchant what d'ye call him?—you know, my neighbour there, who has failed and gone off; in short, that I should have let him give my name as his security for a thousand florins; *I*, who do not own a thousand florins, must now pay a thousand florins—think of that! *I*, who have not a thousand groats!"

"That is very bad," said Herr Von Schwarz, very seriously and politely. "Are you the only security?"

"The only one; think of it! and as the confounded paper stands, my whole property is in pledge at present, and for the future. I have told them explicitly at court, very explicitly, that I have not a thousand groats; and I have told that Finanz Rath—what d'ye call him?—to whom I had to pay the thousand florins, the same. He shrugged his shoulders, and I shrugged mine, and so we parted. I now thought it was settled, for the present, very much to the loss of the Finanz Rath. Well, I waited for my pension till quarter-day; waited three or four weeks longer—nothing came. Not a groat in the house, the last potato cooked, no baker paid for three weeks, and the butcher's bill sent in. I must eat; my two girls are also flesh and blood. I ran to the war-office, thinking they had forgotten it. The Herr there

shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'I am very sorry, Finanz Rath —what is his name?—has caused your pension to be sequestered; you certainly know it?' 'Go to the old Harry!' said I, 'I know nothing about it.' I run to Finanz Rath—what d'ye call him?—he shrugs his shoulders, and says: 'The court has sentenced you, as the merchant's security, to meet his payments; you know that, major?' 'The court go to the dogs! I know nothing about it. What shall I and my two daughters live upon? I can scarcely escape starvation, with my major's and captain's half-pay.' I then begged the Finanz Rath for five dollars every quarter, and promised to pay it, however slowly. He shrugged his shoulders. May the furies take all shoulder-shruggers! I now come to you."

The Rath seemed very much disposed to shrug his shoulders too; but said, however: "It is certainly very bad; you did very wrong in standing security so thoughtlessly. There is nothing to be done unless to protest against the sentence of the court."

"I do not wish to protest against the sentence of the court; but do you help me in my great need. I know no one but you, and it is to you, therefore, I come. Advance me a thousand florins; I will repay you fifty every year. I do not wish you to give it to me; in a few years you will have it all back."

"By a few years you mean twenty," said Herr Von Schwarz, and thoughtfully turned away his head.

"Well, yes—twenty."

"But, my dear friend," continued the Rath, and stepped back a little, "one is not always in cash. I have really no ready money."

"Will nobody lend you?"

"I have debts already that you know nothing of. It is not in my power to help you at this time."

"Not in your power?" stammered Herr Von Tulpen, and, for a moment, could say no more. "Or, to speak more plainly, you will not do it."

"The way, not the will, is wanting, dear major."

"Then I must buy a farthing's worth of powder, and put a ball through my head; and you must support my little Leonore, as she is your god-daughter."

The Rath shrugged his shoulders instead of answering. The major, in the greatest despair, implored his assistance in the most touching manner. Firmly, politely, but very decidedly, the Rath refused. Fortunately, at this moment, a servant announced a visitor. Herr Von Schwarz bowed and left the room.

"Then you will not?" called the major after him.

"I cannot," said the Rath coldly, at the door, and disappeared.

The major staggered, and sunk upon the nearest chair, remaining for some time motionless. At last, tearing his hat with fury, and turning his eyes to heaven, he cried, in a hollow, despairing voice:

"Must I and my children starve?"

Frock would have long since retired, with his pupils, but was observing the major with much compassion. He now timidly approached him, and said, in a low voice, and with great respect: "Pray, wait a moment."

"Go to the devil!" said the major, in a tone of thunder.

"Pray, wait one moment," repeated Frock imploringly, and left the room hastily. He returned in a few minutes, and going up to the major, offered him a snuff-box. Herr Von Tulpen took no notice of him, and sat lost in thought.

"Take it," said Frock.

"Away!" cried the major, thumping his cane on the floor. "Does he think me a fool? I do not snuff."

"This box is worth more than a thousand florins: I give it to you! Pray take it, Herr Major?"

The major looked at the box angrily, askance, but opened his eyes, when he saw its wonderful brilliancy. It was a valuable gold box, worked in enamel, and set with large diamonds. Herr Von Tulpen looked first at the box, then at Frock.

"What is it for?" said he.

"Take it, Herr Major; you can pay your debts with it. I will go with you to the jeweller's, for him to set a value on it. Come!"

"Herr!" cried the major rising, and in a much more gentle voice, "who are you?"

"My name is Jonathan Frock."

"Jonathan Frock? And do you think that that—what d'ye call it?—is worth a thousand florins?"

"More than *that*, among connoisseurs. Come!" answered Frock.

"And you will pay my debts with it?"

"Certainly: with all my heart."

"But who are you?"

"I am Jonathan Frock, the tutor of these children."

The old man was silent: he looked at Frock till the tears in his eyes blinded him. He then embraced him, saying, in low broken accents:

"Then, *Jonathan*, let me be your *David!*"

Frock quieted him, and they proceeded to the jeweller's. The box was valued at twelve hundred florins, and the jeweller at length bought it at that price—though he assured them a thousand times that he had been too hasty in estimating its value. They then went to the major's creditor. The debt was paid; everything set right at the war-office, and the major reinstated in his quarter's pay.

In the meantime, the Rath had learned the whole occurrence from his children. "A gold snuff-box, set with diamonds," repeated he, at least twenty times; "how did the wretch come by a gold snuff-box?" He found an answer as soon as he had asked the question: "Stolen!" said he; immediately sent for a locksmith, and had Frock's little trunk opened. He himself looked to see if it contained no valuable articles; but, excepting some crumpled papers, linen, and clothes, he found nothing.

He had just finished his search, when Frock entered in his usual quiet way, and bowed respectfully. So soon, however, as his eyes fell upon the open trunk, his countenance suddenly changed, from astonishment to severity, from severity to anger.

He was once more one of Napoleon's soldiers. He gave the Rath a blow in the breast with his fist, shook him to and fro several times, and then threw him against the wall.

"How! have you presumed to?—Do you take me for a thief?" cried Frock, in a violent, lion-like voice. "Who gave you the

right to disturb and pull over other people's property, and to break open private locks? Do you not know the laws?"

The Rath, surprised by this extraordinary and summary mode of proceeding, lost a little of his usual coolness. He confessed, afterward, that for the first time in his life, he had lost his presence of mind. There was nothing for him even to find fault with, for, besides being discovered in an unlawful act, there was something fearful and unaccountable in Frock's metamorphosis.

This once submissive and timid man had had the courage to shake a Rath; and he, formerly like a lamb, was now terrible with his fiery glance and severity. The thundering tone of his voice appeared as little to belong to him, as the giant-like strength of his arm.

With an air of command, Frock showed Herr Von Schwarz the door; who, pale and trembling, and stammering out an excuse, prepared to leave the room. Scarcely, however, had he left the enemy's territory, when, with a judge-like majesty, he turned round and called:

"Herr Frock, you instantly leave my house."

Frock, doubtless, had already formed some such intention: for he had, from the window, beckoned to a man in the street to carry away his trunk, which, after looking over the papers and replacing the books and clothes, he carefully locked. He then sought his weeping pupils, embraced them with silent emotion, and left the Schwarzen house for ever.

Very early the next morning, Herr Von Tulpen arrived. He found Frau Von Schwarz alone: her husband had gone out on business.

"So much the better, dear madam," said the major; "for I am not looking for him, and do not care if I never see him again. But where is my Jonathan?"

"Your Jonathan, Herr Major? I do not know him."

"What! not my Jonathan? He is commonly called—how is it?—Jonathan Propf, or Kropf. You know the—what d'ye call him?—the tutor."

"Ah! Frock. He is no longer with us. My husband sent him out of the house yesterday."

"Out of the house! Why? because he is more generous than your husband was? I am a poor wretch dependent on my pension—have nothing but my quarter's pay; but I will take that Jonathan—what d'ye call him?—home, and support him to his last hour."

"Take care! He is a bad man; he has not a good conscience, as he discovered long since. You might be taking a wicked companion into your house."

"A wicked companion!" cried the major, his face colouring, and his eyes flashing with anger at the words. "Go to the —— but I will say nothing. Pray, my dear madam, spare me all these insinuations."

"You misunderstand me, Herr Major. I am not speaking of you."

"But of Jonathan Kropf. Tell me immediately where he is."

"He left us yesterday."

"But where has he gone?"

"We neither know nor care."

"But I do. Adieu! No; write me down his cursed name first. Is it Kropf? Write it on a bit of paper. I will go from street to street, and will soon find him."

"If he has not stolen away, he would scarcely remain in the city," said Frau Von Schwarz, giving him the name upon a paper.

Laughing heartily, the major put up the paper, saying, "Is your husband either king or governor?" touched his sword significantly, bowed, and withdrew.

He went, as he had said, from street to street, through the whole city; returned very tired, dined with his children, and again setting forth in the afternoon, questioned all the acquaintances whom he met. This he continued, day after day; and at length, after weeks of fruitless searching, he gave up the hope of finding in the city his dear friend in need.

And yet Frock was not far off. He had spent the night at the best hotel; the next day he had hired a small room from an old

widow-woman, and sent an advertisement to the newspapers, informing the public, that in the Marktgasse No. 1717, in the first story, and at any hour of the day, persons wishing to have German, or Latin, well copied, or rendered from German into French, or *vice versa;* memorials or letters composed, would meet with speedy, reasonable, and trustworthy attention.

Frock had chosen a mode of business which would keep him from starving. But, he did not omit diligently looking through the newspapers, to see if any one were in need of a tutor; in this hope he was, however, disappointed. His writing and copying office soon obtained much custom, perhaps from the large, yet elegant type in which he had written, upon royal folio, the sign hanging outside of the widow's door.

The learned brought him their illegible manuscripts to be written over, for the press. Servants, maids, and journeymen called upon him to compose letters, either to their hard-hearted relations, or faithful lovers. Others required translations. In short, he made money in various ways, and though it might be but little, it was still sufficient for his more immediate wants. His business increased in the course of a few months, as his expertness and reasonable charges became known.

His very remarkable memory was of the utmost advantage, to those who had forgotten both the date and contents of the letters they had given him to write. He preserved the most inimitable order; for in a book arranged for the purpose, he always noted down the date of the letter, the name of the person who had sent it, and its actual contents.

Though his occupation was a laborious one, and employed him both night and day; yet it was not without some amusement. He learned the secrets of many a loving heart, the affairs of many families, before unknown to him, and thus extended his knowledge of human nature.

This state of independence pleased him. It seemed to him as if, in leaving the Schwarzischen house, he had exchanged Algerian slavery for blessed freedom. The loss of his beloved pupils long depressed his spirits; but this sorrow he overcame, and the still greater one of having no one to cling to, or whom he could call his own. It gave him great pain, when a stranger one day came

in, and begged to have several pages of a long political negotiation copied immediately; on opening it, he recognized the handwriting of the Rath Von Schwarz. The bearer said he would wait till it was finished, as it did not require to be beautifully, but speedily written. Frock performed his task with disgust, for it appeared to him, as if every moment the detested countenance of his former tyrant was before him.

He very seldom went into society, partly from want of time, but still more from the want of money. For the sake of health, he sometimes took long walks in the fresh air, but he more frequently made use of his good Dolleux's telescope, to examine the neighbourhood far and near. The back of his room overlooked a number of gardens. In the distance, could be seen the suburbs of the town, composed for the most part of small ill-looking houses, and beyond these lay the open country.

No astronomer watches nightly more diligently, or with greater exactness, the starry heavens to discover a comet invisible to the naked eye, or a new planet, or the mountains in the shining Venus, than did Frock every day inspect, one by one, the objects of his horizon. This innocent amusement became, at length, the only pleasure of the easily contented hermit. He regularly, every day at the same hour, stepped to the window, however pressing might be the work laying on his table; if customers came in, he could not be disturbed, they must wait.

The reason of this is soon told. He had indeed discovered no star, only a new Venus. His observations were particularly directed to one of the houses in the distant suburbs. It was a small, but pretty house; the back of it, and a court-yard, in which stood a well, alone were visible to him.

To this well, every morning, at six o'clock in summer, and eight in the winter, came a maiden, well grown and delicately formed; she filled a pail with water, carried it into the house, and was sometimes busied in this way for more than an hour. The young girl's occupations at the well were various; in the morning, she washed vegetables or salad, and sometimes even her face and neck; but did everything with such unsullied grace, that the looker-on would have been prepossessed in her favour, even had her face been less pretty. That the water-bearer was beau-

tiful, however, was quite apparent to our astronomer. Her thick golden hair, which usually fell in curls from under a fine snow-white cap, her soft red cheeks, the beautiful shape of her nose, and her little mouth, certainly spoke in favour of his opinion. He fancied he could look into her blue eyes, and from her eyes, into her secret heart. Here every one must understand he was rather too imaginative. Who has ever been able, even with the aid of a telescope, to make discoveries in a young girl's heart?

According to Frock's astronomical theory, the young girl was no common servant maid, but an industrious, thrifty, citizen's daughter, modest, innocent, grave and sensible. Only once, in two hundred and sixty-four careful observations, he thought he heard her singing, that is, through his telescope. One would imagine her voice might be lost in the immense distance.

At first he supposed her to be a washerwoman, for every week, besides carrying in the water, he saw her busied in hanging and drying clothes in the court-yard.

Sometimes he would have willingly gone to her assistance when a piece fell from the line, which was fastened to three trees. He abandoned this hypothesis, when he observed the regular return of every piece belonging to the wash he had seen the week before.

From the smoke that now and then arose from a wing of the house, and still more from the blue linen, and cotton clothes, that sometimes were blowing about the roof of the house itself, the father might be supposed to be a dyer. This conjecture amounted to certainty, when one day an elderly man, with rolled up shirt sleeves, and very blue hands, stood at the well with the water-bearer. She smiled in a friendly and cordial manner. This sight (the smile, not the blue hands,) charmed our astronomer so much, that he not only joined in the laugh from his observatory, but must needs smile the whole day.

Ah! how little is required to make a man happy.

Thus a year passed away with poor Frock. What is there to relate in his simple, laborious, yet joyful life? The same story was renewed each day. He was contented—he loved—he once

more had a being in the world to whom he was joined. But the most unaccountable thing was, that, from a singular caprice, he never gave himself the trouble of admiring the dyer's daughter nearer at hand, or, indeed, cared to attract her attention to himself.

She could not dream that she was, every day, observed and loved through a telescope; still less would she think of arming herself with one, to seek out the man in the observatory. He, therefore, remained unknown to her, and, without doubt, so he wished to be. Jonathan Frock had some odd notions. He had, perhaps, found by experience, that some beauties, to appear lovely, must be seen only at a certain distance: for many who seem attractive in the distance, fail, on approaching them, to make our happiness.

Even the moderate happiness which Frock now enjoyed, was not of long continuance.

Very late one evening, some one knocked at his door, and a strange but polite voice was heard, urgently demanding admittance. Frock arose, dressed himself, and opened the door. A gentleman entered, in a gray surtout, with a sword by his side; behind him stood an armed soldier.

"Are you Jonathan Frock?"

"Certainly," answered he, very much astonished.

"It grieves me to be obliged to inform you, that you are arrested by order of the king's secret police, and, after delivering up all your effects, must follow where I shall lead you."

Frock thought he could scarce have heard aright. He was conscious of committing no other sin in his retirement, unless he had pursued the beautiful dyer's daughter too passionately with his telescope. In the meantime, neither delay nor resistance would be of any avail. Two strong policemen entered the room, to assist in packing and sealing up everything. Frock, undismayed, and convinced they had mistaken him for some other person, dressed himself with more than usual care, and, with the permission of the guard, put in his pocket his little store of money, and his telescope. It is difficult to conceive what the last was for. He perhaps hoped to be put in a tower of the prison commanding a more extensive prospect, and from which, with the aid of his

telescope, he would find his heart's delight, his companion with golden locks.

In the middle of the night, he accompanied his conductors to the place of destination. It was a long high building, with courts and broad cross-ways in all directions. A strong, heavily-bolted door was opened. He was led into a small room, furnished with a bed, a table, and a wooden stool. They wished him good-night, closed and bolted the door, and left him in darkness. His many sorrowful reflections prevented his enjoying much repose; toward morning, however, he fell into a sound, sweet sleep. They awakened him very late, and brought him a breakfast of savoury, nourishing soup. Till now, he had been in the habit of making a very frugal meal, in the morning, of bread and water. The great cleanliness of his new apartment pleased him; but he much disliked the view from the grated window, which consisted only of a cold-looking, narrow court-yard, surrounded by cloister-like buildings. Far away were the suburbs, the dyeing-house, and the water-bearer. He could have wept; but his good conscience comforted him. He did not doubt but the mistake would soon be rectified, that had placed him in this situation. A very good dinner was brought to him of bread, meat and vegetables. He had not lived so well for a long time; and, excepting the view from the window, and the *ennui*, he fared better as the king's prisoner, than formerly at his office.

In the afternoon he was led to examination, and placed in front of a table hung with black, at which sat several stern-looking gentlemen of the upper police. After having informed themselves of his origin, name, age, residence and profession, they laid before him a small publication, and asked him if he was the author of it? He read it; the contents were not unknown to him, yet he could answer immediately, and with great self-possession, that he was not the author—for he had never had anything printed in his life. When put upon his oath, he still persisted in the same assertion.

The examiner now drew forth several written sheets of paper, handed them to the prisoner, and asked: "Do you know this hand-writing?" Frock recognized it immediately; it was his own. It was the same paper that he had once been obliged

to copy, containing a political negotiation of Rath Von Schwarz's. Without consideration, he confessed it was his hand-writing; he had not composed the article, still less had it printed, but had copied it for money, when it was brought to him in the way of business. To the question, who had brought him the original to copy? he answered, a stranger, whose figure and dress he might possibly recognize, but whose name he had never heard.

The examiners shook their heads. Frock was on the point of confessing that the original was the work of Herr Von Schwarz. By this means, he would, perhaps, at once have been relieved from all responsibility. Nor had he any reason for sparing his former tormentor, till he remembered his beloved pupils. He was sufficiently noble-minded not to wish to make them unhappy, by destroying their father, whose conduct appeared by this negotiation to be very reprehensible. He was silent, therefore, and was led back to prison.

He was again taken to examination, and again to prison. The suspicions of the police increased with regard to him; it was supposed he was the author, or was well acquainted with him; for, out of the many questions put to him, he had answered some of them too thoughtlessly, and so had contradicted himself.

He had already been in prison three weeks, when the guard once more appeared, not to lead him to examination, but to another prison, where, in place of his light room, he was left in a dungeon. It illy pleased him to be put there, on bare straw, bread and water, and in a dim twilight. Still he resolved in his heart not to make the Rath unhappy. "For," thought he, "if I abide by my declaration, what can they do to me? If they hope to force a confession from me by means of straw and meagre diet, the gentlemen are mistaken. I shall keep to my word. They must finally set me at liberty; and then I shall have spared my darling pupils anxiety and bitter tears."

The next day he was transferred from the dungeon to an agreeable, cheerful, well-furnished apartment; the grated windows, the locks and bolts of the thick door, alone reminded him that he was in prison. His food was more choice—he was even furnish-

ed with wine. Writing materials and books were allowed him. He was told that all this was by the desire of a noble person, who took a lively interest in his fate. The good Frock was not dissatisfied with this sympathy, though he said it did him too much honour.

He considered it of much more importance, when, being taken before a commission of the criminal court, he perceived Herr Von Schwarz among his judges.

It is probable that the Rath supposed, after hearing the account of Frock's behaviour before the police, that he had either not recognized or had forgotten his hand-writing.

Herr Von Schwarz cast a malicious glance at the prisoner, who now entered, and seemed anxious, from his severe cross-questioning, to make Frock's guilt more apparent. The accused observed with displeasure the insolence of the man. He long restrained his anger. But when, at length, Herr Von Schwarz let fall a suspicious word about the gold snuff-box, he was no longer master of himself.

"From regard to my former pupils, your two sons, I have till now been silent; but your behaviour forces me to make public what no direct question has drawn from me. It is true, that I am not the author of that negotiation, which contains offences against the highest court—perhaps betrays state secrets. It is true, I neither know the author, nor he who brought it to me to be copied. But I knew, and still know the hand-writing of him who wrote the original. It was the hand-writing of Herr Von Schwarz."

Schwarz laughed scornfully, but could not conceal a sudden confusion, which did not escape his companions in office. In the meantime the president said to the accused, (now become the accuser,) that he had brought forward an accusation, which it would be difficult to prove.

"It is possible," returned Frock, "that the original may have been destroyed so soon as the copy came into their possession. But my memorandum-book, which, with my other papers, is in the hands of the police, will prove that I very well know Herr Von Schwarz's hand-writing. I remember, that in addition to entering on my books that I had copied a negotiation without a

title, I noted on the margin, 'Hand-writing of H. V. S.,' that is, Herr Von Schwarz."

On a sign from the president, an officer brought out a box containing Frock's papers. He took out the little book, looked for the date, found the place, which appeared to have escaped the attention of the police, and laid it before the judge. It was exactly as Frock had said. He was taken back to prison.

The next morning, his approaching deliverance, and the immediate imprisonment of Herr Von Schwarz, were announced. For, through the agency of the police, from the description Frock had given of him, the man who had brought him the negotiation to copy, was apprehended in a distant city, and brought into court. The testimony of this man confirmed that of the innocent Frock, when they were confronted and recognized each other.

The same day, Frock had a still greater surprise. He received a visit from Major Von Tulpen, accompanied by a stranger. The old major was beside himself with joy, at seeing him again. He pressed him with emotion to his heart.

"There is good to be found in everything," said the major. "If you had not been imprisoned, we never, in the world, would have found you. But your trial made so much noise, that we learned your abode."

"You do not recognize me, then," said the major's companion.

Frock looked at him earnestly, then bowed respectfully, and said:

"Your highness shows me undeserved honour."

"Not such undeserved honour. When you took me prisoner, in a skirmish in the Netherlands, if you had not protected me so courageously from your comrades, I should long since have been in the kingdom of the dead. You saved my life; and in my defence received that wound on the forehead, from the foolish chasseur, who wished to cut me down at all events."

"But how could your highness know my name? for I never told it to you."

"I learned it of the major. I became acquainted with the major through the jeweller, to whom you sold the gold snuff-box, that I gave you as a token of my remembrance, on the field of battle. During my stay here, I wished to buy several things

from the jeweller, and I was much surprised to meet with my snuff-box. You have sold it from so noble a motive, that I must indeed return it to you, to do honour to your virtue."

The prince laid the box upon the table; and Frock now learned that he had been formally acquitted by the court.

"Now, friend Jonathan Schopf," cried the major, "we must see each other oftener. You will find the name of my place of residence upon this card, and you must visit me as soon as you are at liberty. I thought you were lost for ever. May that Rath —what d'ye call him?—who is here now in place of you, go to the devil! He has got himself into a bad box. He wished to trick the ministers of justice, and so drew attention upon himself. It serves him right."

Frock was much comforted by this visit. It renewed his confidence in mankind; and he looked upon the past dangers and sufferings of his imprisonment, as a trifling price he had paid for the pleasure of this day.

Early the next morning, he was in all due form, and with an ample apology and declaration of innocence, released from prison. The court also adjudged to him a handsome sum, partly as indemnification for his suffering, partly as a compensation for the interruption of his business, during the time of his imprisonment. It was a long time since Frock had been so rich. The snuff-box of the prince (who had the same day left the residence) was also filled with gold pieces.

When Frock once more entered his little room at the old widow's, he could have wept for joy, and wished to kiss the tables and chairs, as old friends re-found. But his first proceeding was to go to the window with his telescope. He looked with delight at the three trees, and at the lines upon which the clothes were blowing, like colours and banners hung out by Love to greet him; but, alas! the dyer's lovely daughter, with her Berenice-like curls, did not come to welcome him.

Upon the whole, Frock was a singular person. With a heart full of virtue, and in consequence capable of feeling the tenderest friendship, he remained estranged from men, and preferred

perspective views, clothes-lines, tables and chairs, to their society. He certainly had his reasons, which we must respect in silence. The good-will and gratitude of the prince affected him very much; yet it never occurred to him to draw a straw's breadth nearer him. The prince had even invited him to visit him, promising him a situation in his school establishment; and Frock, who was without a maintenance, had merely bowed and silently refused it. The old Major Von Tulpen had begged him, in a very cordial manner, to become intimate at his house; but Frock had never been there. And yet he was far from being shy, nor was it business that kept him at home; for though, immediately on his release from prison, he had hung his sign on the outside of the widow's door, no one came to require his services in writing.

At last, one evening, the major himself appeared, and said:

"I might have waited till the day of judgment, Jonathan Rok, or Farrok, before you came to see me! You must now come with me, that you may know how to find my house. To-day is my birth-day. My cellar is full of Pontac, Burgundy, and Champagne, with which the Prince of—what d'ye call him?—has enriched me, merely for taking him to the jeweller's and to you, and for the story about the snuff-box, which I have told often enough without having been paid for it."

Frock could not resist. They got into a hackney-coach, as it was very dark, and drove off. The major was excessively gay and talkative. But just as they reached the house, he began to swear, and exclaimed:

"What a stupid fellow! I have passed the recorder's office, though I told him I should stop to take him home to supper. He is an excellent young man; it will please you, Jonathan, to become acquainted with him. I will set you down first, and then turn back for him."

The carriage stopped. Frock was obliged to jump out and go into the house. "The room on the right," cried the major, and drove off.

Frock groped his way through the hall, in the dark; found the door, knocked, was told to come in; saw a table set out, bright candles were burning on it, and at the same moment his eyes be-

came blinded, for the well-known dyer's daughter stood living before him.

"I fear I have made a mistake," stammered he; "I thought this was Major Von Tulpen's."

"This is the right place; my father will soon be here, if you can wait a short time," said she, and offered him a chair.

A young girl, about ten years old, came forward, and after looking at the stranger for a moment, said timidly, and with a pleasant smile:

"Am I not right? Are you not the gentleman who gave away a gold snuff-box for my father?"

"Not gave away, for I have it again," said Frock, who had not recovered from his first surprise.

He became still more embarrassed, when the golden-haired one laid her beautiful hand on his arm and said:

"Ah! how much we are indebted to you. The snuff-box must have become a holy thing to you, since it reminds you of two men whom you have saved."

"Did you grow so pale in prison?" asked the little girl, looking at him compassionately. "I have prayed for you very often, and that must have done you good."

Frock found that he was much better known here than he had supposed; and to turn the conversation from the subject of gratitude, he related the pleasures of his prison life.

Both the sisters thought it surprising, that he should have endured the loss of his freedom so quietly, and even have found something agreeable in his imprisonment.

"I should fret myself to death if I were in prison," said the little girl, "and were obliged to live by myself, away from Josephine and my father."

"I can easily believe *that*," said Frock; "but if one has no Josephine and no father to fret after, then, with a pure heart, one is well everywhere. To a man who, in time of need, is sufficient for himself, the smallest room is a great world; and he who is not sufficient for himself, but depends upon society for his happiness, even in the greatest extent of the universe, lives immured in a dungeon."

"But to be alone the livelong day!" answered the little girl with a sigh.

"How do you know that I was alone? Was not my whole past life before me? And was not He with me, who is more than all society? Do you know who? God!"

The conversation now took a more serious turn; Josephine, leaning on the back of a chair, listened in silence.

Her little sister Leonore had always a hundred questions to ask, and a hundred replies to make.

The major now came in, and with him a very handsome young man, the Recorder Bukhardt. He appeared very much at home in the family, and intimate with the young ladies.

Frock, before this, had made much progress in their acquaintance, but the more at ease Bukhardt appeared, the more reserved Frock became. The major presented the "worthy" recorder to him, and the conversation became more general. The major's daughters now left the room to bring in the simple supper. They sat down. The recorder placed himself next to Josephine, and paid her the greatest attention. Frock was opposite to them, beside the chattering little Leonore, and in the disposing of his hands and feet, sometimes even of his eyes, seemed much embarrassed. The golden-haired Josephine was, indeed, (as she sat shaded from the light, and when she now and then bent forward her lovely head,) surprisingly beautiful. The surprise, certainly, was only on Frock's side, for neither the major nor Leonore appeared to look upon it as anything wonderful: perhaps the "worthy" recorder did.

Fortunately, the major passed round the Burgundy, and shortly after the sparkling Champagne. This excited our pale philosopher, till he was in the same state of innocent gayety that the others were. He now became talkative and agreeable. The lively chatterer, Leonore, busied herself in kind attentions to him. She listened eagerly to whatever he chose to say, and when he corrected her in some fault of arithmetic, she seized the opportunity of begging him to become her instructor. She promised, out of pure gratitude, to replace the loss of his former pupils, in the Schwarzischen house, of whom he had spoken with so much affection.

"For," said she, "they were boys, who forget one immediately, and are so wild and volatile."

Frock allowed himself to be drawn into a promise, to devote two hours to her every Sunday and Wednesday. The major shook his hand warmly.

"You are doing me a great favour," said he. "I have nothing, or I should certainly have sent her to school. The vain little boaster must sit still and learn."

Frock did not know what a charge he had undertaken. He repented it the day following, however, and still more the promise he had given to dine that day (it was Sunday) with the Tulpenschen family.

As he did not return home till very late, he slept long. The ringing of the church bells from all the steeples, far and near, at last awakened him. While dressing himself, he thought over the preceding day; then his first step was to the telescope and the window. But as he was raising the telescope to his eye, he laid it quickly down, shut the window, and did not look out again the whole morning, but walked up and down his room, singing and whistling. About noon, he wrote the major a note, telling him that it would be impossible for him to dine with him, as he was not well, sealed it, and then remembered, as he had no messenger, he would be obliged to take it himself. Then it was very late, and would be impolite to keep them waiting. He tore up the note, and went to the major's, repenting at every step what he was doing, and what he had already done.

They received him in the same kind, unconstrained manner, and he felt himself much more at ease with these friendly people than he had the day before. They all seemed very serious, not excepting the little Leonore.

The good people had just come from church, and the worship of God had left in their souls a gentle gravity which tempered, and even ennobled, their usual cheerfulness.

"Have you been to church?" asked Leonore.

"Not to-day," answered Frock.

"If I do not go to church on Sunday, the whole week seems

dull and uninteresting. Sunday, among all other days, is like the sun, which gives light to the rest. I can easily understand how men commit great crimes, where they have no Sundays."

"But do you not think, there may be good men who have no Sunday?"

"Yes, there may be some; but their existence is very tame, and they can have nothing to comfort them. Their sense teaches them to be good, but it does not proceed from the *most beautiful*."

"What do you call the most beautiful?"

'Why, the *most beautiful* is—the *most beautiful*. You know better than I do. It is the *most beautiful* when in church I listen and pray, and am at peace with God, and think of all that is without and within. It passes away; and I know besides, that the Best remains in imperishably great majesty. All the beloved dead are once more around me—my mother, my grandfather, and the many heroes my father talks about. Jesus Christ, and many holy souls live more blessedly than I, and yet live with me, and love me as I love them. That is the *most beautiful*. Then I hear the whispering of praying hearts, and the holy organ's sound, and the voice of the preacher, and yet do not hear it; still everything speaks within me, and I understand, though I can see nothing."

Frock smiled. He gazed on Leonore's expressive countenance, who spoke with great enthusiasm. Then he bent over the young girl and kissed her beautiful forehead, without saying a word.

"The little girl prattles like a starling!" cried the major; "she often chatters of things by heart, which I feel, and yet can never express."

After dinner a walk was proposed. They went to the Lilienthal, a neighbouring wood about a quarter of an hour's walk from the suburbs. In the middle of the wood, between meadows and gardens, was an inn, to which the inhabitants of the city resorted to amuse themselves. Frock gave an arm to each of the sisters, and the major went chattering by their side. Josephine displayed quite as much spirit and feeling in her conversation, as she was beautiful.

"It is indeed a magnificent day!" cried Leonore, hopping about with joy; "I am really in heaven to-day! I am in

heaven; and if you had been to church, you would be in heaven, too, Herr Frock!"

"But if I were to tell you, good Leonore, that I am really in heaven, at this moment."

"No; you are only walking; but I am in heaven. Do you not see, that all the flowers are more gayly coloured, and look quiet and heavenly; and the foliage on the trees is transparent, as if it were a green flame, and the sky has another dress, and the sun another brightness. Everything has a different air, and denotes something festive; I do not entirely comprehend it, but I shall certainly know how to study it."

Frock was in heaven, in spite of what Leonore might say to the contrary. The whole world looked brighter to him with Josephine on his arm. He gladly listened to Leonore's talking, that he might be silent. For speaking was a burden, because he was oppressed with feelings which he could not explain to himself.

Several acquaintances of the major's were in Lilienthal, and some of Josephine's and Leonore's, who attached themselves to the party. Frock, as a stranger, drew back. He went in search of plants among the bushes. After about an hour the major observed his absence; they waited for him, talking one to another. When it was time to break up and think of going home, Frock had not yet returned. Leonore ran away into the wood to seek him. The major swore, and took another path for the same purpose. Josephine remembered the direction Frock had taken through the bushes, and followed *that*, and it was she who found him, lying on the grass under an oak, with his face hidden in his folded hands. She thought he was asleep, and called his name in a low voice. He instantly jumped up, his face agitated, and deadly pale; stared at her for a moment, then forcing a polite smile, begged pardon for having left the company, and was much surprised, when he heard it was time to return home. He accompanied her, silent and embarrassed.

"You look very badly," said Josephine; "perhaps you are not well?"

"It is nothing," said he, "I feel much stronger now."

The others came up, and were frightened at his appearance.

"What has happened to you, friend Jonathan?" asked Major

Van Tulpen, in a faint voice. "You have cried your eyes red, and now they look glassy."

Frock smiled, passed his hand over his face, and said:

"Thoughts sometimes come over me!"

No one urged him further. Neither did any one question him, when the next day, in the middle of the conversation, he was silent, or was sad in the midst of general gayety, or coloured at indifferent words. Every one respected his secret. Even in the Tulpenschen family, it was long before they talked on the subject in his absence.

Frock came regularly, on Sundays and Wednesdays, to teach Leonore. He did not only teach her figures; he related the principal events in the history of the world, and explained many phenomena of nature. He spoke with great clearness and precision, but never with greater warmth than when he made a transition from the earthly to the spiritual, and lost himself in religious thoughts. This often happened; he seemed to heed it. Josephine always contrived to have her out of door work finished when Frock came. Then she took her knitting, and sat down in her corner by the window. Frock, who had at first appeared to her as an estimable man, on account of what he had done for her father, now, by the charm of his conversation, and the elevation of his sentiments, caused her to forget the faults of his appearance; that is, his pale face and curling black hair. She felt very kindly toward him, and a hearty compassion when, without apparent cause, he was sad.

"He conceals a great sorrow within his bosom," said Josephine often to Leonore, who had asked her about it. "Respect his secret, he was looked upon as a penitent criminal in the Schwarzischen house, but I believe his sorrow proceeds from a noble cause."

Herr Von Tulpen and his daughters lived in a very simple and retired manner, in a small house in the suburbs. Josephine, assisted by her younger sister, took charge of the little household; and, indeed, made something out of nothing. She was the cook, the gardener, the washerwoman, the tailoress of the house, all in

all. The major, her father, had few wants, but he knew not how to take care of money. He, therefore, resigned his narrow income to Josephine, who knew how to meet everything with it. She was a complete mistress of housekeeping, and under her management, there was neither superfluity nor want. There was no extravagance in the house, but neatness, taste, and cleanliness reigned. She, and her sister, dressed very plainly, but she well knew what colour, and fashion, and what sort of ornaments became her; therefore, the major was thought much richer than he was. Josephine had many admirers in the city, and many suitors among the nobility. She was like a fresh, blooming lily, at once dignified and humble, and at eighteen years of age united the good qualities of the mother of a family, and the *savoir faire* of a woman of the world, to that innocence which is peculiar to childhood. Taking charge of the house early in life, had given her a certain independence of character, which she could not conceal, and which inspired all who approached her with involuntary respect.

A young count, of one of the most illustrious families of the kingdom, had already sought her hand. Since then, the Recorder Bukhardt had become a friend of her father's, and often came to the house. He loved Josephine passionately, but was careful not to awaken any suspicions in her mind. She treated him with a want of constraint, which let him understand that, though his friendship was prized, he would not be allowed to approach a step nearer to a greater intimacy.

Bukhardt and Frock often met in this house. The former not without a feeling of vanity, (for he was certainly a very handsome man,) patiently endured these frequent meetings with the moodish, timid Frock; who, after a lapse of more than half a year, was as retiring and as little at home as he had been the first day. But Frock did not seem to be less esteemed than the handsome Bukhardt. Josephine treated him with as much kindness as the other, even (one might say) with that tenderness which compassion toward a sufferer, may be supposed to dictate. Leonore, too, once remarked to her sister: "Bukhardt is handsome; Frock, with his moonlight face, is not at all so; but, Josephine, when Frock speaks, there is something more beautiful in his eyes than

Bukhardt has. There is something very lovely in Frock's eyes, in his smile, in his seriousness; I cannot describe it. Bukhardt's beauty appears to me like splendid levantine, not transparent; Frock's appearance is like thin gauze, through which shines something glorious that I love and cannot explain."

About half a year after this, Bukhardt was called to the chancellorship, with a considerable salary. There was great rejoicing in the Tulpenschen family; still greater, when one day he brought them the news, that through his recommendation and influence, he had been enabled to gain the majority of votes, and even the approbation of the minister, in favour of bestowing the recorder's place on the good Frock. Provided for during his lifetime, Frock now could live more happily. He had only to present himself to the minister, and to the other judges, who, from Bukhardt's representations, looked upon him as the man, from acquirements, talent and honesty, best fitted for the situation. The major was moved to tears at the joy of beholding his dear Jonathan taken care of, and invested with an office. He fell on the chancellor's neck, and said: "Thank you, dear friend! If I had become governor of the city, it would not have delighted me so much." Both the young girls, too, in the fulness of their hearts, could have embraced the good chancellor.

It was Wednesday, and Bukhardt well knew that Frock would come on that day. They were just consulting in what way they should most agreeably surprise him with the news, when he came in to teach Leonore. They all gayly surrounded him; every one announced the news to him, every one wished him joy. Gratitude and astonishment were depicted on his countenance; he thanked the chancellor for his kindness, the others for their interest; and in the midst of the joy which beamed from his countenance, a melancholy expression stole over it. He declared he could not accept the office, from want of the requisite knowledge and capability; and when this was contradicted, by every one, he said he felt no inward inclination for such employment. They now brought forward such powerful arguments in the uncertainty of his profession, that nothing now remained for him to do, but to shrug his shoulders, and say: "He could not sue for the office—more important reasons, which he could not give, prevented him."

None asked further, and a sorrowful silence ensued. Frock continued Leonore's lesson as if nothing had happened. The chancellor took his leave. The major threw himself into an arm-chair, to smoke his pipe. Josephine took her seat at the window, sewing and listening.

The subject was not again mentioned; but from that day they drew more closely to the mysterious sufferer, who, without means or a livelihood, rejected a profitable situation, and passed his life in a business which he often said was as tedious and laborious to him as splitting wood. They endeavoured, by showing a more tender interest, to make up to him for the secret sorrow which was tormenting him. Even the reserved Josephine approached him in a sisterly manner; but he remained always the same, as kind and distant toward the beautiful young girl as toward the major.

It was different with Bukhardt. He had opportunity enough to perceive, from a thousand trifles, that all were more attached to the silent Frock than to him; but now, inspired by more daring hopes, from his position and rich salary, and trusting to the poverty of the major, he resolved to ask for Josephine's hand. He first spoke to the major, who listened to him with delight.

"Very good. I give you my word of honour, if the girl is willing, you shall have her. You are a worthy man, that I always say. Begin cautiously with Josephine—she has her peculiarities. If you can win her heart, you have gained everything; but to offer yourself now, would be to spoil all. I will say nothing to her of what you have confided to me."

Bukhardt now ventured to pay the maiden greater attention; but for some time past, Josephine had been colder in her manner toward him than formerly. It was not to be accounted for. Bukhardt complained of it to the major, who for a moment seemed embarrassed; then took him by the hand, and led him (for the conversation had taken place in the garden behind the house,) to his daughter's room, and said:

"Josephine, I have not said a word to the chancellor, but do you tell him yourself. If he has done it, he has not meant it ill; so you must not feel anything against him. Take him to the wardrobe, and put an end to the thing."

The girl coloured very much, and did not seem pleased with her father's request; but she obeyed. She went with the chancellor into the next room, threw open a wardrobe, and said, after showing him several pieces of linen, of India muslin, and of satin, and a letter directed to her father, inclosing thirty Louis d'or:

"I must beg you to take back these presents, which you have sent each of us on our birth-days, through the post-office. I honour the delicacy which led you to send them anonymously, and the friendship which prompted your sending such valuable presents. We do not wish, however, to accept them, as it is not in our power to make any return."

Bukhardt looked with astonishment at the precious contents of the wardrobe, as he listened to Josephine's words.

"I assure you, my dear mistress," said he at length, "upon the word of an honest man, that I know nothing about it. I have had nothing to do with it. You suspect me without reason."

"Herr Chancellor," answered Josephine, regarding him with a grave and sorrowful expression and blushing cheeks, "I can look upon you as our friend, but not as our benefactor. I implore you, if you wish to preserve the same intimacy with us, take the things back. Nothing has been disturbed, or will ever be touched by us. No one else but you could have sent them; for no one but you knew our birth-days, and the time when my father was distressed for want of money."

Bukhardt again denied it, with even more earnestness. Josephine was much puzzled, but she was convinced there was nothing else for him to say. They left the room, and the girl's manner remained the same.

Josephine had guessed, that if it were not the chancellor, that her admirer, the count, had perhaps hoped to ingratiate himself by sending the presents. Frock was not suspected until Bukhardt had cleared himself; then she began to think that, perhaps, Frock might be the donor. She observed him closely, and one day, when he had finished Leonore's lesson, he was obliged to follow Josephine into the next room.

Opening the door of the wardrobe, she displayed the contents, and said: "For some months past, Herr Frock, presents have come to my father, for him, and for us, his children, we know not

from whom. They remain untouched. I suspected the chancellor; he denies it. I should be sorry to offend the excellent man without a cause. Pray, assist me in discovering who sent them, and will force himself upon us as our benefactor."

Frock changed colour and stood with downcast eyes beside her.

"You speak rather severely, my dear lady. How do you know whether he who sent these things, wished to be looked upon as the defrayer of a debt, or as a benefactor? If he be a debtor, I do not know why you refuse to accept the payment. You have the right to be too proud to accept either charity or favours."

"Dear Frock," said Josephine, and looked at him with a searching glance, "was it really you? Tell me honestly ——"

"Condemn me, Miss. Yes, it was I. I have been much to blame, that I set out so awkwardly, and troubled you with trifles that I might spare myself embarrassment. Will you now return everything?" asked he, in a low, imploring tone of voice.

"No! now I will keep everything—everything!" said Josephine, smiling through her tears, and pressing both hands in grateful acknowledgment upon his arm.

"It can give you no pleasure to be our benefactor; you are our friend. Is it not so? But promise to make us no more presents like these. You are too extravagant."

When they returned to the room, Leonore observed, with surprise, that her sister had been weeping. At the same moment, the major came in.

"What is the matter?" he asked astonished.

Josephine kissed her father, and said:

"Let us thank the good Frock; he has presented us with the costly things in the wardrobe. We will now wear them in honour of our friend."

"Oh! my dear, dear Herr Frock!" said Leonore, delighted and overwhelming him with caresses, "the India muslin on my birth-day was entirely too beautiful!"

After this explanation, the old footing was re-established between the maiden and Bukhardt. Josephine was even kinder than before, as she felt she had done him injustice. Though

Bukhardt felt happy at this change, still it was unaccountable to him, that the ladies had so willingly accepted from poor Frock, what they had refused to take from him. They worked at the linen with great delight, and during the time they were making the new dresses, Frock's name was incessantly mentioned. Bukhardt said one day to Josephine :

" You accepted from Herr Frock the gifts you despised as coming from me. I scarcely dare to offer you anything for fear of offending you ; for it would give me pain if you were to send it back to me."

" Not so, Herr Chancellor ; I like you as much as the good Frock. If you offer anything, you will see that I will not refuse it ; but it must not be too much. For instance, the carnation you have in your button-hole."

" Can I not present you with anything better worth having, my dear lady ?"

" Not too much."

Bukhardt leaned over her chair, and whispered :

" Take all that I have, and am, and myself too."

Josephine drew back, blushing, and said :

" Herr Chancellor, that is too much !"

He spoke more openly, more urgently ; thereupon the major came in, and added his influence. Josephine, pressed on all sides, said in a solemn voice :

" I feel myself honoured by your friendship, Herr Chancellor ; but I beg you to ask for nothing more. It would disturb our peaceful, contented state ; but let it be, as if nothing had been said."

Josephine could do so very well ; but not the disappointed chancellor. From that day he avoided the house, where he had lost the fairest hopes of his life. In about three months they heard that he was married. The major said, with a dissatisfied look at Josephine :

" The poor fellow has done it in a fit of desperation."

Though Frock was now the only intimate friend, he came no oftener to the house than regularly every Sunday and Wednesday, or, perhaps, when he was invited. Neither did he change his manners, which seemed to shun closer intimacy. With his

little scholar Leonore, he was more unreserved; but Leonore clung to him with all the tenderness and idolizing affection of which a girl of twelve years is capable. For him she cultivated flowers; for him she prepared little surprises; and she looked at him with impatience when he came half an hour after his time: it was he too of whom she dreamed. Wednesdays and Sundays were her festival days.

"Herr Frock, dear Herr Frock," she said one day, "you are very good; but Josephine says that you are not happy. And you are not happy. Tell me, what is the matter with you?"

"I am happier than I deserve to be."

"Is that true?"

"Certainly, miss."

"Look me straight in the face, Herr Frock. Ah! there is something very sad here. Now be very quiet. I wish to ask you something very serious: Why do you never go to church?"

"How is that connected with my happiness?"

"Do you ask that question? Have you not yourself said more than once: without religion there is no happiness? He who is in God and with God, how can he be unhappy?"

"But, miss, the church is not religion, and God dwells everywhere."

Leonore reflected for a moment, shook her head, and answered:

"You always have something to say to which I cannot reply, and yet I feel that you are wrong. You would be a blessed man, if you went to church."

"Was not Christ more blessed than we are, dear? and, tell me, did he go to the Catholic, Lutheran, or Reformed church? If you can tell me truly to which he went, there will I follow him."

Leonore did not know what to answer. "He was not Catholic," said she, "neither Lutheran, nor Reformed. What are you, then? Why do you not belong to our Catholic church? You are, perhaps," added Leonore, timidly, "a Lutheran? Oh, no! you are not. Say you are not."

"Would I be of less worth in your eyes," returned Frock, "if I did not belong to your church?"

"Ah! it is melancholy," sighed Leonore, and wept bitterly. Frock could scarcely quiet her.

When he came again, he observed that Leonore looked at him more earnestly than usual; that her manner was a mixture of compassion and anxiety. He drew forth a book, and said:

"This will, perhaps, best instruct and quiet you."

"Oh! if that were possible!" said Leonore, quickly.

She took the book. It was *Lessing's Nathan der Weise*.

Either this excellent book, or the natural volatility of Leonore's mind, quieted questions of conscience. She consoled herself with the thought, that Frock was a heretic. She secretly resolved to convert him; and hoped to succeed, by inducing him to accompany her to mass on Sundays, and perhaps on other days of the week.

In the meantime, an unexpected event took place, which put an end to all plans of conversion. One morning the major, perfectly breathless, ran into Frock's room, embraced him, and said:

"Now, Friend Jonathan, now your David can return all your kindness to him, and reward your love! Look at this letter! It comes from the Stadt Rath of ——. In short—what d'ye call it there?—All the same. My cousin, the old lieutenant-general, you know—what d'ye call him?—I have told you how he was wounded, at—what d'ye call it?—well, he is dead, and left no heirs; and by his last will, I am lawfully the only heir to his estates. God bless the cousin—what d'ye call him?—we were always good friends. I am a rich man. Read it! They write that I must either come myself, or send instead a—what d'ye call him?—who understands better than I, the arranging of the whole thing. The devil! there are women, and lawyers there, who protest against it. If it should go wrong, and end in smoke, I know nothing about law. I am old, and cannot travel in the rough winter weather."

Frock read the letter. The case stood, as Major Von Tulpen

had said, with regard to the property; but the will, as well as the prior right to the estate, was contested by a distant line of the relations of the deceased, whose name they bore. Frock promised the major that he would undertake the journey, and settle the business.

"If the affairs are arranged by the spring, then on the first fine day you can visit your estates," said Frock.

He then put up his books, and began with the major immediately to examine his relationship to the deceased.

Several days passed before the necessary papers could be collected, for the decision of the lawsuit. During this time, Frock having given up his former office-business, was every day at the major's house. What plans were made! What dreams! Leonore and Josephine painted, in hues brighter than those of the rainbow, a heaven in the future. Frock was as certainly connected with their plans as their father. How could he be the only one, who did not know that he was indispensable to the happiness of the rest?

Even Josephine, who understood so perfectly her sphere of action; upon whose approbation all depended, and who was adored by every one; even Josephine did not conceal from her father, that Frock must leave the city, and accompany them to the promised land.

"We should otherwise be (such was the expression she made use of) without a *blessing*."

"You have chosen the right word!" cried Leonore; "did you hear it, dear father? without a *blessing*."

The major answered, "Of course."

"But," said Josephine, rising from her seat at the window, and throwing her arms around the major's neck—"but, father, do you think he will be able to make up his mind to go? He has not said a word about it, though we have given him the chief place in our projects. Dear father, Frock is a very peculiar man. I entreat you, make him promise to accompany us."

Herr Von Tulpen was much surprised at Josephine's anxiety.

"I am really afraid!" said she.

When Frock came, the major's first words were:

"Friend Jonathan, my girls wish to frighten me by saying,

that you would be silly enough to leave us when we went to—what d'ye call it?—there are no two ways about it, mind ye! You make nothing by living in the city, and must go to the estate, and remain till the end of your life. Select your dwelling, all and everything. We will be content with anything you choose."

Frock bowed and thanked him. It was evident he felt unhappy.

Leonore sprang, with a loud exclamation, and outstretched arms, toward Frock, and embracing him affectionately, cried:

"Oh! dear Herr Frock, do not put on such a face; it is that of a dead angel, I am sure."

Josephine had seen it, and sunk down quite pale. She trembled, and from time to time looked at Frock.

"Speak!" cried Leonore. "You remain for ever with us. In God's name, say yes!"

Frock laid both hands on his heart, and with an imploring look, said:

"I cannot."

"Ha!" cried the major, aghast. "Am I not your David? And you will forsake me, Jonathan? Do not jest with us! You see how much pain such a jest causes us. Give me your hand, comrade; you will pass your life with us."

"I cannot!" answered Frock, half aloud, but with his usual tone of decision.

"You cannot, Jonathan?—what prevents you? You are as free as the bird in the air. You cannot?—nonsense! What keeps you in the city? Are we not your only friends?"

"The only ones."

"Or—ha! has the young fellow a sweetheart? Nonsense! We will take the—what d'ye call her?—with us. Out with it: a sweetheart?"

"None."

"Well! what pleases you so much in the city?"

"Nothing."

"And will you not stay with us, and live in the promised land with us, because you have been our good angel in our years of trouble?"

"I cannot."

"Why not? There must be some impediment. It can be removed. Do you not know that when they said at—what d'ye call it?—it would be impossible to take the battery, that I led my grenadiers against it, and took it, though it did cost ten or more fine fellow's lives."

"I would do anything for you—I could die for you. But pray do something for me. Leave me at liberty to go where I like, so soon as I have arranged your affairs, and say nothing further to me. You do not know how you tear my heart. If my life, my health are dear to you, say nothing more to me about it."

"Then farewell, promised land!" sobbed Leonore. "Father, then we will remain here in the city."

"Very well," said the major, gloomily.

"Then—then," stammered Frock, "I will leave the city. Sacred duties call me hence."

He was so agitated, as he pronounced the last words, that he could scarcely utter them. He withdrew, promising to return after a short walk.

And when he did return, he found them all in the same places where he had left them. The major leaned gloomily back in his arm-chair. Leonore sat in a corner with weeping eyes; Josephine without tears, but like a stone. There was something indescribable in her expression; deathlike, immovable; frightful with all its beauty. Leonore and her father arose to welcome him.

"You have thought better of it; is it not so, Jonathan?" said the major. But Josephine did not stir.

"Let us talk on pleasanter subjects," said Frock, but the attempt was vain. Frock took out some paper and wrote till dark. The others sat around in silence. Leonore wept and sewed. Josephine, motionless, with her beautiful head leaning on her hand, stared out of the window, without observing the passers-by.

"Do you still persevere in your childish behaviour?" cried the major the following day, as he entered his friend Jonathan's chamber, and found him lying on the bed, with swollen eyes, and as pale as death.

Frock had been expected at the Tulpen house to dinner, and had not come.

"How late is it?" said Frock, and sprang up.

At the side of his bed stood a table, with cold punch and a decanter of Madeira. He drank a glass of the latter, and held out his hand to the major.

"Past three o'clock," said Major Von Tulpen.

"Past three o'clock? Then I have been in a dead sleep for seven hours. So much the better. I finished everything last night. I can travel to the estate to-morrow. I shall pay my old landlady, and spend the evening with you, and let the post-wagon stop for me there. It does not agree with me here. My health requires change of scene; otherwise it will destroy me."

"Have you had company?" asked the major, and pointed to the punch.

"I have worked all night, and——'

"Wished to raise your spirits."

"My spirits require no excitement. But, no matter what depressed the spirits, poor flesh and blood must be sustained."

"Comrade, you look miserably. We are men, comrade; for God's sake! tell me what is wronging you? I will be as silent as the grave, only speak. Why are you not like other children of men? Why did you refuse that—what d'ye call him?—the prince who offered you, in the prison, an honourable situation in his country? Why did you prefer lowliness and poverty? Why do you love us, and yet appear colder and more strange to us, than you feel? Why do you renounce the pleasures of friendship, evidently contrary to the inclination of your heart, which is so susceptible of friendship? Why do you avoid good men who seek you, and would willingly risk their lives for you? Why are you as changeable as the sun, in an April day? In the midst of gayety, dark clouds pass over your joyous countenance. Do not seek to escape me. See, Jonathan, there will be nothing more between us, if you do not tell me. Why will you not stay with us, when you return from my expected estates? We need you. We swear to you, it is worth more to us than a kingdom. You are generally so soft-hearted; why are you now so hard-hearted?"

Frock filled his glass once more, and swallowed the wine.

"I really believe you wish to intoxicate yourself. Is it not so? Jonathan, we are alone. Let us speak honestly and soberly together. Have you committed a crime? Speak, for I could swear you did it unintentionally, and have long since atoned for it. You will lose nothing in my love for you. Had you slain my father or mother, I could forgive you for it."

"I am no criminal!" said Frock, with a proud glance.

"The old Nick! then you are a fool! What evil spirit torments you then? Can you not solve the mystery?"

"With one word, if I wished, Herr Major. I have determined that you shall know it."

"When?"

"To-day before I leave for your estates."

"And when I have heard the one word, and say to you, Jonathan, it is all nonsense."

"That you will not say."

"The old Nick! I would if I could put an end to your misery."

"That you could not do."

"But listen. Do not put me in a passion. I say I will do it; and if I can do it, will you then stay with us?"

"Yes."

"Yes! your hand upon it."

Frock gave his hand; the major embraced him, as if all difficulties were overcome.

"Upon your word, then, you will to-day tell me the fatal secret of which you have nothing to be ashamed?"

"This evening, Herr Major, before I get into the wagon. But mind that the leave-taking be gay, or at least peaceful. Let us drink punch, to forget our sorrow. Sometimes it may be a duty to become intoxicated, and I should wish to be so, when I leave you. My life with you has been only a state of intoxication."

The major promised to take care that the evening should be gay.

"We will take leave of each other more contentedly than you suppose," said he, and went home to make preparations.

Frock packed up everything, and when he had finished, saw that he had forgotten the telescope. The tears started in his eyes.

"Ah!" sighed he, "come and make me happy for the last time."

He stepped to the window and looked out, and beheld Josephine. By her movements, he found that she was weeping and sobbing. After a while, she hastily wiped her eyes and cheeks with her handkerchief. Oh! how beautiful she was, as she raised her blue eyes in prayer, to the blue heavens. She went into the house.

"Good night, for ever!—good night, Josephine!" cried Frock, as he threw himself on the bed, in heart-rending grief.

He loved Josephine, with all the passion of which a tender heart is capable. He had now lived for two years in her society, in silent adoration of her; had striven with himself for two years, and found his passion was unconquerable. Therefore the journey and change of scene were welcome to him, for he hoped to cure himself; and intended only after a long time, or perhaps never again to see the charmer.

Frock thought and acted like a man, who does not wish to become the prey of his passion. As often as he had visited the Tulpen house, in the two years past, he had been able (with remarkable strength of mind,) to conceal under a cold, polite exterior, the inward raging of his soul. He had been intimate with, and talkative to every one excepting Josephine. She could not suspect his passion; still less did it enter his head, that he could excite a similar feeling in her. And could he have thought that Josephine returned his affection, he would long since have fled the house, the city, the kingdom.

Sometimes, it appeared suspicious, when he accidentally saw her dark, earnest eye, fixed upon him, and then suddenly restlessly turned away. Sometimes, when she spoke with singular energy, not to him, but to others, if the conversation related to him—sometimes, when she took most pleasure in doing what he best liked; something breathed through her existence, which spoke to him, like Love to Love. She was more reserved, more thoughtful in his company, than in any other person's. Still he had never addressed a flattering word to her, nor she to him.

They behaved like strangers to each other, with a formal civility of manners. Frock now recovered his manly spirit, emptied the third glass of Madeira, put on his travelling clothes, ordered the post-wagon, in which his trunk was placed, and then went to the Tulpen house.

It was rather an embarrassment to him, to find Josephine *alone* in the room. She was looking pale. He asked after her father and sister. The latter had gone to make the punch; the major had been absent an hour. Frock threw off his cloak, and asked several indifferent questions, which were answered only in monosyllables. She sat at the window knitting, without raising her eyes. He stood at the chimney, looking at her. She had never appeared to him so beautiful, as at that moment.

After a silence of several minutes, she arose, looked at him, and then slowly approached him. "Frock," said she, with her usual coldness, and looking at him steadfastly, "do you go away to-day, as my father says? I have to ask you a question. Answer me plainly. You have resolved not to return to us. I will not ask the reason, if it is different from what I suppose it to be; but answer me truly, if I give the reason, and dissipate your error. I feel it; I am the author of all your misery, and it gives me pain."

Frock's face became scarlet, and his heart beat so fast, that he could scarcely say: "Dear Miss, what makes you say so? what can make you think so?"

"If I am mistaken, so much the better," said Josephine; "it would add much to my contentedness for the future. Answer me truly. We are alone; but God is our witness. Will you?"

Frock trembled; he answered: "I will," but scarce had the courage to meet the maiden's eyes; Josephine stood looking so serious, yet so lovely before him.

"Confess, then. You have thrown my father and my sister into grief and tears; you wish to separate yourself from them for ever; from those who love you so much, and for whom you yourself cannot help feeling the most sincere friendship. You insist on leaving us for ever, and that only on my account?"

Conscience stricken, and overcome by his feelings, Frock could not collect himself sufficiently to answer.

"Your silence confirms my suspicions," said Josephine. "I feared it some time since, and Leonore guessed it. But I declare to you, my dear Frock, and the Almighty knows it, that it never was my intention to offend or annoy you. My behaviour toward you may have been blamable; I have not treated you as my father and sister did, as I might have done; but, oh! believe that I highly esteem you. Would I otherwise have taken the presents from you, which I refused to accept from the chancellor? I certainly never intended to offend you; I behaved different to you, than I did to other persons; but Heaven is my witness, that I could not have done otherwise. Pardon me for it; and be assured that I do not feel unkindly toward you now, or have done so. I esteem you, though I do not express my sense of your worth, as my father and Leonore do. You forgive me; do you not? You are not still angry with me?"

Much moved, and quite overcome by his feelings, Frock caught hold of Josephine's hand, and said:

"What is it you say? Offended me? How can you imagine such a thing, lady? Oh! no, no! To breathe in your presence, was my only, my greatest happiness. Yes! dearest, the thought of you will ever be most dear to me." He pressed her hand to his heart, then let it go, drew back, and stammered forth: "Bless the unhappy one, and let him depart."

"Do you care as much for me, as for my father and Leonore?" asked Josephine, speaking slowly, and looking at him with earnestness. He sank at her feet, raised her hand to his, and said:

"More!"

"What are you doing?" cried Josephine.

He arose in great confusion, scarce conscious of what he was doing. Her hand lay in his, and she drew it not away.

"Now that the misunderstanding is settled," said she, in a trembling voice, "I may tell my father and Leonore, that you will not separate yourself from us?"

"Lady!" cried Frock, "you only, in the world, can decide what I shall do. I shall obey. But do not require me to stay here! You would be asking my death."

The tears started into Josephine's eyes, and ran down her

cheeks, but her countenance remained the same. In a cold, quiet voice she said:

"If you leave us forever, you will destroy my father's and Leonore's joy, and happiness for life—and you will kill me."

After uttering the last words, which were said with some hesitation, she sank in a chair, and sobbed aloud, in irrepressible grief. Frock, no longer master of himself, threw his arms around the fainting girl. As if in a dream, he clasped her, bent over her face, and pressed his lips to hers. The past and future were alike forgotten. Her sighs revealed to him, what he would not have believed had all the angels of heaven assured him of it. When from pride, or shame, Josephine drew herself back, he stood as if doubting what had happened; then once more approaching the girl, he drew her again toward him. She said:

"Then you never were angry with me?"

"Before you knew me, I loved you more than my life!" cried he, enraptured.

At this moment, they heard the major and Leonore approaching. Josephine hastened to meet, and embrace them; and cried, with a flushed and animated countenance:

"Everything is right! everything is right!"

"Thank God!" said the major, as he shook the delighted Frock by the hand. "The devil stands ready for every one; there would have been mischief, if the little one here had not hit upon a cunning expedient."

He pointed to Leonore.

Leonore danced for joy. She ran up to Frock and said:

"Then you are quite reconciled. It is true, Josephine has sometimes treated you strangely, but she likes you very much—I know she does. Oh! how happy I am! Come, I must give you a kiss for it. I am as giddy as if I had been drinking punch." With this she clung to his neck like a burr, and kissed him with the greatest affection.

Then the cloth was laid; the candles were lighted; cold meats and wine were brought in; Leonore and Frock had to make the punch. They were all very gay, though they said nothing very

connectedly. Frock stood as if in a dream, squeezing lemons. Josephine floated hither and thither; her bright eyes turned toward the only one who had infused light into the darkness of her soul. Leonore sang, cracked sugar, danced around, laughed, and said repeatedly, "I am very silly." The old major smoked his pipe, walked up and down, joined sometimes in Leonore's song, and, between whiles, swore in a very droll manner at his Jonathan.

They seated themselves in a merry circle. Leonore filled the punch-glasses, and now they must drink to eternal friendship. Frock, becoming excited, drank glass after glass; he seemed to wish either to forget himself in intoxication, or to enjoy his happiness to its full extent. His countenance often involuntarily resumed its usual sadness; but no sooner did Leonore observe it, than raising her finger threateningly, she said: "You are right. All must be forgotten now. Evil will come at its own time." So he gave himself up to his happiness.

When the simple supper was finished, and the punch had raised their spirits, and the conversation was flowing freely, the major pulled out his watch, and looked at the time. Frock observed it, showed alarm, and became suddenly gloomy and silent. Josephine shook her head at him, laid her hand softly upon his, and said, "Again the evil spirit."

The touch of her hand drove all Frock's blood more joyfully through his pulse: "I was only thinking of the journey," said he.

"The journey!" cried Leonore, displeased. "I say delay the journey for a fortnight."

Josephine joined her other hand to the first, and whispered, with an imploring smile, "Yes, yes! Frock, for two days!"

"Children," cried the major, interposing, "Jonathan has no longer a lodging in the city, and everything is packed up. He must now go, and you must not detain him. He will sit as comfortably in the post-wagon as in the inn. What must be, must be. Let him go. I part with him willingly now, as he is to remain with us for ever. In a few weeks he will return to us, to go to the promised land."

The "promised land" was enough to inspirit every one. The former plans for the future were reviewed and embellished. The

major spoke of by-gone days with touching delight. He lived only for his daughters, and, until now, he had had only the most gloomy prospects for them.

"I am now safe, and can close my eyes in peace. They will at least not be obliged to struggle with poverty," said he. "But, girls, one thing is wanting. I must not forget to get it before I leave you: A pair of sons-in-law who will please me, and be like my own sons to me."

"Do not trouble yourself about me, papa," said Leonore, laughing; "you will be contented with me. And as for Josephine there; look at them, with their hands joined together, and their eyes fixed on each other. Did you ever see anything like it, papa? Make Jonathan your son; how happy I shall be with such a brother."

Josephine, blushing, drew away her hand, and said:

"I really believe, child, that you are intoxicated."

"Jonathan! Jonathan!" cried the major, threatening jestingly and significantly across the table, "I see mischief is going on. Why are you holding Josephine's hand, when for the last two years you scarce ventured to look her in the face? Come here at once! something strikes me."

Frock arose, and went to the major.

"Be more candid, Jonathan," said the major, "be more candid now, than you were with me this afternoon. You love Josephine?"

Frock took the major's hand, and pressed it in silence to his breast. Josephine arose in beautiful confusion, looked to the right and left, and wished to leave the room.

"Stop, girl! stay here!" said her father; "for you shall make good what you told me before dinner. Stay here. All shall be settled; then you will know where you are. I am no friend to deliberation and suspense. And you, Jonathan, open your mouth and speak. Curse this timidity, which was within a hair's breadth of making our unhappiness. You love Josephine. Is it not the cause of the misery you would not confess, and which threatened to drive you from us?"

"It is my misfortune," said Frock, with sad and averted looks.

"I love her: how could I do otherwise? That is the cause of my misery."

"Go to! Jonathan! do not speak in that way. Misery? What! if you thought yourself poor, could I not give to you? Are you not richer than I? If you have thought yourself but a citizen and dared not raise your eyes to Fraulein Von Tulpen, curse it! have you not a more noble heart than I? Remember the gold snuff-box. Have I ever once been so noble as you have often been? If you have fancied that I despised you, you are quite wrong, young man. I learned this morning, with mingled joy and grief, what you are to her. I could not force my child upon you; but that you might have an opportunity of explaining yourself, I asked for your confidence. Do you now feel miserable?"

Frock continued to gaze around. Just then the roll of a wagon was heard. The postboy's horn sounded before the door.

"Wait outside!" cried the major. Rising from his chair, he embraced Jonathan and Josephine. "It must be so, before you leave us. God bless you! Take her, Jonathan; she is your bride—you are my son!"

Frock, in great emotion, drew back.

"What!" stammered the major, in alarm; "what is the matter?"

Josephine looked with amazement at Frock.

"Do you not love her?" asked the major angrily.

"I dare not," answered Frock.

"Dare not? What prevents you?"

"You will not—you dare not give me Josephine. Josephine cannot love me. I am no criminal; but I am——"

At this word, Frock drew a sealed paper from his pocket, and threw it upon the table. Josephine turned as pale as death. Leonore, frightened, screamed aloud, and could not understand what was going on.

"Be quiet!" cried the major. "What the Nick is the matter? Jonathan, out with it! Why do you hesitate to become my son?"

"Herr Major," said Frock, in a very earnest and impressive manner, "I adore Josephine—I have never loved any other maiden. I am not, however, to blame, that I cannot enjoy the

happiness that you so generously destine for me; neither is fate to be blamed."

"Away with your prefaces," interrupted the major; "where does the fault then lie?"

"In your prejudices, Herr Major."

"The old Nick! in my prejudices!"

"I am not a Christian."

"Jesu Maria!" cried Leonore.

"I was born in the Mosaic faith, and am———a Jew."

"A Jew!" faltered the major stupefied, as he let his arm fall by his side. Leonore sprung with a piercing cry to Josephine, who sank on a chair. Frock said, "Read the sealed paper. Farewell! ye dear ones! farewell to you, my heaven!" and seizing his cloak and hat, he rushed out of the door. The post-boy blew his horn. The wagon rolled on. The contents of the sealed paper, which must be regarded as a continuation of Frock's speech, ran, word for word, as follows:

"I am a Jew; this confession, ye beloved ones, will solve the mystery of my conduct. What maiden in all Christendom would consent to make me happy? What temporal or spiritual authority of our land, would suffer me to hold any public office, or to teach in a school of Christian children? I am a Jew, which condemns me without having committed any offence, and only because I descend from a people, who, from the prejudices of the last thousand years, are despised and outlawed by Christians, Turks, and Heathens. They are so oppressed by the contempt in which they are held, that, alas! they often merit it. I was born in Alsace, of poor parents, who, like many others of our belief, gained their livelihood by artifice, usury, and deceiving Christians; all caused by the prejudice of the world against them.

"The French revolution broke out in my early youth. It was then, the professors of the Mosaic religion first obtained the right of being considered men among men, and of being made citizens of a great city; not banished, nor merely tolerated creatures.

"In the confusion of the civil war, I became a drummer, and was torn from my home before I was of age. The old people I never saw again. But my youth, my daring courage, and my

natural understanding gained me friends. I became the servant of a colonel, who afterward won an honourable name among the French generals, and who took so much interest in me, that he regretted my many imprudences on the field of battle. He allowed me to indulge at his expense my desire for learning, by attending a school in a French frontier town. Thus I received such cultivation of mind and heart, that it was of the greatest importance to me, in my future position in the world. My education in science was not completed. Yet if I had ventured to devote myself to medicine, I should perhaps have been able to gain an honourable existence in some great town. My patron (the general), however, recalled me, and made me his private secretary. I remained with him, until his death, which was caused by a cannon-ball. Without either calling or prospects for the future, I chose the trade of war; long followed the troops, hither and thither upon the fields of battle; made myself rich with a sorrowful wisdom, observing the miseries of the people and their rulers, and the passions and prejudices that alone govern the earth. Above all, I endeavoured to preserve the consciousness of my inner worth, and to resign all claims to any outward acknowledgment of it. The life of Jesus Christ has wrought this improvement within me. In wisdom, virtue, or courage, no greater than he has ever appeared on the earth. Every great man is great only in relation to the existing events of his age. The greatness of Jesus, however, is confined to no age, and dependent on no circumstances belonging to his time. Still, should he now appear for the first time among Christians, they would nail him to the cross as the Jews did.

"I make it the aim of my life to become like Jesus; to sacrifice the exterior to the innermost, the perishable to the eternal; to the great aim of the spirit, the bodily, domestic, and political ties. In courage and strength I am wanting, not in will.

"The soldier's life disgusts me. My only friend among men, a promising young man from Nancy, was killed at my side. I had many quarrels, in the wild life we led, with my comrades. The captains of the army were unjust toward me; I deserted to the enemy, dressed myself in citizens' clothes, and gained my livelihood, by teaching languages, and other pursuits. My stay

was not long at any place. I was not wanting in friends, but they were Christians, and had they known that I was a Jew, even the most liberal and enlightened among them, would have been overcome by a singular and involuntary disgust. Therefore, I avoided forming intimacies, which a future separation would only make me regret. I feared friendship, because it could only bring sorrow for me. I was now forced to resign all thoughts of a permanent establishment or act of citizenship in any Christian city. In some places, as a Jew, I would not be allowed to remain a day; in others, I would be allowed the greatest toleration; but nowhere would a situation or citizen's rights be granted me. For these, a baptismal certificate was requisite, and I had never been baptized. What could I say?

"My religious opinions interfered, in a painful manner, with the most trying circumstances of my life and being. If the bells were ringing for church, and the Christians were all, like one family, flocking there; I was obliged to worship God in my own little room. Many censured me for never going to church; others regarded me as a free-thinker, who lived without religion. I could not go to church, for that would have been a deception: neither could I join the free-thinkers, because I despised all their opinions. I was even oppressed by my better feelings, as well as by the position in which I stood. For some time, I entertained the thought of joining a Jewish synagogue, and becoming a teacher of the truth to my own people, in order to raise them, from their state of mental slavery, to the dignity of human nature. But I remembered that I was deficient in every necessary requisite. I had forgotten the Jewish German, knew little or nothing of the customary usages, or of the Talmud writings and doctrines. I saw the impossibility of removing by mere arguments, dictated by reason, the rust of many thousand years, and prejudices, which had now become sacred; or of overcoming the obstinacy of poor ignorant men, contracted in their ideas, and who had become what they were, through the barbarous regulations of Christian law-givers. The Rabbis would have execrated me; the Jews have expelled and stoned me. New religious parties have arisen, and are still arising among Christians and Mohammedans. Improved judgment, the operation of the climate,

or particular inquiry, tends to promote them. But the Jews will allow neither new sects nor schisms. The enlightened Jews are only what the free-thinkers are among the Christians.

"Disowned by my own brethren, and oppressed by my desire to enjoy my rights as a man, among Europeans, and from my respect for Jesus, I would have become a Christian and been baptized. But besides not being able to make up my mind to make myself a show in this solemnity; even after my baptism, I should be only a baptized and converted Jew, not a Christian, born of Christian parents; and against this, every feeling within me rebelled. Much rather would I be, and remain, an Israelite; for there was actually nothing to be ashamed of in this name. Moses was a greater man than the whole race of popes; than Luther, Calvin, or Zwingli. A Jew is very rarely baptized by Christians, from the effect of mental conviction, but frequently for the sake of profit, which causes the suspicion and contempt, that always attaches to a baptized Jew. An open professor is worth more than the renegade or Mameluke.

"In addition to these considerations, a more powerful reason prevented my entering the Christian church. I was doubtful to which I should belong. If Christ were again to appear, would he be a Catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist? One church party of the Christians blames the other; the last defends itself against the first. This is not the effect of conviction, but is caused by the feeling of attachment to the faith, which is imbibed with the mother's milk.

"If I had become a Lutheran, the Reformed, or the Catholics would have wished to convert me; had I turned Catholic, the Lutheran and Calvinist would have thought me in error. Each church takes its truths and dogmas from the same book, and from the same passages, which are differently interpreted by another: a strong proof, that the fancies and opinions of man are substituted for God's words. They are united only upon what Christ himself has given. But Christ gave the spirit; his followers add the dead letter, which is the cause of the dispute. What care I for the letter? the interpretation of things which fail to elevate my soul? the acceptance of doctrines which are incomprehensible? the observance of solemnities which are ar-

bitrary, and are only dependent on the degree of perception or the climate in which the people live who observe them? Christ is a teacher of heavenly things; no Moses, no later prophet, no rabbi, no pope is higher. I believe as he did, I will live as he did; I am his follower, his disciple. In this sense I am a Christian, and will remain one; but I am no Catholic, Lutheran, Zwinglianer, Calvinist, Mennonite, Greek, Herrnhuter, Socinian, Baptist, or Moravian brother. And Christ was none of these; according to his own confession, he was a Jew; so am I. Christ stood immeasurably higher than Moses; I too, through Christ, stand higher than Moses. On this account the Mosaic law has lost its value for me, as it no longer takes its place among nations and states, and by its duration stands in opposition to the age. This, ye beloved ones, is my confession of faith. I cannot enter your church and become a baptized, still less a converted, Jew. None of your monks, priests, preachers, bishops, or general superintendents can convert me. I belong neither to the English nor evangelical reformed churches, nor to a so-called community of brethren. I am in fact nothing but a disciple of Him, whose disciples you all are, even if you have by heart the Athanasian or Augsburg confession of faith. I am, however, no disciple of your popes, of your Luther or of your Zwingli, because I believe that I know as much as they, of the glory of eternity, and of the way to seek a closer resemblance to God.

"Judge me, now, ye loved ones. You cannot condemn me, without condemning yourselves.

"Rejected by the people, to whom I belong; rejected by the Christians, on account of my descent: among Jews and Christians I am a stranger. I belong neither to a domestic circle, nor to a civil community. I am religious, yet am I persecuted by the religious societies of men. I fear to resign myself to the delights of friendship, for I know that my friends would blush at reposing confidence in a Jew. And could a maiden love me, who must become a Jew's wife? Though I remain among men, I conceal myself from them. I am left without a home, without bread, without love, because the prejudices of the world close the door of happiness to me.

"Till my last breath, will I love and pity Josephine. Pity,

because I am guiltless of her suffering. I avoided inspiring her with the least sympathy, or inclination for me. If I have erred, I have erred in being too weak-minded to tear myself away from her, from the dear Leonore, and the venerable father. Near Josephine, who is strong enough, or fixed enough in his principles, to resist the magic of her voice? I repent my fault bitterly. I was happy for a moment, and now my life-long must be unhappy. I fly, but with a torn, bleeding heart. Farewell.

"JONATHAN FROCK."

Through the long winter's night did he travel, and in a feverish state of excitement; the whole of next day without stopping, from post to post; the second day, the following night, until he had reached the place of his destination, where he had to arrange the major's business. It appeared as if he intended to kill himself. But the exertions and fatigue produced a different effect upon him. The pressure of business entirely prevented his giving himself up to the thoughts of the past; in the bustle and confusion he felt his grief less keenly; and after some days a feeling of deep melancholy only remained.

He could, therefore, devote himself with the more attention and energy to the affairs of Major Von Tulpen. He visited the claimants of the estate; he visited the magistrates. The right of the major was too well-founded not to be easily proved; but not so decided, that it could not afford material for an expensive and tedious trial, which was much more ardently desired by the judges, officers, waiters and advocates, than by the major's good-humoured rival.

Jonathan's eloquence and pleasing manners, won upon this gentleman so much, that he was persuaded to accept a farm near the city, in lieu of prosecuting his claim to the estate.

For this, it was necessary to obtain the written consent of the major. Jonathan had every week sent him a long account of the progress of affairs. No letter was more than five days on the road: but six and seven weeks passed, without his receiving an answer from the major. This gave the good Frock the greatest anxiety. He could bear it no longer, and determined, that if

within a fortnight he did not receive an answer to the letter on the subject of giving up the farm, to return to the metropolis, happen what might.

He was at the point of leaving when the major's letter arrived. Trembling, and with tears in his eyes, Frock broke the seal, and kissed the characters traced by the dear honoured hand. The letter was as follows:

"Dear Jonathan:

"Thank God, we are all in good health. My Josephine is also restored to me. I have signed the papers concerning the farm, and return them to you. The story of the inheritance is now at an end. Write to the agent on the estate, that he must have everything in order. I will be there at the end of the month, or at the beginning of the next, with my daughter and Leonore. Josephine is well, and intends entering a convent. I know not what she will do there. She has taken the idea in her head, and persists in it. We will be in Arrfeld on the 25th of this month, and expect you to meet us at the inn. Do not fail to do so, or you will kill my Josephine. It is her earnest desire, that you should be there. And when we leave for the convent, I give you my word of honour, that I will no longer detain you, if you wish to leave us. But if you wish to stay with me, Jonathan, then you will be the joy of my old age. What has passed has been silly enough; so do not fail to be at Arrfeld on the 25th of this month. I have nothing more of importance to say about the estate.

"I remain your friend and David,

"Major Von Tulpen."

On the other side of the paper Leonore had added the following lines.

"Ah! dear Herr Frock, you caused us a terrible night of suffering! I wish I may never live to see such another; but Josephine is very well again. May you, through the influence of your religion, be as quiet and composed as Josephine now is. The great blessings of religion are hereby made known. Josephine's only wish is to see and speak to you once more. In

God's name! do not disappoint us, if you still prize our friendship and esteem. I have so much more, oh! so much more to say to you, but cannot now; you shall hear it all in Arrfeld.

"Your faithful friend,

"Leonore Von Tulpen."

This letter arrived so late, that there was no time for delay, if Frock wished to reach Arrfeld on the day appointed. Frock, with the deed of the farm in his hand, received the act of renunciation to the estate from the assenting claimants, and the authority of the magistrates in favour of Major Von Tulpen's immediately taking possession of the property. This finished, Frock hastened to the appointed place of meeting.

The journey was as sad to him, as the one he had made when he left the beloved family. He only knew, in part, Josephine's suffering, and the melancholy effect of it, from her determination to forsake the world. He looked forward to a heart-rending separation, but nothing could prevent his complying with Josephine's request. If he, too, could only atone for her sufferings all his life, so much the better.

The evening had scarce closed in, when he reached the inn in Arrfeld. He learned, that the major with his family had arrived in the morning, and had proceeded to the priest's, at the Marienkloster. There they awaited Herr Frock.

A messenger went to inform the major immediately of Frock's arrival, and on his return was to let Frock know, whether he should await the major's arrival, or repair to the convent. More than an hour elapsed; Frock was in the greatest anxiety. At length the messenger returned, to beg that he would go to St. Marie's.

Frock jumped into the wagon. How his heart beat, as, by the uncertain light of the moon, he beheld the far-extending walls and towers of the convent; and as he passed through a long shady avenue of tall elms and lindens. When the wagon stopped before a house belonging to the convent, Frock got out; at the same moment, the church-bells began to ring with a hollow melancholy sound. The major came out of the house. A ser-

vant-woman brought a candle, followed by a man carrying a lantern. The major embraced his Jonathan with much emotion. Frock, overpowered by grief, could not speak.

"Is it not true," said the major, "that you like my Josephine?" Frock, unable to answer, pressed the major's hand in silence. "Go before," said the major to the servant, "and light the way. Give me your arm, Jonathan; be the support of my old age. We are now going to her."

They proceeded together through the empty court of the convent, and the cold silent cross-ways. The dim light of the evening tapers fell on the priest, who stood praying at the altar. Some peasants were kneeling in the church. When the major entered, leaning on Frock's arm, Josephine, supported by Leonore, came toward them with downcast eyes. She held out her trembling hand to the agitated Frock. They stood before the priest, who, raising his voice, went through the marriage ceremony. Frock knew not where he was; he was quite bewildered.

When the service was over, they went out of the church in the same order in which they entered, excepting that the major's married daughter (not he himself) took Frock's arm. But when they reached the court, overcome by what had passed, Frock fell at Josephine's feet with upraised hands. All wept. Such tears of joy had never been shed in the convent since its foundation.

Josephine drew the beloved one toward her, and whispered, "Thou art mine." In these words, a new life of blessed happiness was opened to the patient sufferer, Jonathan. He found himself embraced, at the same moment, by both the major and Leonore. The gray-haired priest stood near, unobserved by them. He had been a companion of the major's, in his youth, and had willingly given his assistance upon this happy occasion. He accompanied them back to the inn, where the major had ordered the wedding-dinner to be prepared.

"Do you think," said the priest to the delighted bridegroom, "do you think, you half-Christians, you reason in a more Christian-like manner, than we who, 'Of a truth know, that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation, he that feareth him, and

worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.' 'Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father, which is in heaven, the same is my disciple.' 'By our fruits are we known.' By these have we known you." H.

THE INVOLUNTARY JOURNEY.

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That the first of the following letters may be better understood, I must make known that the writer and his sister were invited by the Countess Amelia Von St——y, on the 20th of January, 1807, to a ball at her palace in Warsaw. They went thither and had a merry evening, although the joy that shone on the faces of all, came not from the heart. For Warsaw at that time was full of alarm and of Frenchmen, and a week had scarcely elapsed since the transitory regency had been appointed, at whose head stood the brave but much injured Malachosky.

The Countess of St——y was as beautiful as an angel that night. A magnificent necklace of pearls glittered around her neck. It was the New Year's present of her uncle.

The writer's sister had received a similar New Year's gift, but had neglected putting it on. The young rivals soon entered into a dispute as to which was the most beautiful necklace, each wishing that her own should bear away the triumph. The upshot of it was, that both commanded the writer of these letters to go immediately and bring the missing necklace. His sister having given him the key of her jewelry-box, he ordered his coach and hastened home.

FIRST LETTER.

Blonie, 21*st January*, 1807.

My dear Countess,

By all the Graces, amongst whom you stand the first, I beg that you will not be angry with me. Instead of bringing you Sophia's necklace yesterday, I carried it to Blonie. But to-day

I return to Warsaw, and this evening I shall lay it at your feet. I make use of a tedious hour to send you my excuses by a courier who hastens to Warsaw. You will certainly declare my offence unpardonable in having postponed your yesterday's triumph, and will think it can never be atoned for. But I beg you to have mercy enough to deign to glance at these lines, and you will have compassion on the offender, who only sinned toward you, for friendship's sake.

Yesterday I had put up Sophia's necklace, and was on the point of stepping into the carriage to return to you, at the ball to which your beauty gave the greatest charm, when my servant announced a French officer. I was obliged to receive him. He brought me a letter. Only think, they were the first lines I had received for twelve years from the only dear friend of my youth, the noble *Felix L——y*, who has during that time been in all Napoleon's campaigns, and now stands at the head of the Polish regiment. He wrote me but a few words: "I have just arrived at Blonie, and learn, my dear Joseph, that thou yet livest. My hopes of embracing thee in Warsaw are frustrated, now that I stand almost before the gates of the dear city. I come from *Posa*, and here I find a courier from the army with commands to hasten immediately to *Thorn*. If it is possible, come immediately to Blonie, where I shall rest at least several hours. Who knows whether we shall ever approach each other again so nearly in this world. We have so much to say to each other! Early in the morning I shall travel onward."

Will you now blame me, my dear Countess, for taking advantage of the important moment? To think of seeing a dear friend from whom I had been so long separated! I begged the officer to take a seat in my carriage, letting his horses follow. I then threw my cloak around me, and thus, instead of going to the temple of love, I went to the feast of friendship.

After a shocking ride, for the road was wretched and the night pitch-dark, I arrived at Blonie, and my Felix was already at Sochazew, where some French generals were awaiting him. But he left a note for me, begging that I would follow him to Sochazew, where he would wait for me, at all events. Now that I have come thus far, for his sake, I will even go a few miles further.

But everything goes wrong. One of my horses was lamed last night, and I must take the post, and I must wait till the postman finds horses, for his are all in use now. But they give me hope of departing in one hour. Farewell, lovely one. This evening I shall kiss your hands. Your true

COUNT OF W.

SECOND LETTER.

Kutno, January 23d.

IN truth, my most gracious, you will not be less astonished on opening this letter, to find that I write from Kutno, than I am astonished at being here. Fate will make me a liar towards you, and I am inconsolable. What will you think of me? And yet I am the most innocent man under the sun.

The only thing in my adventure that pleases me is, that happily I overtook Felix at Sochazew. We embraced each other with mute ardour; an overwhelming sweet sorrow suddenly seized us; and it seemed to me as if in another world, I again held to my heart a loved-one who had long since died.

You must have known him. The Fire-brains has become quite sedate. Egyptian and Spanish suns have browned his face finely, and the slash on the forehead, over the left eye, that he carried away from a battle, to the honour of a Calabrian sword, is so becoming, that he would make me jealous, were I to know that he were quartered near you at Warsaw.

I intend when I am with you to relate to you the whole story of his military expeditions, and that will be day after to-morrow. Heavens, how men are thrown about to all corners of the earth in these days! It is the general wandering time of nations, and no one can say whether he shall eat his last mouthful in Europe or America, Asia or Africa. Felix was attached to the general's staff for a long time, but now he commands his own regiment. He believes that he is destined to the corps of General Lannes, and asserts that Napoleon will be in St. Petersburg next summer, par-

ticularly now that the Turks have shown themselves by no means indifferent, and have declared war. Thus much is certain, that the Russian ambassador has left Constantinople. The French generals that Felix found in Sochazew assured him that since the battle at Pultusk and Golomyn, the French arms had been masters in a far bloodier day at Ostralenska.

But enough of politics. You will be much more curious to know how, instead of being in Warsaw, I have finally arrived in this most pitiful little city? Only listen. He who has felt the damage, must not mind the ridicule. You will laugh heartily, and nothing will remain for me to do but to laugh also; notwithstanding that I have the greatest inclination to doubt whether I am not even now with you.

We remained together in Sochazew till late in the evening, before we separated for heaven knows how long! As I could not count upon obtaining post-horses in a short time, and as I wished to return immediately to Warsaw, notwithstanding my fatigue, that I might make my atonement with you, Felix was kind enough to use his military power to procure me a conveyance that would take me to Blonie. A chaise appeared, which was harnessed to three fine nags. I again pressed the noble Felix to my heart; he rode off, and I soon did the same.

Being wearied with the journey of the night before, in which I had not closed an eye, and also with the affairs of the day, I protected myself from the snow-storm by drawing the curtains of the chaise. I then wrapped my cloak about me, squeezed myself into a corner of the carriage, and went to sleep, in spite of its jolting. It was a happy thought of mine, that of putting on a greatcoat over my ball dress. My feet, being only covered with silk stockings and slippers, were sheltered by a whole load of hay.

I slept uneasily, but my dreams were pleasant, for they were of you. Oh how lovely, how kind the God of Fancy made you! What blessed words did I read in your eyes! My soul was with yours, I knew what you felt, and yet I felt unspeakably more than you. Oh, that it should only be a dream. Did you but know, enchanting Amelia, what a heaven you have to dispense,

you would not act otherwise in reality than you did in my dreams!

No matter how often I was startled from my Elysium, by the merciless blows on my head or on my ribs, yet I always shut my heavy eyes properly, and it was always you who led me back again to that lost Elysium. As soon as I had aroused myself from this enchanting sleep, I remarked with affright that it was already morning, and I had counted upon being in Blonie shortly after midnight. I tore back the curtains of the chaise, and saw that we were entering a city, that I had not had the honour of seeing before.

"Where are we?" I asked the driver.

"In Kutno!" said the fellow drily, and kept on his way.

"In Kutno?" I exclaimed, out of my senses with rage. "Does the evil one possess you to drag me to Kutno? I will go to Blonie, to Blonie!"

The villain behaved as if he had no ears, and kept on, stopping finally at an inn. I got out, it is true, for my whole body was stiff; but I felt the greatest temptation to cudgel the rascal in the street.

He maintained, in the meantime, that the French officer who ordered him to go had named Kutno to him; at least he had understood it so. On this he insisted, and whipping his tired horses, he hurried away.

I ascertained from the innkeeper that my wicked coachman had been absent from Kutno, where he lived, for eight days, upon requisition probably, (it being the custom with the military to drive about the world dealing blows and hunger), and he had now probably taken advantage of the night, to come home with his wagon, particularly as he saw that I was a Pole, and neither an officer nor a Frenchman.

This information, which my knowing host gave me so candidly, might be true, but it did me no good. I now sat in Kutno, and was not in Warsaw, not even in Blonie. The innkeeper comforted me with a miserable breakfast, and with the hope that an opportunity would be found to take me back again to Sochazew. He gave himself a great deal of trouble to procure me a wagon. I myself ran over the miry little city in my silk stockings, and

had my labour for my pains. Every thing had been seized, for the service of the army. I even humbled myself so much as to seek out the rascal who had brought me to Kutno. In my distress I forgave him all his sins, and holding up a purse, begged him to take me back to Sochazew. But he declared that his horses and carriage had been taken from him that same morning. On the contrary, my sagacious host thought that the wicked knave had hid his carriage in some safe place, so that it should not be put in requisition again.

To-day, however, I struck a bargain with a French engineer officer, who is quartered on my host. He travels to Kladova; I accompany him there, and then he gives me the wagon, with the power of using it as a Requisition wagon as far as Sochazew, and even to Blonie or Warsaw, if I will. To make the matter more certain, I have not only acquainted the driver with our contract, but also that I shall not use it as a Requisition wagon, but shall pay him well as far as I use it. So, in this worst of weathers, I must first go to Kladova, then be brought back to Kutno to get a carriage. For if I do not accompany the carriage to Kladova, I run the danger of losing it altogether.

The misery in this land is indescribable. Our deliverers make us pay dear for our enfranchisement. Money will hardly find a man bread.

But I must close, else I shall lose the current post. Oh, how I envy this happy sheet, that will be within your room two days sooner than I can! At the same time with this letter, I send one to my sister, to whom I wrote yesterday. Calm the dear girl, and say to her that, positively, I shall be in Warsaw day after to-morrow.

Adieu! I am almost dying with impatience to see you again. More than once yesterday, I was on the point of running back to Warsaw, through snow and mud, in my dancing shoes. But my Reason was kind enough to make my Home-sickness the apposite remark that I should have eighteen or nineteen miles to run.*

Fare you well! May you feel the warm kiss that I spiritually press upon your hand!

* It must be remembered that these were German miles.

THIRD LETTER.

Posen, January 26th.

I AM certainly bewitched. I now believe in all possible enchantments, whereas I have never believed in any but that of your charms, until now. Now, I doubt no longer the power of hobgoblins and of malicious spirits. To-day I would, should have been in Warsaw, in your boudoir, and at the feet of you whom I adore. But misfortunes multiply and bring me to Posen, to which, I may add, that I made my entrance as a prisoner. Do not be frightened. I stand already on my free feet.

I feel as one does in the nightmare. The faster I would go forwards, the farther I find myself behind. Since man was born, has a child of man ever had the unlucky chance, as I have, of leaving a ball for a pearl necklace, and then be driven out forty miles into the wide world? All my longings, my impatience, my eagerness, my wisdom, my foresight, have been of no use to me, but to bring me backwards, still further backwards; as the storm at sea drives the most skilful and active sailor far from the port for which he strives.

Day before yesterday, the engineer and I rode together to Kladova, as we had proposed. In this miserable nest there was a sort of governor to whom the engineer announced himself immediately after his arrival. There he found orders to go to Sempolno without delay. He came back and told me the misfortune, shrugging his shoulders, and with a million of regrets at not being able to keep his word; but the service must have precedence over everything else. I became almost speechless with horror. I begged, raved, placed my distress before him—all was in vain. He shrugged his shoulders, and would go to Sempolno. While the groom was feeding the horses, the engineer ran to the governor, and, accompanied by soldiers, visited stalls and stables, to procure another conveyance. I followed him, but we could find nothing but a large dirt cart.

To keep possession of my wagon, I resolved to travel in it myself to Sempolno, where I had the hope of obtaining, far more

easily, another relay of horses, and more endurable inns, than in the wretched, dirty town of Kladova. The engineer approved of my determination. But I was out of temper, and on the journey we were neither of us so friendly and talkative as before. Yes, there were even disagreeable altercations, and in Sempolno we coldly separated from each other.

I was so much the more affectionate toward my coachman. We concluded to stay over night in order to let the horses rest, and to journey back at the very earliest moment the next day. My generosity increased, and as a reward, I sat at break of day in the wagon with my face towards Warsaw.

We were scarcely half an hour's ride from Sempolno, when we saw three French hunters running after us at full speed. My driver, full of apprehensions and forebodings, whipped his horses with all his strength. I thought his distress was as superfluous, as his haste was fruitless. The French soon reached us, ordered us to stop, and cursed the driver, who, as they said, had stolen away from the Requisition without due permission. They commanded him to turn back, and even talked of shooting. My Phaeton did not comprehend a word, but he understood the pantomime of the "Conquerors of the World," and cast a piteous glance on me. I now interfered. This the fellows seemed to have expected, and turning to me, they inquired with much politeness who I was? and then inquired for my passport. I had none. In the most agreeable phrases, they remarked that I was a suspicious person, and hoped I would have the goodness to make myself known to the governor of the city.

The polite clowns, who now turned the wagon and horses about, without further ceremony, were, without doubt, fully convinced of my innocence. The governor, as soon as he understood that I had procured one of the Requisition carriages in a deceitful manner, and had not even a passport for myself; first, declared me a suspicious person; secondly, an enemy of Napoleon; and thirdly, a prisoner. For my consolation, the objections that I made to this, helped to send me to head-quarters in order to give my justification; and two hours afterwards I had the honour of going to Posen, in the company of a corporal and a lieutenant, hough not by my wish did they go thither, or rather, ride.

So long as we suffer from the little annoyances and unexpected provocations of fate, we easily lose patience, probably because we always hope to overcome them; but when misery comes too palpably, we are merry again, for man, when he sees himself conquered, and feels that all resistance is vain, turns to his native pride, and while he fears naught, despises all things.

Thus the vexations of the preceding days made me as angry then, as it now appears amusing to me to go as a prisoner (in ball dress, it is true,) to Posen, and be kicked on to the very borders of Poland. In fact, my misfortune is not so very great, and I am certain that you will laugh as heartily over my adventures as I do myself. I have nothing to regret, my amiable Countess, but the loss of the moments that I might live in your presence. You now see what a misfortune can be brought about through a strife between two beautiful women. Sophia's necklace must bear all the blame, and it yet drives about the world with me.

I am now truly happy to be in Posen. I was very kindly received at head-quarters. They made many excuses on the score of strictness in the service, and could not refrain from laughing at the merciless caprice of destiny which had brought me, in the midst of winter, from a ball-room in the Capital, to the tumult of war on the borders. My first business here is to equip myself anew, for I look wretchedly. I shall no longer rely upon a Requisition coach, for I have bought myself a fine riding horse that is to carry me back to you. I am having a warm travelling coat made, whose military cut will produce a sensation among the commanding corporals of the World-Conquerors. And I have also a passport, by means of which I shall reach your antechamber without hindrance.

Nothing keeps me now from flying to your feet, but the tailor and shoemaker. I cannot come away before day after to-morrow, that I see. We poor mortals are most dependant in the smallest matters.

Time is tediously long to me, and I have already had quite enough of the warlike tumult that reigns here, the hundreds of different uniforms, and the marching backwards and forwards of troops. It is one of the most remarkable contradictions in enigmatical mankind, that the whole world dreads war as the greatest

trouble of life, the world detests toil, and fears death; and yet gives itself willingly in a thousand ways to war, toil, and death.

My only enjoyment is in thinking of you, in conversing with you, unfortunately in thought alone! To admire you now in the dance, now at the piano, now at the toilet, now in the charming negligence of domestic life, now as the queen of beauty in that enchantment which nature and art shed around you.

Postscript of the 28th of January.—I could not send this letter to the post till to-day. I am ready to travel, and early to-morrow I take myself away. I travel in the company of several Polish and French officers who are well known to me. Say to my sister that I shall certainly arrive in Warsaw on Tuesday.

FOURTH LETTER.

Magdeburg, April 2nd.

Heaven knows, my dear Countess, whether you have received the letter that I scribbled to you with a pencil from Dresden; and heaven knows whether you will ever receive these lines! I will therefore repeat in few words what I wrote from Dresden, and renew my request, that you use all your influence, combined with that of my relations with our government, and also with the French authorities, that I may receive my freedom.

I have already made known to you that when some miles from Posen, between Schwersens and Kostrzyn, we were very unexpectedly attacked by a heavy body of Prussians, surrounded and made prisoners. Of the Frenchmen in whose company I was riding, one officer and one common soldier lost their lives. We were all plundered, and I only saved myself from ill-treatment, by saying to the Prussian commander in the German language, that I was no soldier, but merely a travelling citizen who had been thrown among the French by chance. My passport, which confirmed my declarations, and the announcement which I wisely made in my trepidation, that far from making one of the French party, I was a true Prussian subject, and longed for nothing more

than the emancipation of Poland from the French deluge, did me great service.

The Prussian officer was a humane man. When I told him, in answer to his questions concerning the number of troops in Posen, that without doubt several regiments would that same day take the road to Warsaw: he determined immediately to retire into Silesia, but signified to me that he could not set me free that moment, because his own position forbade it.

Without being treated as a prisoner, yet I was the same as a prisoner. After several days' travel on miserable roads, we arrived in Silesia by passing over the Warta, half starved, and half frozen. Neither complaining nor laughing did me any good. I hid Sophia's necklace as cautiously as I could, together with my little money, for I much distrusted the fortunes of war; and I did wisely. Our commander, who bore the title of Major, claimed me on the following day to serve as a true Prussian subject under the banner of the king. It was impossible for me to reject this honourable offer, without either injuring my character, or having my patriotism suspected. I therefore did the service of an Adjutant, in the character of a Lieutenant, longing with impatience for a convenient opportunity to get rid of it. The deeper we penetrated into Silesia, the lower my courage sunk.

We suffered unspeakably from frost, snow, and want of provision. Wherever we went we were obliged to take what we needed by force. Our prisoners of war, which were still driving about with us, were the most to be pitied. Notwithstanding this, the Poles, whose hard fate I most wished to relieve, declined my attentions proudly and indignantly. I read in the eyes of my countrymen, that they took me for a betrayer, and this reproach was more painful to me than all the other miseries. I also felt soon enough the effects of their hate.

The Major turned his troops towards Golgau, but we had not reached the place, when one morning, as our companies were taking their stand for marching out of a village, some French hussars rode up. They started at seeing us, and quickly retreated. As we marched out of the village, we were attacked and surrounded by a squadron of light French cavalry. This gave our commander no fear, but we were soon encompassed by several com-

panies of infantry. We had fallen into a column of the Vendeean body of the army, and our bravery was useless. The Prussians fought with unexampled courage, and even won two of the field pieces with which we had been shot at. Notwithstanding, the end of the play was that we were beaten, and forced by their superior power to surrender. On our side, we had several killed and many wounded.

None were so happy as the French and Polish prisoners who had been liberated by the fight. The Poles immediately pointed me out to the French General, as a renegade Pole and an enemy to the French, who had betrayed them into the hands of the Prussians, into whose service I immediately went. As the Prussian Major named me as his Lieutenant in counting out the prisoners to the victors, and called me a volunteer, he did not aid me in my justification. The passport from Posen only added to my guilt, and my horse, watch, and money were good booty for the World-Conquerors. I was obliged to wade through snow and mire, on foot, with the other prisoners, by the way of Liegnitz to Dresden.

Here I wrote to you of my misfortune. In Dresden we rested several days, and then, with a number of other prisoners, we came through Leipzig here to Magdeburg. It is now eight days that I have been in this fortress. The inhabitants show much pity and kindness towards us, at the same time that they are to be pitied in the highest degree themselves. In no place have I seen the people so cast down as in this city. They all detest the French, the citizens adhere with ardour to their unfortunate king, and they do not give up the hope of yet seeing the Prussian Eagle upon their ramparts.

As far as I can see, unless my cause is pursued in Warsaw with untiring zeal, I must remain a prisoner till the end of the war. My well-hidden store of money begins to melt down. At all events, I beg of my dear sister, in the enclosed note, to send me a remittance to the subjoined address.

The Governor is an obliging man. I had an opportunity of telling him my confounded adventures from beginning to end. He found them so curious that he laughed continually, and would scarcely believe me. He is personally well acquainted with my

friend Felix. As to giving me my freedom, that, he says, is quite out of his power, and refers me to bitter patience. In the mean time, he has told me to forward a letter to Felix, as well as this letter to you.

This joke of fate is almost too harsh to be amusing, but my despair would be useless. I am therefore as merry as I can be, under the circumstances, and my health is inexhaustible. So you must be quiet on my account, and comfort my good Sophia. I shall now count the days, the hours, the minutes, till I receive an answer from you. When I see a line from you, it will seem as if I saw yourself, &c.

FIFTH LETTER.

Nancy, May 20th.

Joy! my affairs are going on excellently. My magical star, or rather my evil star, I believe will finally take me unexpectedly to Paris, to Lisbon, St. Domingo, Otaheite, the Tropics, the Esquimaux, the Hottentots, over Asia, to the small-footed Chinese, past the pious children of the Bramah's, and through the Persian gardens back to Warsaw.—I have no doubt about the matter; my affairs are *going on excellently well*, notwithstanding I always wished that they would come to a *stand*. I am already in France. It is not farther to Lisbon than to Warsaw, and if I am once in Lisbon, what is it to me whether I go to you through Asia or Europe?

But neither the German maidens (and yet there are some lovely faces among them), nor the French ladies, nor the Spanish, nor the voluptuous beauties of the Friendly Islands, can make me faithless to you. So far as I have already gone, I have nowhere seen so many charms, such grace and dignity, as I left at the ball at Warsaw. Ah! if I had but one line from you!

Who knows but that letters for me are lying now in Magdeburg, both from you and Sophia? And who knows in Magdeburg where I am stuck? After my letter was despatched to you,

I was taken away with a great multitude of other prisoners of war. It was said that we were to go to Mayence; in Mayence we were told that Lyons was our destination; and when we are in Lyons, what will then be our destination?

The host of prisoners with whom I came over the Rhine is scattered into a hundred portions. They go to all parts of the world. As I said before, I do not now doubt a moment but that I must go round the world. Were I only in Thibet with the Lama, or with the Prophet at Mecca, or on the Caspian Sea, I would make a jubilee, for I should then be returning to you.

What miserable creatures we are! We are like ants, whose houses are destroyed by the uncertain tread of a horse; like insects, which the storm-wind carries away, and then deposites in distant lands. Why am I in Nancy? What is the war to me?

I send you these lines, that you may not fear, at least for my life. Good heavens! It seems as though I had been absent from you twenty years. How many countries, mountains, streams, nations, lie between us! No one can be certain that I shall not yet have the honour of being your Antipode. Ah, my charming Antipode, what would then become of Life? How easily you might die under my feet, without my knowing a word about the matter.—If you lived for another, would you not be dead for me? I say to myself, I have never yet read of two Antipodes loving each other faithfully.

Since we captured heroes wander on this side of the Rhine, they allow us many more liberties than on German soil. I can go where I will, if I only show myself to the commander at the proper hour. I can live, eat, and drink as suits my pleasure, with my own money—that is understood.

When I rode to your ball would I had but taken out more than the usual amount of gambling money, such as I have spent—I believe, for these twenty years!

Next month I shall write to you again, and it shall be from the place I hope to keep within till peace, and where I can await answers from Warsaw. But probably, my beautiful Antipode, I shall send you my first letter from the island of Teneriffe or Madagascar. Adieu.

SIXTH LETTER.

Aix, June 27th.

FINALLY I have reached my goal. I am destined to remain here, till an exchange of prisoners, or until peace is announced. This information has been more painful to me, than I had at first expected. To be hustled from Warsaw to the Spanish borders is truly no small matter. I shall therefore neither see Otaheite nor the East Indies, notwithstanding there is in all probability much more to see there than in these deserts, on the Adour.

All the French that I have seen in Poland cursed my fatherland. I can sincerely give it all back to them in their own. What a miserable, barren, flat, beggarly country theirs is ! I strongly suspect that the French government carries on the war that it may people these immense solitudes. There are almost as many prisoners of war as inhabitants here.

This little town has almost fallen to the ground, but my host prides himself not a little upon its great antiquity. It is a pleasure that I will give up to him. He has a young daughter who appears to me much prettier than the oldest town. And he recommends the warm baths of the city to me as a great luxury, believing there never were such miraculous baths in the whole world. But the man is a born fool ;—warm baths while the weather is hot enough already to suffocate one. I am burnt as black by the sun as a mulatto, and I can scarcely comprehend how the young maiden of this old city has preserved such a dazzling, pure hand.

The prisoners are quartered on the citizens ; but we receive nothing free but lodging. Everything else is left for us to buy, if we would not starve. My money has come to the dregs. My fortune consists of Sophia's necklace alone, that I should have brought to you at the ball, and that must now be consumed in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees. I hope my good Sophia will bear with patience the present loss of her necklace, and be happy that her ornament can preserve the life of her poor brother from death by hunger and thirst. I have already sold some large diamonds and pearls to a jeweller of the city, but he was not in a

position to pay down the cash. He was obliged to get the gold from Bayonne, a town about twelve French miles distant from here.

Since then I have again lived very comfortably, kept a servant, taken rides in the neighbourhood, received visits, and lightened the fate of my fellow-prisoners. Adieu.

SEVENTH LETTER.*

Aix la Chapelle, July 13th.

Te Deum laudamus! There is peace!—Every one comes to congratulate me upon my approaching deliverance, and my return home. And in fact, the journey from Aix to Warsaw needs a felicitation, for I put little trust in my fortune. The French speak of naught but Tilsit, and raise their Napoleon up to the Gods. They think that if Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great lived at the present day, they would scarcely perform the service of Adjutant beside the great Napoleon. The mayor of the city asserted, in a speech which he made in honour of the peace, that without doubt Tilsit was on the borders of Asiatic Tartary, and far to the north, and that the left wing of the great army had pushed its advance guard far on to the eternal ice of the North Pole, where no mortal had dared to place his foot before. The good people of Aix (who are also called asses) froze at the mere suggestion of the mayor. No doubt, after listening to the speech, they had immediate recourse to their warm baths to ward off the Polar cold.

I am now awaiting the command to return, as an effect of the Tilsit peace; and still more impatiently a few letters from your beautiful hand, my lovely Countess, before I leave.

I shall procure a comfortable and strong travelling wagon, and as soon as I am free I shall fly over the Rhine with the extra post to the dear Vistula. My servant, an honest fellow of a Gas-

* Between this letter and the former several were lost.

con, I shall bring with me. He is much attached to me, and bears the great Roman name of Pompey. The strange fellow has no fault but that of chattering incessantly without regard to the subject. He can talk three hours about salt soap. Sometimes I like to be overwhelmed by this ocean of words, that is, when I cannot forget myself in sleep; and would not think, and would tear myself away from my longing for you.

Do not write any answers either to this, or any chance letters sent in future. They would arrive too late.

With this letter I send you my journal. It shall be my forerunner, and relate to you my experiences, remarks and adventures, more circumstantially than I have been able to do till now, in my hasty letters. I wrote it in weary moments, and of those I had not a few. You will recognize my inmost thoughts therein, and in the sanctuary of my inmost soul you will always find me your adorer!

Perhaps your eyes weep a tear in pity for the unfortunate on the Adour——perhaps ere you have left off reading and weeping I shall kiss the beautiful tears from your blushing cheeks.

EIGHTH LETTER.

Pampelona, July 28th.

My sweet Countess,

Take the first good map of Spain, seek there the kingdom of Navarre; in the kingdom of Navarre, the capital, Pampelona, at the foot of the Pyrenees, and consider——I am there!

I have an actual hobgoblin of a genius that withdraws me further from you, when I am most certain in my hopes of soon being with you. The whole world is making peace.——I alone must remain at war with the whole world, struggling with *Alcaydes*, *Regidores*, *Procuratores*, *Escrivanos*, and heaven knows how many more honourable people. Now that I have passed the Pyrenees, (certainly with little good will on my part), a journey may yet be made to Lisbon, Madagascar, Calcutta, Isaphan, and Constantino-

ple. Put no longer any trust in aught that I may write concerning my return to Warsaw.

I had received your package, enclosing some letters from dear Sophie, from Uncle St——, from my friend W—— and Count S——. Your words had charmed me into the highest heaven—I enjoyed the sweetest reward for past sufferings, when misfortune brought the tipstave of the Mayor of Aix to me; the tipstave led me to the Mayor; the Mayor to the Judge; the Judge into a room where there were several people, amongst whom I only knew the jeweller or goldsmith to whom I had sold a good part of the jewels of Sophie's necklace, three weeks before, to pay my travelling expenses. They showed me the precious stones and pearls in a little box, with the question, "Whether I acknowledged having truly sold these jewels to the man in Bayonne?" They pointed out the goldsmith to me. I examined the stones, recognized them, answered yes, giving them several additional circumstances.

They declared me guilty, sealed up my effects, carried me to Bayonne, gave me a second trial, and asked me in a most innocent manner for the hiding-place of my companions in the robbery. I then learned, for the first time, that a princess of high rank had been plundered by robbers on the highway, as she touched the Spanish borders at Trun. I proved my innocence to the judges, by bringing forth the rest of Sophie's necklace, to which the stones and pearls exactly matched.

They clapped their hands, took the necklace from me, put me in closer confinement, and let me know incidentally that the necklace answered exactly to that described as having been stolen from the princess. Their decision only gave me hopes of getting off with the punishment of the galleys for life, if I would procure, also, a jewelry-box, with ten valuable rings, and a diamond cross, belonging to the pillaged lady. I answered all there was to answer. At the end of a week I was packed on a donkey, and well bound, and well watched, I was led to Pampelona, where the viceroy (as he is called) had imprisoned some of my accomplices. He wanted to see the necklace, and to confront me with the highwaymen.

Let come what may out of this absurd affair, I now only write

to you that you may know what has become of me. More I cannot write, for I must deliver this letter open to the police, and let it be read, before it goes to you. Console my sister. If I am hung in Spain it is your fault, for sending me from the ball to fetch that wicked necklace. But even on the gallows, I have the honour of being, &c., &c.

NINTH LETTER.

Bayonne, August 14th.

I HOPE you have not been anxious on account of my last adventure. I was released on the second day after arriving at Pampelona; for the princess being there, she saw immediately that it was not her necklace which I had. The confronting me with other prisoners, the hanging, and a life in the galleys, readily passed away from my mind. Apologies were made to me, and the viceroy even invited me to dinner, and I was presented to the princess.

But the Spanish ground burnt like fire under my feet. The viceroy had me conveyed to Bayonne, on his own equipage. Here I find that my passports are ready for Warsaw, and my chaise brought Pompey from Aix yesterday. Everything is ready for departure.

Whether I shall go forwards to Warsaw, or backwards through Pampelona, Madrid, Cadiz, Tangiers and Morocco—that, my adored, I will not decide. Some enchanter must be in love with you, and jealous of me. Beyond all question there is magic in the game. In the natural state of the world, one is not required to go from one street in Warsaw to another, by way of the Pyrenees. But if my enemy bewitches me into the moon, I shall even love you there.—My next letter will probably be dated from Algiers. I am full of resignation.

TENTH LETTER.

Warsaw, October 3d.

I HAVE just recovered from my first rapture of joy in the arms of my dear Sophie—having arrived within the last half hour. Oh, Amelia! Amelia! I tremble with delight as I announce myself to you in these lines. Let me know when I and my sister can come to you. Amen.

F. B. G.

VICAR OF WILTSHIRE.

* *Note by the Author.*—Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield appeared in London about 1772. This fact is mentioned because it may be that accomplished writer took the idea of his excellent work from the fragment of the "Journal of a Vicar in Wiltshire," which had been published in the British Magazine in 1766. It was there described as an actual history, and it is evident that it owed little to the exaggerations of fancy. I cannot discover that the Journal has been continued; probably the modest Vicar was only induced to make this extract public, because the story of this marvellous passage of his life—perhaps the only one—would be instructive to all who might read it.

LEAVES FROM THE

JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR

IN WILTSHIRE.*

Dec. 15, 1764.—I received to-day from Dr. Snarl, my Rector, £10 sterling, being the amount of my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was accompanied by many disagreeable circumstances.

After I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-chamber of the Rector, I was admitted to his presence. He was seated in a large easy chair at his writing-desk; my money was already counted out. My low bow he returned with a majestic side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. He is certainly a man of much dignity. I cannot approach him without awe. I do believe I should not enter the king's presence with more reverence.

He did not ask me to sit down, although he knew that I had this very morning walked eleven miles in bad weather, and that the hour and a half's waiting in the ante-chamber had not much rested my wearied limbs. He pointed with his hand to the money.

My heart beat violently when I would introduce the subject,

* Two spirited translations of this tale have already been made in this country—the first of which, by Mrs. Ellet, appeared in a monthly magazine of this city, and the second, by the Rev. Wm. Furness, was published in the Gift, an annual. In re-writing it, not in the hope of improving it, but to make it uniform with the original edition from which these translations are made, the editor has had these former versions constantly before him, and in many passages found he could do no better than copy one or the other almost literally.

P. G.

long thought of and well conned, of a little increase of my salary. Would I were able to overcome my backwardness in the most innocent, nay I will say, even in the most righteous cause. With a trepidation as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavored twice to tell my tale. Memory, words, and voice failed me. The sweat stood in great drops on my forehead.

"What do you wish?" said the rector benignantly.

"I am—everything is so dear—scarcely able to get through these hard times, with my small salary."

"Small salary, Mr. Vicar! How can you think so? I can any day procure another vicar for £15 pounds sterling a year."

"For £15! Yes, without a family, he might get along with that sum."

"Your family, Mr. Vicar, has not received any addition, I trust. You have only two daughters?"

"Yes, your reverence; but these are growing up. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better. Can't your girls work?"

I was going to reply, when he hindered me by rising and observing, while he went to the window and tapped with his fingers on the glass, that he had no time to talk with me to-day. "Think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your place at £15 a year, and let me know. If you can't, I hope you will get a better situation for a New Year's present."

He bowed very politely, and again touched his cap. I hastily seized the money and took my leave. I was thunderstruck. He had never received nor dismissed me so coldly before. Without doubt somebody has been speaking ill of me. He did not even invite me to dinner, as had always before been his custom. I had counted upon it, for I came from Crekelad without breaking my fast. I bought a loaf in the outskirts of the town at a baker's shop, observed in passing, and ate it on my way homewards.

How cast down was I as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

Fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place altogether?

And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d a day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lilies of the field! He who feeds the young ravens! We must deny ourselves some of our superfluities.

Dec. 16th.—I do believe Jenny is an angel. Her soul is even more beautiful than her person. I am almost ashamed of being her father. She is so much better and more pious than I.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said, "Thou art distressed, father!"

"Have I not reason for being so?"

"No, thou hast not!"

"Dear child, we shall never be free from debt and care. I do not know how we shall live. Our need is sore. Who will give us the £15, hardly sufficient for the bare necessaries of life?"

Instead of answering, Jenny gently passed one arm round my neck, and pointed upwards with the other, "He, yonder!" said she.

Polly seated herself on my lap, patted my face, and said, "Let me tell thee something. I dreamed last night that it was New Year, and that the king had come to Crekelad. There was a splendid show. The king dismounted from his horse before our door and walked in. We had nothing to cook or bake. He ordered some of his own dainties to be brought in on dishes of gold and silver. The kettle-drums and trumpets sounded outside, and behold, with the sound of the music, in marched some people with a bishop's mitre upon a satin cushion, a New Year's present for thee! It looked very funny, like the cocked hats of the bishops in the old picture books. But you looked right well in it. Yet I laughed myself almost out of breath. Then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. This dream has certainly something to do with a New Year's present. It is only fourteen days to New Year's."

I said to Polly, "Dreams are but Seems;" but she said, "Dreams come from God."

I do not believe so. Still I will write the dream down, to see whether it be not a consoling presage from heaven. A New Year's present would not be altogether a disagreeable thing to any of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters make my head heavy and my heart empty and sad.

Dec. 17*th.*—My debts, God be thanked, are all now paid, except one. At five different places I paid off £7 11s. sterling. I have therefore left in ready money, £2 9s. This must last half a year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I have great need of them. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable. But Jenny needs a gown a great deal more. I cannot bear to see the good girl wearing her thin old camlet this cold weather. Polly can do without, her sister having altered her old cloak for her nicely.

I must also give up my share in the Gazette, which I have been taking with the weaver Westburn. I am sorry for that, for here in Crekelad without the newspapers one never knows what is going on in the world. The last number gives an account of the races at New-Market, at which the Duke of Cumberland won from the Duke of Grafton, a wager to the amount of five thousand pounds sterling! How strange it seems that the words of Scripture should be so literally fulfilled—"To him that hath shall be given:" and it may be added with truth—"From him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." I must lose £5 of my poor salary.

Fy, Thomas, ungrateful murmurer! and wherefore murmur! Because I can no longer read the newspaper! May I be forgiven this sin! After all, I can learn the news from my neighbors, whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica. The French have promised freedom to the Genoese; but Paoli has twenty thousand old soldiers.

December 18*th.*—Ah, how little it takes to delight poor people!

Jenny has purchased a cloak from the shopman for a mere song, and is now, with Polly, engaged in ripping it, to make it up into one for herself. She understands bargaining better than I do; but perhaps her gentle, winning smile assists her. She wants to wear the new gown on New Year's day. Polly has a hundred cheerful sayings and prophecies to make. I dare say the Dey of Algiers never pleased himself half so much over the presents of the Venetians, the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the rich carpets, rich housings, and twenty thousand sequins in cash.

Jenny thinks we can save enough from the table to pay for her cloak; we are therefore to have no meat 'till New Year's day. This is quite right.

The weaver Westburn is a kind neighbor; I told him yesterday I should have to give up my share of the newspaper, and he answered, shaking me by the hand—"Well, then, I will take the paper alone, and you shall read it with me, my good sir."

It must be confessed that there are more kind people in the world than we are apt to think, and more among the poor than the rich.

Evening.—The baker is morose, though I owe him nothing; yet as Polly went to fetch the bread, which was small or badly raised, or half burnt, he began to quarrel with her so vehemently, that people stopped in the street. He protested that he would let us have nothing more on credit; that we must get our bread elsewhere. Polly came home crying. I am sorry for the poor child; yet we have enough to comfort us.

I wonder how the Crekeladers get all their news. It is currently reported that Doctor Snarl is going to provide himself with another vicar in my stead. That would be my ruin!

The butcher hearing of my near misfortunes, has sent his wife to me, complaining of hard times, and regretting that it will be out of his power to furnish meat hereafter, except for the cash. The woman was civil enough, and overflowed in expressions of kindness and esteem for us; I cannot blame her. She advised us to go to Colswood, and deal with him here.

after; he was rich, and could afford to wait for his pay. I could have told the good woman how this usurer abused us a year ago; he asking a penny a pound more for his meat than anybody else; and that when his oaths and curses could not help him, and he could not deny the fact, he had boldly said, the money he had to wait for ought to bring him interest, and had shown us the door.

My little wealth has dwindled down to two pounds one shilling and three-pence. How will this end, if no one will trust me, till I can pay my bills quarterly? And, if the Rector deprives me of my place, I and my children must be turned into the street. Be it so, God is also in the street.

December 19*th, very early.*—I have been awake a long time, turning over in my mind what I shall do. I thought of writing to Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge, but, alas! it is the rich, not the poor, who have cousins. Were I a bishop, as Polly thought me in her dream, then half England would claim to be related. Finally, I wrote the following letter to Dr. Snarl, to send by to-day's post:

"Rev'd Sir—I write with an anxious heart. It is rumored here that you are going to provide yourself with another vicar, and dismiss me. I know not if there be any ground for such a report, or if it has merely grown out of what was said at our last interview, which I mentioned to one or two persons. I trust you have no intention of dismissing me. I have endeavored to discharge the duties committed to me zealously and faithfully. I have preached the word of God in purity, and with a wish to impress the truth on the hearts of the people. I hear no complaints; nay, my inward monitor, conscience, does not accuse me. I cannot think in what I have offended, except in my humble petition the other day for an augmentation of salary; you then spoke of lessening it, though before it hardly sufficed to keep me and my family from absolute want. Your own human feelings, sir, may decide if I ought to be blamed for that. Under your honored predecessor I served sixteen years, under you I have served a year and a half. I am now fifty years old; my

hair begins to grow grey; I have no friends or patrons, no prospect of another place, and can think of no other way of earning my bread. My living and that of my children depend on your favor. Should you cast us off, we are reduced to beggary. My expenses, as I mentioned before, have been unavoidably increased of late, notwithstanding the most rigid economy. My eldest daughter fills the place of mother to the younger, and takes charge of the house. We keep no servants—my girls are maid, cook, laundress and seamstress; while I am carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, woodcutter, gardener, and wood-carrier to the household. They have endeavored to earn something by taking in work, but little is to be done in this way. Crekelad is a small place, the people are not rich, and seldom hire assistance. I should not forget to enumerate mercies with hardships: we have had little sickness, and no occasion for a physician. This has been fortunate for us. I trouble you with this detail, to show you how much reason I had to wish for an increase of means. It was hard to live on twenty pounds a year, I anticipate more difficulty with but fifteen, but I have no other resource, and trust, sir, in your kindness and the mercy of God, to continue that to me—etc. etc.

When I had sealed and directed this letter, I threw myself on my knees, and prayed that it might be successful, while Polly took it to the letter-carrier. How wonderfully relieved I felt in mind! Ah! a word *to God* is ever a word *from God!* I went forth from my chamber as light-hearted as I had entered it sad.

Jenny sat by the window at work, looking as serene and happy as if nothing had ever occurred to trouble her. How beautiful she appeared, as the rays of the morning sun, pouring through the little window, were reflected on her face! I felt refreshed in spirit. I sat down at my desk to write my sermon on the joys of poverty.

In the church I preach to myself as well as to others, and if nobody else is benefited I am; if no soul receives comfort from my words, I do. It is with the minister as with the physician—he knows the design of his salutary medicines, though not always their effect on the constitutions of those to whom they are administered.

Noon.—This morning I received a note, sent from a stranger who had lodged at the inn all night, begging to see me as soon as I could make it convenient. I walked down immediately and inquired for the stranger. He was a fine-looking young man, of about six and twenty. He wore an overcoat, much the worse for wear, and his boots were soiled with travelling. His hat, though originally of better quality than mine, was even more worn; yet spite of his threadbare apparel, his bearing was that of a gentleman. I noticed also that his shirt was of fine linen, having been given to him probably by some benevolent person. He asked me into a private room, and after begging pardon for thus troubling me, informed me humbly that he found himself at present in the greatest distress, and having no acquaintance in the village, where he arrived yesterday evening, he had applied to me, knowing that I was a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but without employment, and on his way to Manchester; but was just now unexpectedly out of money. He had expended all his money, and had not enough, in fact, to pay for his night's lodging and his fare to Manchester; he needed but the merest trifle —twelve shillings. That sum would relieve him from his difficulties—and if I would be kind enough to advance it, I might rest assured that as soon as he obtained anything from his engagement in Manchester, it should be thankfully repaid. His name was John Fleetman.

It was not necessary for him to say how much anxiety his embarrassment caused him, as his distressed looks showed that more plainly than words. Alas! he must have read an answering grief in mine! When he turned his eyes to me he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed—"Will you not relieve me, sir?"

Without *ifs* or *buts* I explained to him the circumstances in which I was placed, that the sum he required was no less than the fourth part of my whole property, and that I was by no means certain of retaining the scanty support I had. With evident disappointment and chagrin, he answered—"You comfort the unfortunate with stories of your own misfortunes. I see I can ask nothing of you. But is there no other person in this village who has, if not wealth, at least sympathy for one in my strait?"

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr. Fleetman, and was vexed that I had been tempted to speak of my own unhappy situation, and to make that an excuse for being deaf to the call of distress. I thought over all my acquaintance in Crekelad, but recalled none to whom I could recommend the young man to apply. At last, stepping up to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, I said—"Mr. Fleetman, I am truly sorry for you. Have a little patience; you see I am very poor, but I will help you if I can. In an hour you shall have an answer from me."

I went home. On the way I could not help thinking how singular it was that the stranger should think first of applying to me—he being a comedian, and I a clergyman. There must be something in my nature which draws the poor and unfortunate to me like magnetism. Those in need come to me, who have least to give. I will almost wager that were I seated at a table with strangers, and a hungry dog came into the room, he would be sure to run straight up to me, and lay his cold nose entreatingly on my lap to watch my eating.

On reaching home, I told the girls who the stranger was and what he wanted. I wished to have Jenny's advice. She said in a sympathizing tone—"I know, father, what thou art thinking—so I have no advice to give in the matter."

"And what am I thinking?"

"That thou wilt do to this poor actor what thou wishest God and Dr. Snarl should do to thee."

That was not what I was thinking; but I wish such had been my thought. I counted out the twelve shillings and gave them to Jenny, that she might take them to the traveller. I wished to shun his thanks. It would have humbled me. Ingratitude always makes me more proud,—and now I will go on to write my sermon.

Evening.—The actor is a noble man. When Jenny returned, she had much to tell me of what she had seen and heard, not only about the stranger but the landlady. The mistress of the inn had learned that her guest's purse was empty, and Jenny could not deny when questioned that she brought him some money from me. Then she had to listen to a lecture upon the

folly of giving when one has so little, and the danger of helping vagabonds when one has not enough to live on at home: with "a shirt is nearer than the coat," "to feed one's own maketh fat," &c., &c.

I was still writing my sermon when Master Fleetman came in. He could not leave Crekelad, he said, without thanking his benefactor, who had relieved him in so pressing a difficulty. Jenny was just laying the cloth for dinner. We had an omelet and turnips. I invited him to partake with us. He accepted willingly, having made, as he intimated, but a sorry breakfast at the inn. Polly brought some beer. We had not for some time fared so well.

Mr. Fleetman seemed to enjoy our social meal. His former expression of anxiety and distress was gone, but still there was about him that air of reserve and melancholy peculiar to the unfortunate. He thought us very happy, and we assured him we were so. He took me to be better off in the world than I had said; but in that he was mistaken. Our real poverty was not apparent to him, while everything looked so neat and comfortable about us. The orderly appearance of our little apartment, the cleanliness of the floor and the windows, shaded by snow-white curtains, with the polish of our chairs and table, took his attention from the homeliness of the furniture. In truth the cottages of the poor generally present such a scene of dirt and discomfort, as excites disgust as well as pity. They seem to think it costs too much to be clean. But this is a mistake. Order and neatness are the best helps to economy; so I always taught my sainted wife. Jenny has learned this lesson admirably, and is teaching it daily to her sister. She has an eye for the smallest flymark.

Before long our guest was quite at home and familiar with us. But he spoke less of his own than of our prospects. The poor man has evidently something heavy upon his heart; I will not believe upon his *conscience*. I noticed that he often paused in the midst of conversation, and seemed abstracted; then he would exert himself to be cheerful. May he be consoled if he have need of comfort!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel for his journey. Actors, I know, are rather a frivolous set. He promised me sacredly as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be serious in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able, with the rest of my ready money, to meet the necessaries of my household.

His last words were, "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words he pointed to Polly and Jenny.

December 20.—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Lester sent me his bill for the year. It was, for what we had had of him, larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles. Otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money. The whole amount due is eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr. Lester. He is a very polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter. But he was not to be moved, and he regretted that his need was such as to drive him to make use of every means. If he could, he would gladly wait; but within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. With a merchant credit is everything.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Ought I to have allowed him to go to law against me, as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon send back the little loan! Otherwise I know not what help there is for us.

Now, if thou knowest not, thou man of little faith, God know

eth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

December 24.—One may be very joyful after all, even with the least. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new gown. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride. But she wishes to wear it the first time in public at church on New Year's day.

Every evening she reckons up, and shows me with how little expense she has got through with her housekeeping. Of course we are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coals. That is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat in bed together until midnight. We have a good store of turnips and vegetables. Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then, we all hope that Mr. Fleetman, like an honest man, will keep his word, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow no evil of the comedian.

He is frequently our topic. The girls often talk of him. He will furnish us matter of conversation for half a year. His arrival was an era in our monotonous life. It is amusing to see Jenny's indignation when the mischievous Polly says: "What a pity he is nothing but a player!" Jenny tells about the rich and celebrated actors in London, who sit at the Prince's table, and she is ready to prove that Fleetman must become one of the best of Actors. For he is tall and well formed, and has so much dignity, and such well-selected phrases. "Ah yes!" cried Polly, archly, to-day, "fine phrases, indeed—did he not call you an angel?" "And you too!" answers her sister, coloring. "Yes, it is true, I was thrown into the bargain," says the younger, "but he looked at you while he was speaking."

All this chat and girlish nonsense awakens in me a father's anxiety. Polly grows apace. Jenny is now eighteen. What prospects have I of seeing the poor girls well to do? Jenny is well-informed, industrious, and a very lovely girl, but our poverty is known to all Crekelad; on that account we are neglected, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is now-a-days thought less of, than a

devil with a bag full of guineas. Jenny's wealth is her sweet face, which everybody admires. Even the shopkeeper, Lester, when she took the money to him the other day, presented her with a pound of almonds and raisins, and said he was very sorry to press me for payment, but that if I would continue to deal with him, he would give me credit till Easter. I do not think he would have said so much to me.

December 26.—These have been two lowering days. The Christmas festival has never seemed so gloomy before. I preached my two sermons in two days, five times, in four different churches. The roads were bad, and the weather dismal. I feel that I am beginning to grow old. I have no longer the strength and elasticity of frame I once had. In fact, cabbage and turnips, with scarcely a bit of butter, and a glass of water added, do not furnish much nutriment.

Both days I dined at Farmer Hurst's. The country people are far more hospitable than the villagers, among whom I have not been invited out to dinner in six months. How I wished my daughters could have sat down to table with us! Such a profusion of good things. Could they only have had for a Christmas feast the fragments of our meal, reserved for the farmer's dogs! But they had some cake, and enjoy it even while I am writing. I am glad that when they pressed me to eat more, I had courage to ask for a slice of cake to carry home to the girls. The good people filled a basket for me, and as it was raining, sent me to Crekelad in the wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing. One thinks clearer,—one feels more vivaciously.

I am now very tired, and will write down some other time my conversation with Farmer Hurst, which was really worth noting.

December 27.—We have lived to know perfect joy. But one must be moderate in his joys. The girls must learn to practise themselves in self-denial. Therefore I lay aside the packet of money which Mr. Fleetman has sent. I will not break the seal until after dinner. My daughters are Eve's daughters. They

are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. They are examining the address, and the packet is passing from one to the other three times in a minute.

Indeed I am more disturbed than rejoiced. I lent Mr. Fleetman only twelve shillings, and he sends me back £5. God be praised! He must have been very successful.

How good and evil are blended in this world! I heard yesterday morning a report that wagoner Brooks had committed suicide, because of his embarrassments, and went to Alderman Fieldson's to see about it. This man was a distant relation of my late wife, and ten or twelve years ago I had consented to be his security to the amount of an hundred pounds sterling, he being about to make a purchase of some property. I had never been released from my security, and remembered having heard recently that Brooks had met with losses, and become very intemperate.

Alderman Fieldson persuaded me not to distress myself about it. He too had heard the rumor, but thought it improbable. There had been no official notification of the incident. I went home somewhat more at ease, and prayed that God would be merciful.

Polly ran to meet me, crying—"A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with five pounds! The package cost seven pence postage."

Jenny, blushing, reached it to me, before I could lay aside my stick and hat, and I perceived that both the girls were half out of their wits with eagerness. Pushing back the scissors and knives, I said, "Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure, than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the sorest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day. But now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. As a punishment for you I shall not open the letter nor the packet of money until after dinner."

Jenny would have persuaded me that it was not the money, but Mr. Fleetman's unusual gratitude and honesty, that rejoiced her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote, and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little Miss Curiosity must learn to practise patience.

The same day. Evening.—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came, not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snarl. He, as an answer to my letter, forewarns me that our engagement will terminate at Easter. He informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to discharge my parish duties.

Thus the talk of the people here in town was not wholly groundless, and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his reverence, to save the reputation of the lady! So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of the indiscretion of a woman, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honor!

Jenny and Polly turned deadly pale, when they found that the letter came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the rector; and that the money, instead of being the generous return of gratitude, was the last wretched reward of my many years' services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, "*Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.*" Isaiah, chap. xliii., v. 1.

Then all fear vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said, "Yea, Lord, I am thine."

As I did not hear Polly weep any more, I went back into the parlor; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back into my chamber and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time, I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to

my daughters. They were both sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's wet eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see some sign of despair on my countenance. But when they saw that I was quite composed and serene, and that I addressed them cheerfully, they were relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a little psalm, threw them into my desk. They did not allude to the matter the whole day, nor did I mention it. This silence in them was owing to a tender regard for me; with me it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

The 28th of December.—It is good to let the first storm go by, without looking its desolation too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We discuss all manner of projects for the future. The bitterest thing in all these plans is that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a home and bread for myself and children.

Polly has again recovered her former good humor. She has recourse again to her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost superstitiously upon some new year's present. I have sometimes thought much of dreams, but I do not believe in them.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is inducted into his office, I shall hand over to him the parish-books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the mean time, I will write to a couple of old acquaintances at Salisbury and Westminster, to request them to find places for my daughters, as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids, in some worthy families. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I will not leave my daughters in Crekelad. The place is poor, the people are unsociable, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new

vicar. Some are sorry that I must leave, but I know not who takes it to heart.

The 29th December.—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in strong terms, the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He must be a humane, pious man. May God soften his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be at least some little corner for me! I do not ask much.

Dec. 30th.—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to jail. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practise my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may be accustomed to the prospect.

The All-merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot tell them.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel my bones give way; fever-shivering is in my limbs. I cannot write for trembling.

Some Hours after.—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God and prayed. But I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept, perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Everything that has happened, which I have been told of, flits before me like a dream.

Alas! it is true, Brooks has hanged himself. Fieldson sent for me, and gave me the intelligence. He had an official paper, and a notice of my liability, for it seems Brooks left a frightful accumulation of debts. He was thought a rich, and an honest man; I never dreamed of his coming to such an end.

He reminded me that I must account to Withiel, the woollen draper of Towbridge.

Fieldson had good cause to pity me, under such a calamity—Great God! An hundred pounds! How shall I obtain it? All we have in the world, if sold, would not bring one hundred shillings! The little property my wife brought, melted away during her long illness; there is yet a piece of land at Bradford; that must be sold at a sacrifice. But all is vain; I am a beggar; and must go to jail if Withiel is not merciful. Payment of the debt is not to be thought of as possible!

The same Day, in the Evening —I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to fall into despair! almost to doubt of Providence! a minister of the gospel, too! Fye, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, done all in my power; I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr. Withiel, candidly acknowledging my utter inability to meet his claim, and confessing my readiness to go to the debtor's prison. If he is kind-hearted he will have compassion on me: if not, let him drag me where he pleases.

Returning from the post-office, I put my children's fortitude to the proof. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the girls bore it more manfully than the man; more Christian-like than the Christian minister!

I told them of Brooks' death, of my liability for the debt, and the possible consequences. Both heard me with deep and sorrowful attention.

"To prison!" said Jenny, weeping softly and embracing me. "Ah! my poor dear father! Thou hast done no wrong—and yet thou must suffer so much! But I will go myself to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withiel's feet, and I will not rise until he relents!"

"No, Jenny, you shall not!" cried Polly, sobbing. "He would not forgive one farthing of the debt for all your tears. Merchants are merchants. I will go to the woollen-draper and hire myself to him as his servant; I will live on bread and water all the days of my life, 'till I have earned money enough to pay father's debt."

We all became more calm while talking over our plans; but still could not fail to perceive how hopeless they were. At last Jenny said—"Why disturb ourselves with fruitless schemes? Let us wait Mr. Withiel's answer. If he is inexorable, let us be resigned. God is also in the jail. Go then, to prison, my father. Perhaps thou wilt be better there, than with us, amidst hardship and want. And there is no disgrace, for thou goest without guilt. We will both enter into service, and with our wages buy thee everything necessary. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something holy in it. We will come and visit thee from time to time. Thou shalt be well taken care of. We will fear no more."

"Jenny, thou art right," said Polly; "whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of the Lord at my side.

Sylvester-Day, December 31*st.*—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right bountiful and happy year! It is true, we often had scarcely enough to eat—still we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares, still our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place, I have lost. In my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters. Still Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell even in hell, and to a bad heart no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

He who can endure is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honor. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honor and shame, we become honorable. He who can despise the world, enjoys Heaven. I understand the gospel of Christ better every day, since I read it in the school of experience. The

students at Oxford and Cambridge study the letter, not the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now, for some time, kept this journal. Everybody should keep one. One learns more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of a year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment, for then he feels himself. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful, also, because it helps us to grow in faith towards God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelve-month.

I have also this year had the truth of the old sayings confirmed, that "Misfortunes seldom come singly," and "the darkest hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, excepting the first shock, I am most at my ease, for then please myself with the prospect of the relief which is to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when everything goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy. I distrust contentment. Those are the hardest misfortunes, which we allow to surprise us. It is likewise true that trouble looks more terrible in the distance, than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem afar off

I have learnt from all my calamities to consider, with the quickness of lightning, what will be their worst effect upon me. So I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good—I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me. To keep Hope in check, I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favorable to me; and then all air castles vanish as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him who is the sport of his hopes! He pursues will-o'-the-wisps into marshes.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1765. A. M.

A WONDERFUL yet sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early this morning, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knock at the front door. Polly was up and already in the kitchen. She sprang to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. In the darkness of the morning, she could only recognize a man having a band-box on his arm, which he handed to Polly with these words: "Mr. ———" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The carrier disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber door to see whether I was awake. She came in on my answering, and wishing me "a happy new year," as well as "good morning," added laughing, "you will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" Then she told me how a New Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me, that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny out of bed, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I burned with curiosity. For until now the New Year's presents for the vicar of Crekelad had been as worthless as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and admired his modesty in sending me the present before he could be seen.

As I entered the parlor, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table, on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed, and of such a size as I had never seen before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help, I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been warned to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—but no, our astonishment is not to be described! We all exclaimed with one voice, "my God!"

There lay a little sleeping child, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribbons. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapt up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood a few minutes in silent amazement, till at length Polly burst out into a silly laugh, and said: "What shall we do with the little captive? It is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny seemed rather inclined to tears than laughter. She touched its soft cheek with her finger, saying, "Poor little thing, hast thou no mother! How cruel to abandon so helpless, innocent a creature! See, father, see, Polly, how quietly it sleeps—unconscious of its condition, as though it lay in the hand of God! Sleep on, thou poor forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny spoke thus two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said, "Yes, be mother! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God tries our faith—no, he does not try it. He knows it already. Therefore is this outcast little creature brought to us. True we do not know how we shall subsist from one day to another. But He knows, who has made us the parents of this orphan."

Thus it was soon decided. The child continued to sleep sweetly. In the meanwhile, we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me in bold letters. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the bringer of it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing softly slumbers and I run over my new year's sermon upon "the Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the new-comer. Polly rejoices like a child. Jenny appears to be

much moved. With me, it seems as if I entered upon the new year at a season of wonders, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express how much more freely I breathe, and how serene my feelings.

Same day. Evening.—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I was compelled to pass over an exceedingly bad road on foot. But I was enlivened by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlor. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine. It was a New Year's present from an unknown hand.

The looks of the sweet little fellow in Jenny's arms invigorated me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they had found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and had taken it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter as follows:

"Reverend Sir:—To your well known humanity and kindness the unfortunate parents of this infant entrust him. Do not forsake it. We may one day be enabled to show you our gratitude when circumstances permit us to make ourselves known. Although at a distance, whatever you do for him will not fail to be seen by us. The boy's name is Alfred. He has been already christened. The twenty guineas enclosed are for the first quarter; every three months you will be punctually remitted the like sum. Receive our child. We commend him to the kind care of your noble-hearted Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried, "There's the bishop's mitre!" Gracious heaven! how rich we're suddenly become. Away with you, miserable Vicarship! But I will not so rejoice! The letter might have mentioned the noble Polly too! We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes with a glance at the gold upon the table.

What a New Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future, was I thus suddenly released. But in what a strange and unexpected way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I thought on. I recollected no one. And yet these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

The ways of Providence are wonderful!

Jan. 2.—Fortune is lavishing her favors upon me. This morning again I received a packet of money, twelve pounds sterling, by the post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He hints as much, even. I cannot, alas, thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be puffed up with my present riches! I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond for Brooks to Mr. Withiel.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleetman, there was a new festival. I do not understand what the girls have to do with Mr. Fleetman. Jenny grew very red, and Polly jumped up laughing, and held both her hands before Jenny's face. Jenny behaved as if she was right mad at the foolish girl.

I read Fleetman's letter. I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes flatteries which I do not deserve. He exaggerates everything, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor and modest girl while I read. I did not dare to look at my daughter. The passage, however, which relates to her, is worthy of note. It runs thus:

"When, sir, I went from your door, I felt as if I went from a father's roof out into the bleak world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you always before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the admirable, smiling, fascinating Polly; and the—ah! for your Jenny I have no epithet. In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which everything earthly is breathed? I shall for ever re-

member the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the consolatory language in which she accosted me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon perhaps make everything clear to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your precious daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

So he intends to come to Crekelad again! It would give me pleasure. I could then return him my thanks. In his unbounded gratitude, the young man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a light-minded youth, yet he has an honest heart. The little Alfred rejoices us. The child laughed to-day at Polly, as Jenny was holding him, like a young mother, in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little cosmopolite than I had anticipated. But it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided in abundance for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night like a guardian spirit, over her tender charge.

Jan. 3*d.*—To-day Mr. Vicar Bleching arrived at the inn with his young wife, and sent for me. I went to him immediately. He is an agreeable man and has a great deal of politeness. He informed me that he was my successor in office, that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might in the meantime occupy the parsonage until Easter: he would in the interval take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if it would give him pleasure, I would resign my office to him immediately, in order to be on that account more at liberty to look out for another situation. Only I desired to preach a farewell sermon to my parishioners, in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

He then said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.—He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. The young woman was far gone. She was somewhat haughty and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that was as it ought to be, and she

hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny and asked whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head in denial and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's relief. Mrs. Bleching listened to my story with great curiosity, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea, but they declined. The vicar appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when the visit was over.

Jan. 6th.—Mr. Withiel is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the declaration that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years or ever. He appears to be acquainted with my domestic circumstances, for he alludes to them very delicately. He considers me an honest man; that gratifies me most. He shall not be mistaken. I will ride to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr. Withiel Fleetman's twelve pounds sterling, as an instalment of my enormous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly with little Alfred, who is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far, as formerly, although she seems so much serener and happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands, once so diligent, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to, she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. Evidently all this comes from the interruption of her proper rest. But she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I had no idea that she was so vain. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket!

For my sake! the vain thing!

Jan. 8*th*.—My farewell sermon drew forth the tears of most of my hearers. I see now for the first time that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in Crekelad, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I could not deliver my farewell sermon without deep emotion. It was written with many tears. I was parting from what has hitherto been my world, my business, my pursuit in life. I am thrust out of the vineyard like a superannuated servant; yet have I labored not as an hireling; I have planted some promising vines, and pruned many. I am driven from the field of my labors, where night and day I have toiled, and watched, and planted, and pruned, and prayed. I have sought the bed of the sick, and shrunk not from fatigue, so I might administer strength, and comfort, and holy hope to the dying. I have warned sinners to turn from their evil ways; I have filled the destitute with joy; I have led back the lost to the way of life. All this I say without pride; these souls are knit to mine with the strongest ties, and now that tie is broken. Why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Most gladly would I ask the favor of Dr. Snarl, to allow me to remain, and perform the vicar's duty without salary, had not my successor already entered upon his office! I am used to poverty and hardship from my childhood; I should not fear them, now that I have enough, and more than enough, with the money sent and promised with Alfred, to keep me and my daughters from want. We could be happy, and lay by enough for days of sickness or adversity. I would never more complain of wind and weather, however often and severely they beat upon my grey head, were I only privileged still to preach the word of God to my dear parishioners!

Be it so; I will not murmur. The tears that fall upon this

sheet are not tears of discontent. I have never prayed for riches or prosperity, nor do I pray for them now. But oh, Lord! let not thy servant be dismissed entirely from Thy service, while he has yet strength to wait on Thee! Grant that I may again enter into Thy vineyard, and with Thy blessing, win souls.

Jan. 13th.—My journey to Towbridge has altogether surpassed my expectations. I arrived late at night with weary feet at a little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny has a daughterly care for her father), I left the inn and went to Mr. Withiel's. He lives in a magnificent big house.

He received me at first somewhat coldly, but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his small but beautiful office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration, told him how I had happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my twelve pounds upon the table.

Mr. Withiel, smiling, looked at me for a while in silence, and with some emotion, and extended his hand to shake mine, and said, "I know you already. I have informed myself particularly about you. You are an honest man. Take your twelve pounds back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New Year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, if you will be so good as to take it, to remember me by."

He arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it and said, "You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could find no words, I was so moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said, "Whist! whist! not a syllable, I pray you; that is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brooks the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

I don't know a more noble-hearted man than Mr. Withiel. He was too good. He wished me to relate to him much of my

past history. He introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly that I hardly dared to make use of them.

The next day my kind friend sent me back to Crekelad in his elegant carriage. I parted full of emotion from my benefactor. My girls wept with me for joy, when I showed them the torn bond, and said, "See; this piece of paper, light as it is, was yet the heaviest burden of my life. Pray for the life and happiness of our deliverer."

January 16*th*.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life.

We were together before dinner to-day; Alfred was in his cradle, which I rocked, while Polly read from a book, and Jenny was sewing by the window. Suddenly Jenny started up, and became pale as death. We asked what was the matter. "He is coming," she replied; and the next instant the door flew open and Fleetman entered in an elegant travelling suit. We all greeted him cordially, and were right glad to see him again, unexpected as was his entrance—and especially to see him in better circumstances than before; he embraced me, kissed Mary, and bowed to Jenny, not yet recovered from her agitation. Her paleness attracted his attention. He inquired earnestly about her health. Polly answered his inquiry, and he then kissed Jenny's hand as if in atonement for having caused her so much fright. But nothing was to be said about it, as the poor girl blushed like an opening rose.

I bade the girls bring out wine and cold meats, to entertain my guest and friend in rather better style than before; but he declined my invitation, having left, he said, his company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's entreaty he consented to sit down and lunch with us.

As he had spoken of his "company," I supposed of course, he meant a theatrical company, and I asked if they expected to play here in Crekelad, adding, that it was a poor place. Fleet-

man laughed, and said, "We will act a piece or so, but it shall be altogether gratuitous." Polly was delighted to hear this; she had always wished, she said, to see a play. She told the news to Jenny, who just then came in with the wine.

"Have you many actors in your company, Mr. Fleetman?" asked Polly. He replied, "Only a gentleman and his wife, but they are both excellent performers."

Jenny looked unusually grave. She cast a sorrowful glance towards Fleetman, and asked, "And you, sir—are you going to perform?" This was said in that soft but marked and penetrating voice, which I seldom observed but when she was seriously deciding upon some important step. Poor Fleetman trembled even, at this solemn tone, like that of a doom-angel. He did not answer for a moment; then stepping nearer to her, he said almost in a whisper, "That, by my God and yours, Miss Jenny, depends upon you."

My daughter looked down; he spoke; she replied; and I confess I was rather at a loss to know what they meant. Polly and I listened, but we neither heard a word, or rather heard words without any meaning. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but, what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed, "Then am I indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity, she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, "I do believe that you two are beginning a comedy already!"

He pressed Polly's hand, and said, "Ah! that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny, and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my welfare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Our guest went to the cradle, and asked many questions about little Alfred. I related the circumstances of my singular New Year's present, and my vain conjectures as to who had sent it.

"I can give you some information respecting that," said he. "The New Year's present came from me."

"From you!" exclaimed I and the girls, with incredulous astonishment.

Then he told us the following story:

"I am no comedian, but a baronet, and my name is Cecil Fayrford. My sister and myself have been long kept wrongfully from the estate we inherited from our late father, by an uncle, who made some difficulty about the will, and involved us in a lawsuit. We have lived, till very recently, on a little property left us by our mother. My sister suffered much from the tyranny of our uncle, who was her guardian. He had promised her in marriage to one of his friends; whereas she was betrothed to the son of Lord Sandom, whose father, meanwhile, was bent on forcing his son to wed a rich heiress he had in view. The lovers, persecuted as they were, resolved on a private union; and shortly after, their marriage was solemnized without the knowledge of either my uncle or Lord Sandom.

"Alfred is their son. My sister went, under my protection, to reside in a country place, where she could have the benefit of sea bathing, as her health was delicate. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of Crekelad, and I came hither to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

"I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian; for about six months ago I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public. So that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's birth secret is removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take you and your family away, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

"During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living,

which is in the gift of my family, has remained unoccupied. have at my disposal this situation, which yields over two hun dred pounds per annum. You, sir, have lost your place. I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me, and accept this living."

God only knows how I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven. I fell upon his breast. Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand. But he snatched it from her with visible agitation and left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife. The latter was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her lord raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure and apologized to us all for her behavior, she thanked first me and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister there has been its mother!"

Lady Sandom approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence and with evidently grateful surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady, "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may come nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny blushed and said, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my

poor brother? Look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as Jenny struggled to withdraw it, "Miss, will you be unkind to me? I am unhappy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the baronet, who stood before her, deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

I blessed my son and my daughter. They embraced. There was a solemn silence. All eyes were wet.

Suddenly Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flung herself upon my neck, while she cried, "There! we have it! The New Year's present? Bishop's mitres upon bishop's mitres!"

Little Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe this day. My happy heart is full, and I am continually interrupted.

NOTE.—To a translation of this tale, published with several others of Zschokke, by Carey & Hart of Philadelphia—about the best translations of the author I have seen—the translator has appended the following fragment, which he found in the "Boston Chronicle" of 1766, reprinted from the British Magazine, which Zschokke mentions in his introductory note on page 203. It is very curious.

THE JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

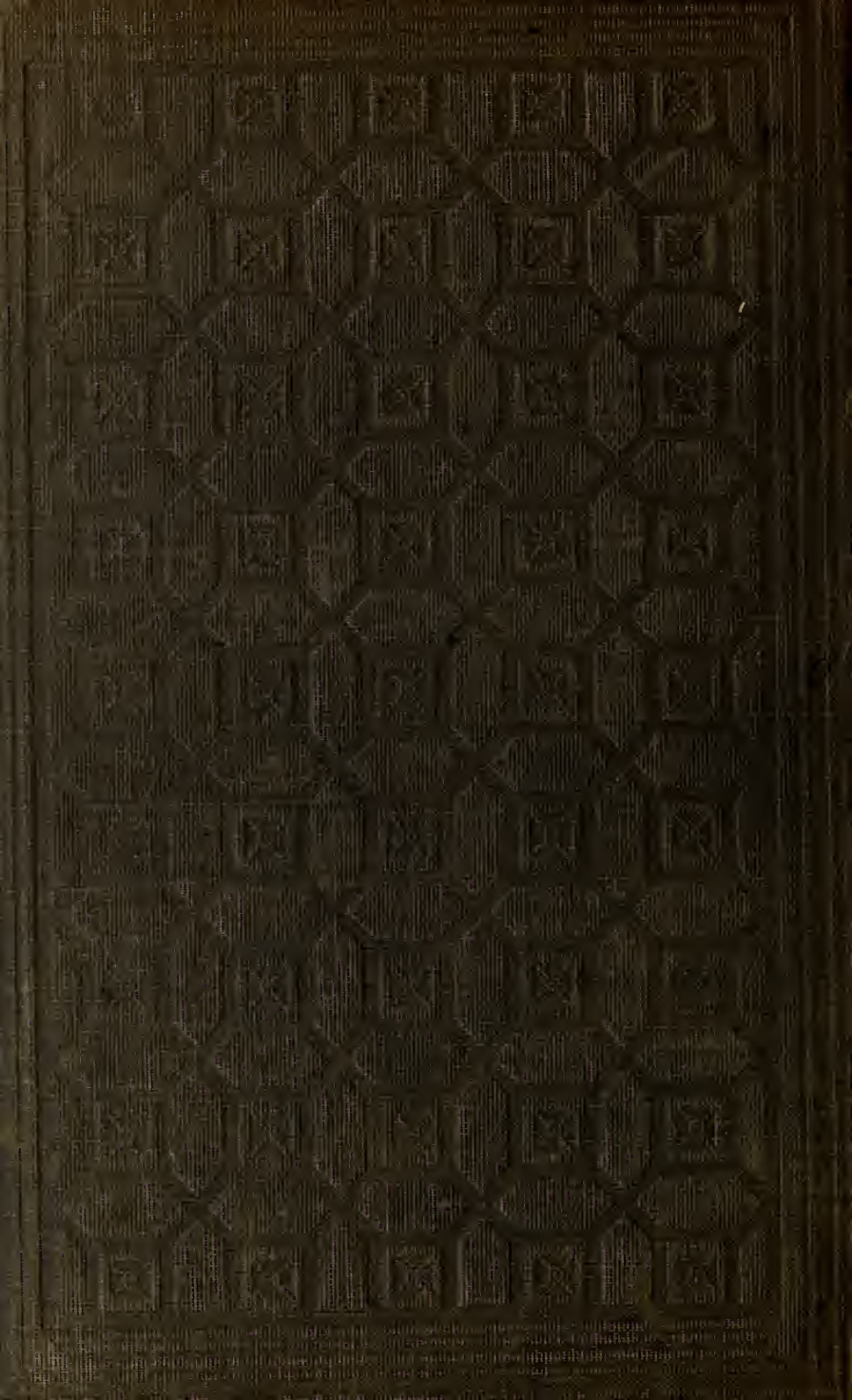
Monday.—Received £10 from my Rector, Dr. Snarl, being one half year's salary. Obliged to wait a long time before my admittance to the Doctor; and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles. Item: the Doctor hinted that he could have the curacy filled for £15 a year.

Tuesday.—Paid £9 to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain by Cabbage, the

tailor; my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsey nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

Wednesday.—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters; but unluckily in coming home dropped half a guinea, through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to a half crown. Item: chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

Thursday.—Received a note from the alehouse at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for 7½d. In a struggle what to do; the baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the parish duty at an inferior price; and therefore, though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town: mortifying reflections these. But a want of humanity is in my opinion a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends his blessings to us with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress; and we consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

Friday.—A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and the children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mem: Never to contradict her as long as I live; —for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion; and in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

Saturday.—Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively weary and excessively hungry; no more money than 2½d. in the house; but see the goodness of God,—the strolling player whom I had relieved was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend put a £50 note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of £300 a year.